

ILLAWARRA & SOUTH COAST ABORIGINES

1770 - 1850



Compiled By Michael Organ

Aboriginal Education Unit
The University of Wollongong



A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE ILLAWARRA
& SOUTH COAST ABORIGINES

1770 - 1850

Including a Chronological Bibliography 1770-1990

Compiled by Michael Organ

Aboriginal Education Unit
Wollongong University

1990

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Dedication

This document is dedicated to the individual Koon families who made up the Gwamna and South Coast nation, whose struggle and rich culture are described throughout this work.

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financial and other assistance from staff of
The Aboriginal Education Unit,
The University of Wollongong

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PREFACE

The following documentary history assembled by Michael Organ represents a breakthrough on several important fronts. Firstly, it is a well-researched and very comprehensive reference for further inquiry into the recent local history of Illawarra and South Coast Aboriginal people. Secondly, and more importantly, it is a publication resulting from extensive consultation on an on-going basis with Aboriginal people and organisations such as the Wollongong Aboriginal Education Consultative Group (AECG). As such, the book is essentially an example of genuine collaborative research; a document containing information which is relevant, accurate and, in a sense, "confirmed" from both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal perspectives. Overall, the publication provides an important beginning, a springboard perhaps to further collaborative efforts between historians and the original custodians of knowledge in the region.

Students and teachers who have attempted to locate accurate, locally relevant information about Aboriginal history will know there is a dearth of reliable material available. This collection tells a story in and through existing documents. The documents stand alone, without unnecessary commentary. It is not an interpretive history. While, as all students of history know, the story of contact between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people in this region is not one from which anyone could extract pleasure or pride, there is nonetheless opportunity here for us to confront the past, consider and understand the facts as they are recorded, and act so as to eradicate dispossession, prejudice, and injustice from the future.

The author's introduction shows clearly that the nature of the investigation significantly changed his own perceptions of the recent history of the region. In and of itself, the process of collecting and collating such data provides a basis for challenging assumptions of the present. As primary source material, these documents hold potential to significantly influence the perceptions of all readers. Comprehensive (regional) Australian histories of the future ought not be written without substantive reference to Aboriginal perspectives.

Most materials included in this collection have not been previously published or disclosed. They have remained as part of the hidden or lost history of the Illawarra and South Coast.

Michael Organ is well known in the region as both a meticulous and resourceful historian. He has begun his investigation of Aboriginal local history by becoming familiar with a wide range of documentary records. It will remain for other historians to interpret this material and further consult with Aboriginal people who, as Carol Speechley points out, carry the history of the region in their "...long-suffering memories".

In due course, as I am sure most readers will agree, Aboriginal Australian heritage will become part of the heritage of all people who feel strong connections to this land and place. Such collaborative research and genuine consultancy processes as have been included in this work will surely promote this end.



An Aboriginal Perspective

The history of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines has, to a significant degree, been ignored or overlooked by standard history texts during the past 202 years. The only sources available that provide clear insight into the Koon history of the region are the long-suffering memories of senior Aboriginal people within the community who have had this knowledge passed down to them. Also reports from various government agencies, community organisations, and early white immigrant accounts provide fragmentary information. Unfortunately most people have no access to the Koon keepers of knowledge and have to rely on documentary evidence including that which is provided in this comprehensive resource.

We have heard of courageous Aboriginal struggles in other areas of New South Wales. We know some of the names of the Koories who fought for survival on their own terms but, by and large, South Coast people, both Koories and non-Koories, have little or no knowledge of the struggles, hardships and victories of the Koorie people who originally inhabited this region. This document is unable to answer every question regarding local Koon history, however it does shed some light on the harsh life that coastal Koories had to endure and acknowledges a rich cultural heritage through recalling South Coast Dreamings.

We hope that this document will be both useful and informative to people researching local history, and more importantly, that it will promote an understanding and insight into the dynamic Aboriginal culture of the New South Wales South Coast. In providing a much needed resource for students and teachers in the region it may provide a springboard to further collaborative inquiry. Such knowledge should help to promote the wider communities' understanding of the descendants of the clans and individuals mentioned who continue to dwell on the South Coast, our homeland.


Carol Spatch

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13 September 1990

Acknowledgements

The inspiration for this study arose from a discussion between the compiler and Joe and Inga Davis early in 1989, wherein we all questioned the lack of primary source information - archaeological, cultural, and historical - readily available on the Aborigines of Illawarra and the South Coast (especially prior to 1900), and the almost total absence from regional and local histories of information regarding the original inhabitants of this part of Australia.

We suspected the commonly held myth that there were no substantial records available on the local Aboriginal people to be wrong. This led to a questioning of the standard white histories of Illawarra and Australia, with their common omissions in regards to the indigenous natives.

If we were to believe the history books, it was almost as though the Aborigines never existed, and the continent had no real history or civilization prior to 1770. Furthermore, it was intimated that the local people played a very minor role in the development of present-day Australia.

The following compilation of documents and references is the result of the subsequent search for accounts of the original Aboriginal inhabitants of Illawarra and the South Coast. It attempts to address the omissions of previous historians and provide a resource for future studies of Aboriginal Australia and of Illawarra and South Coast history in particular.

To Joe and Inga I say thank you for the initial inspiration and continued interest and encouragement offered throughout the period of compilation of this work.

Secondly, I would like to express my sincere thanks to archaeologist Caryl Sefton, who assisted in the early stages by providing access to a number of obscure references she had uncovered during her many years of study of the prehistory of the local Aboriginal people. Her continued enthusiasm for the project and valuable advice was much appreciated.

To the staff of the Archives Office of New South Wales, the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and the Wollongong Reference Library, all of whom assisted with the task of locating relevant archival material and newspaper articles, I also owe much appreciation, and to those institutions, a debt of thanks for permission to reproduce the items included in this work. Also to the numerous workers who over the years have translated and published many of the documents reproduced over the following pages I pay tribute.

Others who directly assisted in the compilation of this work by providing information, advice, and encouragement included Margaret McDonald, Cathy Chaffey, A.P. Doyle, Annabell Lloyd, Jan Richards, Dr. Winifred Mitchell, Dr. Arthur Smith, Carol Speechly, and my wife Jeanette who typed a large section of the work.

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To all I say thank you.

Michael Organ
1 November 1990

INTRODUCTION

Preamble

The following work is not a History of the Aboriginal people of Illawarra and the South Coast of New South Wales. It is primarily a compilation of documents describing early (i.e. 1770-1850) encounters between Europeans and the Aborigines of coastal south-eastern New South Wales - specifically from the Illawarra and South Coast regions. It is interspersed with a descriptive, chronological bibliography of material relevant to the region, covering the aforementioned period (1770-1850) and also carrying on from 1850 to the present day (1990).

Copies of documents, letters, and publications of significance to Aboriginal studies of the area - many of which initially appeared prior to 1900 and are now difficult to procure - are reproduced in full where possible, and indicated in the Table of Contents. Unfortunately many significant articles and extracts have had to be omitted due to space considerations, however they are fully referenced and noted. Bibliographic references may also be located through the index.

The whole work is presented in a documentary format, without major editing or continuous editorial comment or narration, and with complete references and a comprehensive index to assist in future studies. This arrangement was adopted due to the abundance of material located and the absence of a prior definitive historical and sociological text on the Illawarra Aborigines. It was also felt that there was an urgent need for a compilation of all known historical documents relating to the Illawarra Aborigines, especially for the period prior to 1850 - many such documents at present being housed in relatively inaccessible archival and private collections and having never before been made public.

Despite initial fears that nothing survived, a wealth of material on the local people has been located. Whilst this compilation does not claim to be the final word, it does attempt to include the more significant accounts and documents from the period 1770-1850 describing the Aborigines and their relations with the white invaders.

As new material is constantly being unearthed there is no doubt that in the future further volumes on this subject will appear. A similarly sized work could easily be produced dealing solely with the history of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines during the twentieth century, especially if the archival records of the Aboriginal Protection Board were utilised.

Within this compilation Illawarra and the South Coast is defined (according to the New South Wales electoral boundaries of 1990 - refer map 1) as that part of southern New South Wales bounded by the Royal National Park to the north, to the west by the towns of Appin and Bommaloo, to the south by Twofold Bay and the Victorian border, and to the east by the coastline abutting the Pacific Ocean. The central portion of this large area comprised the domain of the Aboriginal people who once spoke the languages now designated as Tharawal, Dhurga, and Dymirga (refer map 2 for language subdivisions based on Bates, 1978).

The references contained herein mainly deal with the Aboriginal people of Illawarra (i.e. along the coast from Stanwell Park in the north to Nerrina and the Shoalhaven River in the south, and west to the Illawarra Escarpment), for it is these people who have been largely neglected in recent studies.

The compilation also refers to groups from the Appin and Southern Tablelands area - as far west as Camden, Berima and Goulburn - and the far South Coast region from Jervis Bay to Twofold Bay,

and towards the Victorian border. All were neighbors and intimate associates of the central Illawarra Aborigines, and all occupiers of the land for possibly 40,000 years prior to the white invasion in 1788.

Items from areas outside or abutting upon the above noted boundaries - such as the Battagossing Valley and Cowpastures to the west, and Port Hacking and Botany Bay to the north - are included when considered relevant by the compiler.

Though the focus of this investigation is upon the period of initial contact between Aborigines and Europeans along the South Coast between 1788-1850, the interspersed bibliography also points to references covering both the pre- and post-contact periods, up until the present day.

It should be noted that the post 1850 material within this compilation is not as comprehensively covered as is the earlier period, wherein all relevant material has been reproduced where possible. Post 1850 material is simply cited in most instances.

By the 1850s the original local inhabitants / tribes of central and northern Illawarra were either destroyed, decimated, or dispersed along the coastline to the north and south, and even west inland. During the next 50 years Aborigines from other areas of New South Wales and Victoria settled in the district and some locals left (e.g. King Mickey, who originally came from Port Stephens, settled in Illawarra around 1860, a group of Aborigines from Koorag and Shoalhaven went north to Sydney and La Perouse around 1878, and a group of Aborigines from Victoria settled at Rosebery Park around 1907). The full evolution of these movements will be left to another worker, for their complexities are beyond the scope of this compilation.

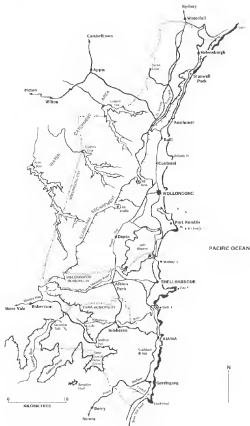
As interest by both white and black Australians in aspects of Australian Aboriginal culture and history continues to rise, it was felt timely to present such a regional study. It will be left for future researchers to digest this primary source material, and use the associated bibliography to make their own interpretations when considering aspects of the cultures of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines, and the effects of the white invasion upon the race.

Many questions still remain unanswered with regards to their lifestyle prior to 1770, and their fate over the following 200 years. While the archaeological investigations of workers such as F. D. McCarthy, Sandra Bowdler and Caryl Sefton will help delineate the prehistory (i.e. pre-European history) of the local people, it is within the documents reproduced over the following pages that the story of the last century of white settlement and its effects upon the local people is partially revealed. Unfortunately we will never really know what life was like for the Aborigines of Illawarra prior to their encountering white men, nor the full complexity of their culture at the time.

A comprehensive history of the Aborigines of Illawarra since 1788 had not been included in any of the conventional local histories so far written by white Australians. In such works the history and culture of the original inhabitants of Illawarra usually only warranted a paragraph or two, suggesting that Illawarra had no history prior to its identification by Captain Cook in 1770. It was commonly (though wrongly) believed that there was no extant, contemporary material upon which to base a comprehensive history. Only in very recent years have the local Aborigines been included in regional studies (J. I. C. Suttou, 1983, W. Mitchell & G. Shepherson, 1984, Linton, 1988), despite a great deal of information long being available both from descendants of the local people, and in obscure and difficult to obtain archaeological and ethnographic reports and articles.

Just as the important role of the convict in settling Australia was until quite recently excluded from the standard histories, so also was the story of the Aboriginal discovery and settlement of Australia over 40,000 years ago.

Captain Cook is still widely viewed as the 'discoverer' of eastern Australia, and the Aborigines, with their long history of settlement of this land and conservation of its resources, have been neglected, belittled, and considered of no consequence to contemporary society.



MAP 1 Illawarra boundaries

The truth of the matter is that the role of Europeans in the conquest of the Australian Aborigines was long considered too shameful for inclusion in standard white histories, which until quite recently have concentrated on political and economic developments within white society. Both the convicts and the Aborigines were only ever mentioned in passing and in generalised terms.

The reasons for these omissions will become obvious to any reader of this study or student of black-white relations in Australia over the past 200 years, for they reflect the darker side of this country's history, with widespread racism, an overpowering lust for land, brutal barbarity, and ignorance of Aboriginal cultures, common amongst the introduced white population.

The fact that the Aborigines had a completely different concept of history from the Europeans, possessed no written records of their history and cultures prior to 1788 - though a rich oral and visual tradition existed and still exists, and were secretive regarding their beliefs and traditions, made European comprehension of their civilization difficult from the outset, especially when the great majority of whites did not bother to pursue an interest!

In New South Wales we have a microcosm of events which have occurred throughout Australia since 1788 - we see the devastating diseases introduced by the first convicts and settlers, dispossession of Aboriginal families from traditional lands; massacres, destruction of traditional society by white interference and perversion, alienation, and continuing attempts at assimilation with no compensation right up until the present day.

We see that even benign benevolence exhibited by a few local individuals (e.g. Alexander Barry) towards the Aborigines along the South Coast during the nineteenth century ultimately resulted in their decimation and corruption, for white Australians in general, and Governments in particular, never really understood the Aboriginal people nor came to grips with the complexities of their civilization. It was always simpler to disregard or destroy them. As they were considered 'uncivilized', their timeless civilization was not given due consideration or respect.

Today most Australians look with horror upon many of the practices which were considered so enlightened and humane by eighteenth and nineteenth century Europeans in their dealings with the original Australians - these included the removal of children from families, the creation of special camps and reserves (the first concentration camps), the alienation of traditional lands, the rejection of all aspects of Aboriginal culture and religion, and the wholesale slaughter in the name of 'putting the poor savage out of his misery' (c.f. Reynolds, 1982). All such practices were presented under the auspices of colonization, civilization, Christian charity, and progress, yet today we realise that in truth they were merely masking greed, racism, and inhumanity.

In the history of white and black relations in Australia, and New South Wales, we can find analogies to the public racism expressed in South Africa and southern America, and to brutalities and massacres such as those carried out by Hitler's Nazi troops and the Americans at My Lai in Vietnam. Circumstances may differ, but the reality was just as brutal for the victims of war.

The truth of this condemnation is revealed by material contained within this compilation. It is unfortunate that the documents reproduced over the following pages often show the most evil side of the so-called pioneers of this land, but such was reality, for compassion and humanity were the exception when relations with the Australian Aborigines were concerned.

Some of the incidents related over the following pages are shocking and shameful, and it is no wonder that until now the meagre details have not been presented as part and parcel of the true history of Australia, but have remained hidden in archival collections, or simply cast aside by so-called learned historians more interested in enhancing the myth of the valiant explorer and pioneer settler taming the land, than in exposing the realities and harsh inhumanity of conquest following the invasion of 1788.

For example, this study inadvertently details the undeclared war waged between Europeans and the Aborigines of New South Wales from 1788 to about 1850 - formalized by Governor Macquarie's punitive expeditions of 1810 in which Aborigines to the west and south of Sydney (around Camden and Appin) were killed and taken "prisoners of war" by local Army regiments.

The significance of the campaign is largely unrecognized by white historians and the public at large, yet such an omission from the white history of Australia is understandable - though unforgivable - when we remember that it has taken almost 200 years for Europeans to accept their own convict heritage, and it will surely take many more before the other unpalatable realities concerning the first contacts with the Aborigines between 1788-1850, and the subsequent slaughters, abuses, and disregard at the hands of the white settlers, are exposed and accepted.

The fact is - and it is clearly revealed in this study - the Aborigines did not willingly submit to the white invaders, as is commonly believed by white Australians. They actually fought long and hard for their land from the time of the arrival of the First Fleet at Port Jackson in January 1788, during the years of near extinction around Sydney and along coastal New South Wales after the 1850s, and throughout this century.

This determined defiance was seen as early as 1770 when Captain Cook and his men were attacked by Aborigines at Botany Bay. And later, when the First Fleet sailed into Port Jackson in January 1788, the natives lined the shore brandishing their spears and repeatedly shouting 'whurna' or 'wulla wulla whaf', which roughly translates as 'begone'! Perhaps 'go home' would have been closer to the mark.

Fortunately for the English, the Aborigines did not fight a traditional European campaign - with a centralized command and on large battlefields - but in small family groups, for parcels of land they had held for thousands of years. Of course such a campaign was easily won by the British, with their superior firepower, massed armed regiments, and years of experience in battle.

The British were not simply given their vast empire - they attained it through bloody conquest and the decimation of native peoples.

Initially the Aborigines who suffered at the hands of the whitemen and their muskets retaliated. This included those who supported Pemulway at Sydney prior to 1802, and Windradyne at Bathurst around 1800.

They took savage revenge on the white settlers who had killed members of their families and stolen their traditional homelands. However this retaliation quickly resulted in the large-scale decimation of their people as a result of indiscriminate reprisals by the whites, and caused the natives to retreat in order to ensure the survival of their race, such was the threat. They soon realized that the spear was no match for the gun.

Australia was not an uninhabited continent (*terra nullius* - a land without owners) when Captain Arthur Philip and his convoy of convicts and soldiers arrived at Sydney Cove in 1788 - it was peopled by a race with a long heritage and rich traditions who had as much right to specific areas of land as we claim today for our half acre suburban blocks. This denial of Aboriginal right of ownership to the land was the most heinous crime perpetrated by the British in their settlement of Australia. All subsequent abuses of the Aborigines spring from this initial denial and greed on the part of the British - a process which is still being perpetrated to this day (see H Reynolds, *The Law and the Land*, 1987, P Turbot, *The Aborigines of the Sydney District before 1788*, Sydney, 1986).

As the Catholic Bishop J.B. Polding pointed out to John Dunmore Lang in 1845 (before a parliamentary Select Committee) when he asked of the Australian Aborigines 'do you think they have such an idea of the value of land, as to lead them to view its settlement as an act of aggression?', he unhesitatingly replied:

'I am convinced of it, and I think that is the root of the evil.'

Unfortunately no notice was taken of Polding's testimony and no treaty was ever signed to formalize the annexation of Australia, unlike events in New Zealand. Such was the condescension with which the Aborigines were held at the time that none was considered necessary, so successful had been the British invasion of New South Wales.

Following the initial season of 1788, widespread expansion by white settlers from Sydney into 'uninhabited' regions such as Illawarra, Appin, the far South Coast of New South Wales, and the rich Southern Tablelands - especially after the arrival of the expansionist Governor Macquarie in 1810 - saw conflict develop with the local Aborigines along the expanding frontiers, though such conflict had existed from as early as 1788 (refer E Wilson, *Parramatta - The Hawkesbury War*, 1987).

The circumstances of the conflict along any Australian frontier between natives and the whites made were usually played out as follows:

- Following initial forays by European 'explorers', soldiers, or adventurers (who were usually treated kindly by the local natives, and often assisted on their way), innocent lawless whitemen and convicts would move onto the traditional lands of the Aborigines to cut cedar, graze sheep and cattle, and prepare land for pasture and farming; they were shortly thereafter followed by squatters and settlers who erected stockyards, huts, and fences, and planted crops, customarily close to areas where fresh water was abundant - which also happened to be where the Aborigines traditionally camped and were often considered sacred sites.

The Aborigines would initially protest - wherein they would be forced away by the power of the gun and/or slaughtered - or accept the strangers and gladly share their resources. Perhaps they would move on for a couple of months, hoping the Europeans and their strange animals would be gone when they returned. Unfortunately the white people stayed, and when the natives returned they either came into conflict with the whites or had to co-exist. The Europeans now considered the land theirs alone, and would erect fences and install vicious guard dogs to keep away all strangers, including the local Aborigines. Sharing crops with the natives was not considered a moral or social duty.

- The Europeans' farming and grazing practices resulted in the destruction of traditional Aboriginal food supplies. Kangaroos, wallabies, and opossum, along with many other native animals and birds, were frightened away by the cattle and sheep, and hunted by the Europeans with their guns and dogs; native grasses and plants were destroyed by stock feeding, to be replaced by crops of corn and wheat; and vast deforestation programs were carried out by settlers and convicts. The often scarce water holes and creeks, supplying fish and fresh water, were polluted by man and beast, or dried up. The landscape became scarred with the effects of erosion and incompetent farming practices.

The land which the Aborigines had nurtured and revered for thousands of years was now being ravaged.

- With such a degradation of their traditional environment in usually a short space of time, the Aborigines were placed in dire straits. Their very survival was threatened. The only course of action was to obtain food from these new sources introduced by the whites, including wheat, corn, bread, meat, sugar, tea, milk, etc. As the whites would not freely supply these provisions, the natives were forced to 'steal' them (at least that is how the settlers saw the situation) appropriating crops, and occasionally killing sheep and cattle. As the Aborigines were traditionally a hunter-gatherer society, these items were taken for day-to-day survival only.

- The 'violation' of the settler's property was seen as the most heinous crime - terms such as 'depredations' and 'Aboriginal atrocities' were bandied in the media when crops were plundered. Their acts usually resulted in violent retaliation by the whites.

A case is known in Queensland where one man during the 1840s killed 150 natives following the taking of one of his bulls, and in Illawarra in 1822 an Aboriginal woman was shot at, set upon by dogs, and killed whilst merely collecting corn from a field.

Such was the attitude of the early white settlers towards the Aborigines that they did not

consider they owed them any compensation for the taking of their land and livelihood, and showed great offence if the natives demanded such payment. As the Aborigines considered the land to belong to the people, and not to any individual, they never really understood / accepted this aspect of British culture. A parchment or paper land title deed meant nothing to them.

- Against the overwhelming power of the white man's musket, poison, smallpox, influenza, venereal diseases, sheer weight of numbers, the inextinguishable British fire, and the often callous barbarity of white settlers, the Aborigines' struggle to maintain their traditional way of life and possession of their land quickly turned into a losing battle.

The above scenario occurred in all areas of Australia, along all frontiers of settlement, including within Ilawarra and along the South Coast of New South Wales (refer H Reynolds, *The Other Side of the Frontier*, 1982, and *Frontier*, 1987). The ultimate result was the mass destruction and/or silent assimilation of the Aboriginal people of coastal and inland New South Wales during the first half of the nineteenth century. The once proud, populous, and healthy people were decimated and demoralised by disease and mistreatment, and forced off their land into large camps, where physical and emotional degradation often followed. It will forever be to the immense shame of white Australia that these native people were almost entirely wiped out along the east coast of Australia in such a short space of time.

The arrival in Australia during the 1860s of Charles Darwin's theories of social evolution - a form of scientific racism - which placed the Australian Aborigines at the foot of the evolutionary ladder, just above the apes and monkeys, and the subsequent catch-cri of 'survival of the fittest', was to further remove any widespread feelings of guilt from the consciences of the white conquerors for another hundred years.

Extreme interpretations of evolutionary theory suggested that the destruction of the Aboriginal peoples of Australia was inevitable, as though an act of God, and the whites were merely carrying out a divine plan. After all, they were only 'miserable savages', as the public was frequently informed.

The local churches enhanced the problem by in some cases accepting these views and generously showing more concern for the welfare of South Seas Islanders than the unfortunate natives in their own backyards. Their patronising of the local people, lack of consideration for Aboriginal religious concepts, and support of Government bodies such as the Aborigines' Protection Board, increased the problems the local people faced in gaining equality and justice within their own country. It was easy for whites to plead ignorance of the plight of the original Australians.

Theories of racial superiority - of white over black - are only now being questioned by the general public, though they are still widely held and expressed, continuing to place the Aboriginal people in a racially inferior position within Australia. It is only by a general recognition of the equality of all races on the part of every Australian that this nation will come of age, and the burden of the Aboriginal people will be eased.

A reading of the material contained in this study makes obvious the richness of Australian Aboriginal cultures, and the gross injustices committed upon the natives of Australia since 1788. The so-called white version of Australia's history - with its heroic tales of intrepid male explorers and their forming of a hush continent as though she were a rebellious female - is also placed in question as we see how these same explorers and pioneers were guided to rich and fertile districts by local Aborigines, who were usually repaid the kindness by the dispossession of their land and the abuse of their people.

This study also reveals the overwhelming arrogance, injustice, bias, misunderstanding, and bigotry shown by the majority of the original European writers of the period 1788-1850 towards the Aboriginal race. The first few generations of white Australians were too preoccupied with their own survival and empire building to worry about the local Aborigines.

Australia the future has much to mourn in the swift passing of such a large proportion of the original Aboriginal population, estimated to have numbered 1 million in 1788. By 1850 there were, officially, only 10,000 Aborigines in New South Wales.

Their more than 40,000 years of culture and heritage offered / still offers much to the white invaders, however few have shared in its riches. With the world-wide environmental crisis of the 1990s looming so large in the public mind, white Australians are only now starting to appreciate the benefits of the so-called 'primitive' and 'savage' lifestyle of the Australian Aboriginal people in the years prior to 1788 - a people at one with the land, unbound by racial or social discrimination, living a life where no man was greater than any other, and the resources of the land were there to be used on a daily basis, for survival only, and to be constantly renewed. The original greenness

Of course such an idyllic scenario is open to criticism, but there is nevertheless a great deal of truth in it.

The white ethic which rated people according to their accumulation of property and wealth, and promoted the development of initial class structures, was foreign to the Aboriginal way of life, and for this reason the indigenous Australians were viewed with scorn. Such arrogance was especially common amongst the British who established the penal colony known as 'Botany Bay' in 1788. English division was rife with class distinction at the time, and those in Australia naturally tried to impose their values upon the Aborigines.

Whilst the Aborigines were not an idyllic race - they led a rather simple, harsh existence with inter-racial conflict and death common, and their treatment of women was considered unjust by European standards - their basic lifestyle and its supposed harmony with the land became more attractive day by day to Australians questioning both the morals and pace of modern society and its effect upon the individual and the environment.

When the Europeans tried to 'civilize' the Aborigines in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they were unsuccessful - not because (as was generally reported) the Aborigines were too lazy and primitive to 'appropriate' and accept western culture, but because the Aborigines, after studying the European way of life, made the conscious decision to reject it. After all, they were content with their own civilization - one with a far longer pedigree than their European 'masters'. They had a security, a sense of belonging to the land, which Europeans could never appreciate. The only way the Aborigines could be brought to task was by conquest, and the destruction of their traditional society via the introduction of diseases and vices such as alcohol and drugs.

Such an idea - the spurning of the opportunity to adopt the so-called superior British culture, with its benefits of enlightened thinking and an equitable Common Law system of justice - could never be accepted as rational by the white settlers in the Colony, who looked on the Aborigines as the bottom rung of a social hierarchy comprising ruling officials and military at the top, followed by free settlers, ex-convicts and the native born, and the convicts. The Aborigines had such a lowly status in Australian society that they were not officially considered citizens of this country and given the right to vote until 1962!

Perhaps the best summary account of the fate of the Australian Aborigines during the first 50 years of white settlement which this compiler has read is to be found in a letter published in the *Sydney Gazette* 18 February 1841. It was written by an anonymous 'T.B. - A Bushman' in a hut by the Snowy Mountains on 20 July 1840, and describes his experiences of years previous. This letter, reproduced below, reveals many aspects of the local Aboriginal culture, its destruction, and the prevalent white attitudes.

The Bushman's account is clearly erroneous in some statements and interpretations of local culture - especially with regards to the Aborigines' religious beliefs, which had a pedigree longer than any western church - however it nevertheless forms a good introduction to this study.

... Much has been written and spoken of the blacks or aborigines of New Holland; they have been condemned by one party, unjustly I must say, as possessing all the vices and depravity of our own worst nature, together with the malignity of fiends; and by another as being the most humane and virtuous; for my own part I must say that neither party are correct in their general averments.

It must be admitted by every one that they are grossly ignorant, being totally indifferent to, and indeed professing no belief in, a future state, the only idea they have, but which I rather suspect they must have derived from the "whites," relative to another state, is the constant dread they are in of an evil spirit which they call "Guncure," or *debel debel*, and at night they are so much afraid of stirring abroad from fear of falling into this imaginary being's power, that no persuasion will get them to leave their *gurrutays* after nightfall. They have another notion prevalent amongst them that they certainly obtained from their intercourse with Europeans, that is, on their dying they will, after a period, revisit the earth as white men, or, as one of them explained the piece of subtle doctrine to me,

"blackfellow you see *baragan* (die), make a hole put in him, then by and by blackfellow jump up whitefellow."

They have a certain ceremony when a lad attains the age of fourteen, or thereabout, that they throw a good deal of mystery over, and which some assert to be a religious rite, though I am inclined to think otherwise, but as they strictly exclude every "whitefellow" from this ceremony it is almost impossible to state the particulars; suffice it to say that the tribe musters its whole strength, when they select all the lads on whom the operation has not been performed, these they take to a secluded spot, where all preliminaries being settled, one youth after another is taken and the front tooth of the upper jaw extracted, the youths remain on the place for a certain number of days, when they are introduced to the tribe as warriors at a grand *comboos* held on the occasion. The girls are not allowed to be present when the tooth is extracted, the mothers of the lads keep at some distance, and during all the period the operation is going on they carry in their hands a lighted torch which on no account they allow to be extinguished.

The blacks have no form of government whatever, they obey no chief (though the whites have dubbed no inconsiderable number with the titles of chief, in fact "they are all chiefs," as the Mountain Minister used to say of the McGills) except any of their number who may be famous for his bravery or cunning (synonymous terms), who has generally a species of authority during the time they are on their fighting expeditions; when the occasion that called for it has passed over, "every man does that which is right in his own eyes." If one, however, happens to kill a person of his own tribe, a day is set apart when the criminal is subjected to the ordeal of the "*deawie*" or the spear. He is made to stand at a spear's throw from the camp, armed only with a shield, when a number of warriors commence hurling their spears at him, which he desperately contrives to fling aside by his *gimmall* or shield. If he is fortunate enough to escape the shower of missiles that is thus continued for nearly an hour to be thrown at him, he is released amidst the shoutings of his countrymen, no one daring to molest him after this. Sometimes it happens, though rarely, that the criminal kills under the number of spears darted at him; indeed it is most surprising how anyone could escape from such a trial, but the address displayed by some of these fellows in evading a spear thrown at them often astonished me.

They sometimes quarrel amongst themselves about the girls, but this seldom leads to any result, being settled by the gray-beards of the tribe, whose fiat is binding, unless it is with an adverse tribe; this, and the disputes about their hunting grounds, are the principal and indeed only causes of war, if their party sometimes may be dignified with such a name. Polygamy is allowed.

The all-engrossing object that affects these savages is the acquiring the means of subsistence, which engages all their thoughts in times of peace and war, this leads to a distinction between the blacks of the sea coast and those of the interior. The former live by the canoe, the latter by climbing trees, as the staple food of the one is fish, and of the other grubs and opossums, which are only found by scaling the trees.

Revenge with them, as with most other savages, is the ruling passion, combined as it is with extreme craft. They allow no opportunity to pass to gratify this demoniacal disposition, and though

years will elapse before they can put it in execution, the injury they received is never forgotten or forgiven. "Tooth for tooth, eye for eye," with them.

When a quarrel takes place between two neighbouring tribes, and this is of tolerably frequent occurrence, they make steadily marches by days, and lie concealed all night. When as day begins to dawn, they pounce on their victims when fast asleep, and commence an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women, and children. The first appeal the vanquished receive is the wild yelling they set up before the onset, seldom or ever is there a regular set to in broad daylight, both sides equally prepared.

The most striking characteristic that attaches to them - great endurance and patience under toils and want, a capability of enduring the extreme of summer heat, without complaining, and of traversing in the depth of winter, which in many parts of the colony is as severe as in England - forests and plains covered with frost and snow, without shoes or any other covering than the opossum cloak, which serves for clothing by night and day, and that without flinching. They are, as may be expected from their rude unadorned state, strongly averse to labour of any kind, and may expect as regards their hunting and fighting expeditions, to be classed as lazy in the extreme. Yet it must be acknowledged in their behalf, that their mode of living leads to this, they have few wants, and these are supplied by indulging in an amusement that undoubtedly has its attractions.

The above relates to those blacks who are settled within the Colony, those in the "far" interior beyond the located bounds I have had little or no intercourse with, and it would avail little unless acquainted with their language, the mode of living being nearly alike null.

That the aborigines have been losers instead of gainers by the settlement of the whites amongst them is beyond dispute, they have contracted if not all the vices of the Europeans, at least many of them, and none of their virtues. From their mixing with only the basest of mankind, what other can be expected than their being contaminated?

Instead of being even partially civilized, the only advantages bestowed on them by their brethren of the white skin, is the rendering their hunting grounds useless to them, and of having taught them habits of lying, pilfering, swearing, drinking, and smoking, and of having entailed on them and their offspring the most loathsome diseases, this description does not apply in all cases, yet truth compels me to state that generally speaking, it is but too accurate. Where the blacks have had little or no intercourse with whites you will find them more robust in their persons, more independent in their bearing - and altogether free of those detestable practices that have enfeebled and brutalized their brethren that have been more under the contaminating influence of the Europeans; they have been accused of murder, and the destruction of the property of the settlers, this to a very limited extent I admit, though it is a matter of glaring notoriety, that few blacks are murdered for one white, this is the case exclusive of those killed in self-defence, and which are studiously kept from the knowledge of the authorities.

If space permitted me I could dwell much longer on this subject, and instance where the blacks have been shot and slaughtered wholesale - and by whom do you suppose?

By the felons [convicts] of New South Wales?

No such thing, but by those in a far different grade - persons who should have known better.

Is the slaughter of a few head of cattle a sufficient reason for massacring and poisoning whole herds of fellow men?

So little is thought of such doings that I have heard a person in a respectable rank of life assert that he would have no more compunction in shooting a black than a kangaroo.

That the blacks from sheer necessity are driven to spear some of the settlers' cattle, is true, yet to the candid reader this will be a matter of no surprise, when he recollects that the savage considers the white man as the wrongful possessor of his country, and that instead of receiving any benefit therefrom, fatal experience has taught him that whenever the pest of the European appears, he

must either remain to starve, or fall back upon some hostile tribe, which he either exterminates, or by which he is exterminated.

Which of these evils should he choose?

The kangaroo and the emu forsake the plains and the forests whenever the herds and flocks break ground. I was one day asked by a native of the Mariner's country for something to eat, at the same time remarking with a most piteous expression of countenance -

"You see, massa, all about here belong to black fellow - long time ago plenty emu, and thousand thousand kangaroo. Gumbuck's luck, dundal come and drive kangaroo and emu all away. Poor fellow, black fellow, now by ---"

These are the very words. Let but one consider that in spite of all the philanthropy of England, the natives of New Holland instead of being either civilized or christianized after an intercourse of more than half a century, are now in a more deplorable state than when the vast continent was a blank on the world's map; it is absurd to suppose that miracles can be wrought, and that the untamed savage should become all at once versed in the knowledge of the arts of civilized men, no, that cannot be done, but much could, by such a people as the Indians; but what has been done to better the condition of these children of nature? Absolutely nothing.

It has been argued that they are so wedded in their savage mode of life, that they will not relinquish it for any other, and also that there is a manifest intellectual incapacity in them to receive instruction. As regards the former assertion, why such is always the case with savage tribes. What were the ancestors of polished Englishmen previous to the Roman invasion? In a state of society little removed from that of the New Hollander.

As to the latter, I deny that there is any such mental incapacity as to prevent them from becoming in time, intelligent and useful members of the community. This is apparent to any one who has had opportunities of observing the shrewdness and natural quickness of observation they possess in a high degree. Where the experiment has been tried to educate any of them, it has perfectly succeeded, all are not apt alike, but this cannot be expected, there is a wide spread prejudice abroad on this subject at home and abroad, it would be well if more were done and less said, about bettering the condition of these miserable remnants of tribes whose lands are now occupied by the settlers, those at least have claims that admit of no denial.

In my next I shall allude to those futile attempts that have been made by the Government to ameliorate their condition in the establishment of a Protectorate - one of the riskiest pieces of jobbery that even a corrupt and venal Whig Ministry was ever guilty of.

A protectorate sounds well in England, but were you to see its practical working by this tribe of hapless, who fallen on the public money, you would be little astonished, they scarcely ever stir from the towns, and if perchance they are half a day in the bush, why the exploit is paraded through the columns of the Colonial press, if any journalist should have the spirit to arraign the carelessness and inactivity of the protectors, and should say that something ought to be done for the aborigines - he only brings on his own head a shower of abuse, he is an enemy to his countrymen, too, because he has the moral stamina to throw in a few sentences to point out the degraded condition of the unfortunate natives. And also because he ventured to say that the Protectors of the blacks of New Holland might as well be the protectors of the Esquimaux, for all the good they do; it would be well if this system should be thoroughly exposed in England, here, though we see it, we can do nothing to check it.

Yours, &c
T.B.

The Fate of the Ilawarra Aborigines

It may be appropriate at this point to briefly discuss the fate of the local people during the period 1788-1850, based on the documents reproduced over the following pages, for the story revealed in this compilation calls on us to reassess many commonly held views regarding the history of Ilawarra in general, and that of its original Aboriginal inhabitants.

As previously noted, the impetus for this compilation arose out of occasional questions which had often been posed over the years by local Ilawarra historians and members of the community, such as:

- Who were the original Aboriginal inhabitants of Ilawarra?
- What happened to them, and what caused their demise?
- How many were living in Ilawarra prior to 1788?
- How and where did they live, and what do we know of their culture and traditions?
- What was the fate of their descendants?

Satisfactory answers have never been given to any of these questions, due to a supposed lack (by historians) of available contemporary information. This study reveals that a wealth of such material exists, and perhaps the answers may be found (or indicated) amongst the documents reproduced over the following pages.

It goes without saying that the local people were decimated as a result of the white invasion. In attempting to explain their demise and answer some of the above questions, the compiler would suggest the following causes.

- * A large number of Ilawarra Aborigines succumbed to disease introduced by the white settlers shortly after 1788. Smallpox and influenza were the most devastating, with individual epidemics wiping out large percentages ("greater than 50% at a time") of the population.
- * Some Aborigines left the district for more isolated areas of the country to the west or south to avoid conflict with white settlers and find new hunting grounds, though this was always difficult as they were seen as intruders by the neighbouring tribes, and their use to traditional lands were so great that to drive them out would be analogous to driving a family of the 1980s from their comfortable brick home onto the street - the effect was physically and emotionally shattering to the Aboriginal people, and for this reason they did not easily leave their traditional homelands. Many were prepared to suffer the humiliation and physical degradation of large camps rather than break all ties with their place of birth.
- * Many undoubtedly starved and perished as a result of their traditional hunting grounds and sources of food being taken from them, and subsequently forced to live on handouts from Europeans.
- * Large numbers were killed - by white settlers in conflicts over land and women, or more rarely by their fellow Aborigines in tribal skirmishes.

- A low birth rate, with an average of only 2-3 children per family, was probably common amongst the Illawarra Aborigines after 1789. While families in Illawarra during the 1820s and 1830s, with access to proper medical facilities, commonly had up to 10 children. The effects of venereal diseases further reduced the Aboriginal birth rate and they were subsequently numerically overwhelmed. The natural British prejudices against inter-marriage with black people was also a factor in their decreasing numbers.
- Many tried to adapt to the whiteman's way of life, becoming part of that community, or living in camps on the fringes of townships. Many Aboriginal women married or lived with white men on the more isolated stations.

Quantifying the rate of decimation of the native population is difficult due to a lack of comprehensive population statistics.

Up until about 1832 we have no specific information, and throughout the remainder of the nineteenth century and first half of the twentieth century census information is sparse. Aborigines were not included in the numerous musters and census of, for example, 1828, 1837, 1841, which have survived.

Previous to their inclusion in the Australian census during the 1950s, only the Blanket Returns of the period 1832-42, and Aborigines Protection Board census from 1893 to the 1930s, are available. However as this compilation shows, by about 1850 the original Aboriginal tribes of southeastern Australia had been decimated, corrupted, and dispersed. The Protection Board data is therefore too late and not comprehensive enough in addressing our questions regarding the original inhabitants.

What was the population trend in Illawarra from 1788 to 1850?

Noel Butlin (1963) discusses at length the problems associated with approximating the 1788 Aboriginal population of eastern Australia, suggesting that the catastrophic effects of diseases have been underestimated by previous workers. In answering the above question we need to remember that the exact effects of early smallpox epidemics (1789 and 1829-30 in Sydney) and other diseases on the local population can only be guessed at.

According to the Blanket Returns of 1832-44, by the end of the 1830s the Aborigines of central Illawarra numbered less than one hundred, though it should be pointed out that not all Aborigines submitted to the possible humiliation of receiving blankets from white authorities, and those figures may be low. By the 1850s - whatever the cause - those of northern and central Illawarra were largely an extinct race, at least in the eyes of the new settlers.

Based upon the information and Butlin's theories we could suggest that there were anywhere from 500-1000 Aborigines in central Illawarra (Bull to Kiama) on 26 January 1788. The lower figure is more plausible if we take into account the local lifestyle and availability of resources.

If an original population of 500 lost half of its members during the smallpox outbreaks of 1789 and 1829-30, it is easy to see that a figure of 100 individuals surviving by the late 1830s is not so extraordinary.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century the remnants of the original Illawarra tribal and family groups were forced into camps or localities such as Red Point (Hill 60, Port Kembla), Minimbura, and Bass Point, or further south away from densely settled areas. Around 1878 a group headed north to help form the settlement at La Perouse, on the shores of Botany Bay, and their descendants remain there to this day.

In the eyes of many whites throughout Illawarra the Aborigines were just a memory by 1900, and to the younger generations of white Australians living in urban areas throughout the country who had never seen an Aborigine in person, they have only existed in the media, or 'outback' throughout much of the century. The average non-Aboriginal Australian's knowledge of the Aborigines and their culture is therefore minimal, even in 1990.

The European invasion, subtle and relatively bloodless though it may have appeared in the official records of the British Empire (though bloody in reality), had nevertheless been successful in bringing the race to near extinction by the mid nineteenth century, especially along the eastern coast of Australia and in Tasmania. Inter-marriage between whites and blacks tended to enhance the view towards 'extinction' of the Aboriginal people, with ignorant whites refusing to accept so-called half-castes or other descendants as 'true' Aborigines right up until the present day.

The term 'half-caste' was used, and is still used, in a derogatory fashion by whites. These people of mixed race were considered neither white nor truly Aboriginal, and therefore not due any special consideration by white Australia. Most ended up living with their Aboriginal families, for the white community would generally not accept them, even though it encouraged inter-marriage as a means of 'whitening' the colour of the native Aborigines.

The official 'assimilation' policies of the Aborigines Protection Board from 1909 onwards were nothing less than a continuation of the attempt to completely destroy the indigenous culture, which action had been pursued since the earliest days of white settlement. Assimilation is still considered a reasonable objective by ignorant non-Aboriginals.

By the turn of the century some whites were beginning to regret the decimation of the native population of Illawarra and the South Coast, and we have a number of local historians and anthropologists (e.g. R.H. Mathews, Archibald Campbell, E. Delahay, John Brown) compiling as much information as they could on the local people and aspect of their culture and languages. The result is a dismal, fragmentary record, with rare hints of what was once an obviously rich heritage.

No native Illawarra Aborigine recorded first-hand on paper his/her reminiscences of their people's history or aspects of their traditional culture during the period between first contact and 1900. All surviving stories and reminiscences are second-hand, with amendments and alterations by the recorder.

Transcriptions of the native tongue, as in lists of names for local geographical features, are especially suspect. For example, the local Aboriginal word for 'Cabbage Palm' has been variously recorded by Europeans since 1827 as: Thurnswal, Turturwal, Towel, and even Thertul.

Of images, the few drawings by Mickey at Uladulla around the 1890s are almost unique for the region.

It was not until the 1980s that the first major collection of Illawarra and South Coast Aboriginal oral histories were compiled on tape (by Janet Mathews), and not until 1987 that the first collection of reminiscences by local Aborigines was published, though unfortunately by that stage much had been lost forever, and the informants (many of whom were not descended from the original pre-1788 inhabitants of Illawarra, but came to the region from other parts of the country) only remembered events this century. Hopefully within the memories of the descendants of the Illawarra Aborigines aspects of the traditional cultures survive and are yet to be revealed.

Who were / are the Illawarra Aborigines?

From a reading of the documents cited in this work, we can make the following brief summary statements regarding the Aboriginal people of Illawarra prior to 1788:

They consisted of a number of family groups who occupied the coastal strip from Bulli and Stanwell Park in the north, to Shoalhaven and Kangaroo Valley in the south. They were mostly coastal dwellers - though they also used the resources of the mountain areas to the west of the escarpment - and lived on a diet of fish (sea, freshwater, and shell) supplemented by local flora and fauna. (c.f. Selton 1963, 1966)

They made regular excursions out of the district to places such as Appin and Bong Bong, and occasionally as far as Sydney and the Blue Mountains for special ceremonies and initiation ceremonies.

Most families lived in the open, or within ganyahs or rock shelters, their only clothing consisting of opossum rugs and ornamental regalia.

Their life was one of seeking out an existence day by day, with the men performing specified hunting duties, and the women responsible for cooking and rearing the children to maturity (though the males also had input into this latter area). Each family group roamed throughout the region, with specific areas accepted as their domain. Sharing of resources with their near neighbours was a way of life and not questioned, so they were able to travel widely and freely without fear of starvation.

Their religious beliefs and social customs (e.g. the rules surrounding marriage, initiation, and conflicts over land issues) were complex. In these areas our information is most sparse.

The aspect of inter-tribal rivalry is unclear - some authors state that each tribe was hostile to its neighbour (e.g. the Wollongong people were at war with those of Kamea), but friendly to those farther afield; some say conflict was isolated and based on specific events, such as affairs of the heart or individual confrontation, and was not deep-rooted.

The concept of 'tribe' is also questionable. A reading of the contemporary documents in this compilation does not indicate specific tribal or language affiliations or boundaries used by the Illawarra Aborigines prior to 1850. The earliest references are simply to the natives of the district known as *Akwane* (c.f. Finders, 1798), or to the 'Five Islands Tribe', as the whole district was then known as the Five Islands.

It is only from the turn of the century - when white historians and anthropologists were recording in earnest aspects of Aboriginal cultures along the South Coast - that specific names such as Wodi Wodi and Thurnbul were allocated to local 'tribes' and languages.

The Illawarra natives did not follow a tribal system with defined chiefs and social hierarchies (as typified by the American Indians), but lived in relatively small family groups, with complicated family structures and close associations to specific areas of land. Elderly members of the groups were given due respect, but were only allocated the title of 'chief' or 'King' by Europeans.

For example, from surviving records we know that the Hooks family group lived by the shores of Lake Illawarra (near present-day Depto and along Hooks Creek) during the period 1820-40; the Timbary family during the same period claimed a belonging to the area now known as Berkeley; and the Burdell family claimed an association with the land upon which the town of Wollongong grew. We do not know how long these individual families had lived in the area, though it may have been for many thousands of years.

White settlers initially grouped the local people into tribes based on locality, calling them the 'Five Islands tribe', or 'Boong Boong tribe', and during the 1830s and 1840s used this system to assist in identification during the distribution of blankets.

The official 'Returns of Blankets' issued by the New South Wales government to local Aborigines between 1832-42 provide a wealth of information and will be subjected to more detailed analysis in the future (refer Appendix 1). They specify the various 'Tribes' and 'Places of Resort' to which the local people subscribed. These returns have been reproduced over the following pages. Some Returns are very specific and useful, though most are generalised, having been compiled by white Government officials usually with no intimate knowledge of Aboriginal languages and customs. Their translations of Aboriginal names are confusing (refer Appendix 1).

In all cases the stated tribal name upon these Blanket Returns is based on a locality, so that, for example, all the Aboriginal people resident in central Illawarra at the time were referred to as members of the 'Five Islands' or 'Wollongong' tribe. However modern-day tribal groupings of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines are based on information compiled by white anthropologists from the late 1870s. Two divisions were initially presented (notar Ridley, 1878), using geographical location and language, though these criteria are now expanded into five divisions and given Aboriginal names, as follows (after C Selton, 1983):

'Thurawal (or Dharawal) - general name for the Aboriginal people of the area on the east coast of New South Wales from Botany Bay to Shoalhaven, and west to Berrima and Camden.

'Wodj-Wodj (or Wadj-Wadj) - a subdivision of Thurawal, includes the Aboriginal people of the coast from Wollongong to the Shoalhaven.

'Gundaddi and Thaurumba (or Dharumba) - those people living around the Shoalhaven River

'Wardandan - those people living south of the Shoalhaven River and north of Jervis Bay

'Gundungama - the upland tribe (probably equivalent to the Boong Boong tribe of the 1830s)

Some local people also refer to the '13 Tribes of the South Coast.'

The historical relevance of these divisions is questionable. For example, the adoption of the term 'Wodj Wodj' in reference to the Aborigines of central Illawarra is based on the testimony of Lizzy Malone, daughter of a woman of the Shoalhaven tribe, who stated (Ridley, 1875) that 'Wodj Wodj' was the name of the language spoken by the Aboriginal people of Illawarra, from Wollongong to Shoalhaven. At some stage between 1875 and 1883 the term 'Wodj Wodj' has been adopted / extended by white researchers to refer to the Aboriginal people of Illawarra, along with their language.

Just as the word *Koorie* once referred to an Aboriginal man from a specific area of central-west New South Wales, and *Yuin* was used by some of the South Coast people, now *Koorie* is used as a general term throughout the State instead of the more general, and European, *Aborigines*. So also terms such as *Wodj Wodj* and *Thurawal* have been misappropriated by both black and white researchers over the years and their original meaning lost.

The original inhabitants of central Illawarra may have had no specific tribal name, and the term 'Wodj Wodj' does not appear in any accounts prior to Ridley's reference of 1875.

It seems more appropriate to denote Aboriginal 'tribal' or family groupings according to locality (e.g. *Alwarrie* or *Five Islands* tribe) or original family name as given in the 1832-42 blanket returns (e.g. the *Hooks* and *Timbery* families), than to some much later tag assigned by white anthropologists.

The above stated tribal subdivisions are therefore somewhat artificial and meaningless, as it was common for family groups to intermingle and interact along both physical and social boundaries.

For example, the Aboriginal people from the Appin and Cowpastures areas west of the Illawarra escarpment made an annual excursion to Illawarra via the mountain pass at Bulli prior to the 1840s (refer E.Dellahus Papers, Appendix 4), and there was regular communication between the Aborigines of Bong Bong, Kangaroo Valley, Kiama, and the Shoalhaven according to historical accounts.

D.K. Eades (1976) made detailed subdivisions of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines based on knowledge of extinct and extant language patterns. She concluded that the Thurnawal language was spoken throughout the southern Sydney and Botany Bay region, in Illawarra, and south to the Shoalhaven, depending on which author is referred to; whilst Dhurga was spoken south of Shoalhaven. Yet as early as 1798 Matthew Flinders had noted that the language of the Five Islands people varied from that of the natives of Botany Bay.

These divisions of tribes and languages, being artificially imposed by European anthropologists and researchers, have varied considerably amongst authors over the years.

The movement of Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines to Sydney, La Perouse, and south to areas such as Wreck Bay and Wollaga Lake after the 1850s has complicated the issue, such that a language which was once possibly confined to Illawarra has had its borders extended north to Botany Bay and Port Jackson and south to Shoalhaven. More detailed ethnographic and historical analysis will need to be undertaken before we can suggest the true boundaries of the original (pre 1788) Aboriginal languages, and their variations with time. A similar problem is faced with tribal boundaries.

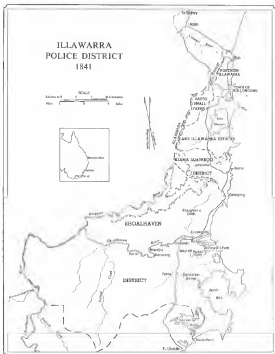
Summary

This work is the first attempt to bring together all available historical information on the Illawarra Aborigines covering the period 1770-1850. It is hoped that in future it will be expanded upon, updated, and discussed, both by white and black historians and descendants of the original Aboriginal inhabitants of Illawarra and the South Coast, as new material becomes available.

It is unfortunate that Europeans have authored or edited the majority of material in this compilation, however there is the only physical record which survives to chronicle the history of the local Aboriginal people, due mainly to the widespread destruction of traditional Aboriginal society - wherein history was passed down through dreaming stories, art, artefacts, and songs - and the lack of original documentary records kept by those people. Fortunately Aboriginal culture still flourishes on the far South Coast of New South Wales, with unbroken bonds dating back to the pre 1788 period.

The original white invaders of 1788 and their immediate descendants failed to record the rich history and culture of the Aboriginal peoples of Australia as it existed in the years prior to 1788 and immediately thereafter. So much has now been lost forever.

Despite the best attempts of white civilization to bring about their annihilation, the Aboriginal nation of Australia lives on, both in Illawarra and throughout the land. It is to be hoped that this study will play a part in the rediscovery of aspects of Illawarra Aboriginal culture and heritage.



MAP 4 Illawarra Police District 1841 (Renderson, 1983)

Guide to the Documents

This compilation is a gathering together of historical source material from newspapers, books, official published and unpublished archival records, diaries, and letters referring to the Ilwamna and South Coast Aborigines. It mainly skims the available material, and does not claim to be a definitive collection, for new documents and references are constantly being located.

The material within this work has been arranged roughly chronologically, with later reminiscences placed alongside contemporary accounts where possible, e.g. Alexander Stewart's 1894 reminiscences of an 1828 corroboree are placed under the latter date.

Unpublished manuscript material has been included in preference to published material - to have included both would have been impractical. Some of the manuscript material is also to be found within the appendices.

There has been minimal editing of the original material, apart from the obvious extraction of sections relating to the Ilwamna and South Coast Aborigines, and no deletion of text which may be considered insensitive or controversial in the light of present-day attitudes and events. In most instances relevant extracts only are reproduced from diaries, journals, letters, etc., however in a few cases complete transcripts are given to assist in comprehension.

If any of the material contained in this work offends Aborigines or Europeans, or exhibits ethnocentric bias, the compiler - whilst deeply regretting this - makes no apologies, for he has tried to be as equitable as possible in the presentation of material, and the bias and racism present in many of the accounts lies with the original authors - not with this compiler. The reader is left to make his/her own interpretations and assessment of the worth or accuracy of the text.

The majority of original documents from the period 1770-1850 are presented without comment from the editor, for they speak for themselves - only in regards to the trial for murder of Seth Hawker in 1822 is there any major editorial comment.

As most references from the pre 1850 period are relatively brief, a large percentage of the available material has been included in this compilation. However some substantial works - such as J.P. Towhensend's 1848 account of the Aborigines of Uladulla during the 1830s - have not been included for reasons of space. Nevertheless full references are given to such material.

The large number of important anthropological articles from the period 1870-1920 by workers such as the Reverend William Ridley, A.W. Howitt, and especially R.H. Mathews, are recommended to the reader interested in the society and customs of the Ilwamna and South Coast Aborigines during the latter part of the nineteenth century, at a period when some of the original inhabitants were still living a traditional lifestyle, though it had often been severely corrupted by the whitesmen, or could remember its prior to white interference. Unfortunately this material is the only indicator we have of life as the Aborigines of Ilwamna knew it prior to the white invasion. Reproduction of the many journal articles and book chapters from this period would come to several hundreds of pages within this compilation. Whilst they are not included, they form an important part of any local study and should be referred to.

Similarly the numerous articles and reports detailing the archaeological studies carried out this century, especially since 1930, are recommended to the reader interested in more than just the history of the local Aboriginal people following the white invasion, as also are the reports of bodies such as the Aborigines Protection Board and Department of Public Instruction (later the Department of Education) describing social conditions this century.

The type of material reproduced over the following pages varies from newspaper reports - which are often the only surviving accounts prior to the 1830s, and also usually full of the most

information remarks towards local Aborigines, accurately portraying common and extreme European attitudes - through to letters and memoranda from the Governor down to local magistrates and settlers. Much of this latter material is located in official archives and has not previously been revealed to the public.

The other major sources of information from the pre 1850 period are the diaries and journals of visitors to Illawarra and the South Coast, with the most substantial accounts of local native customs and circumstances to be found in the writings of visitors such as the Reverend Harper (1828), the Cutlers Backhouse and Walker (1832), Reverend W.B. Clarke (1840), and the reminiscences of Alexander Berry (1838-5, 1871).

The later collections of personal papers and reminiscences from around the turn of the century by people such as Alexander Stewart, Archibald Campbell, and Francis McGilvey are full of lists of native names for Illawarra localities and objects, plus stories of famous Aborigines such as Charley Hooka and Tullimar, whilst the publications and articles by anthropologists such as Andrew Macdonald, R.H. Mathews, and the Reverend William Ridley from the same period provide a wealth of information on aspects of local Aboriginal communities and dreaming stories.

Whilst none of the above mentioned documents alone provides a definitive picture of local Aboriginal society, together all these sources blend to reveal a basic outline of the major elements affecting the local Aboriginal people during the period 1788-1850. Unfortunately the more sacred and personal aspects of society were not recorded in written form, and are perhaps lost forever, along with so many other aspects of their culture.

Editorial additions and comments within this compilation are signified by square brackets thus:

[...]

Publications from which quotes or extracts are taken are denoted thus:

{...}

where the full reference is presented,

or thus:

{...}

where an abbreviated reference only is given.

The following abbreviations are used throughout:

ACNSW	Archives Office of New South Wales
HRA	<i>Historical Records of Australia</i>
HRNSW	<i>Historical Records of New South Wales</i>
IHS	Illawarra Historical Society
JRAHS	<i>Journal of the Royal Australian Historical Society</i>
ML	Mitchell Library, Sydney
NLA	National Library of Australia, Canberra

Dreaming Stories

of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines

A small number of the Dreaming Stories of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines (also referred to as 'myths and legends' by Europeans) have been published and taken down over the years since the arrival of white men. These stories, long considered juvenile and inconsequential by the non-Aboriginal population, are of great significance both to the Australian Aborigines and our study of their culture, for within them we often find the rules of social and religious behaviour as laid down for various tribes, and descriptions of events in their history.

These stories reproduced below represent a mere sample of that aspect of the Illawarra and South Coast culture which originally existed. Unfortunately they represent a large portion of those which, to the knowledge of this compiler, have survived in print. Undoubtedly many more exist in the memories of the descendants of the original Illawarra and South Coast people (see Preface).

The majority of stories are from the recordings of white anthropologists taken during the period 1870-1900, with a number also gathered by G.W. Peck in the 1920s and 1930s, and Roland Robinson during the 1950s (see below). The earliest stories in this collection were obtained long after traditional society had been corrupted by the influence of white civilisation.

Some of the stories are only fragments, or have been heavily censored and 'anglicized' by the transcriber, others are summary versions and interpretations. Many have been completely metamorphosed to cater to a white audience, or re-written as children's stories, with all aspects of Aboriginality removed.

For example, the G.W. Peck stories of 1885 have been given a decided botanical taint, making reference to Peck's favorite flower - the waratah - wherever possible, whilst those of Roland Robinson from the 1950s have often been transformed into verse.

The range of topics referred to in the stories is wide, dealing with subjects such as mythical beings, the creation of earth and man, life after death, initiation and marriage; plants and animals; totems; and historical events.

Unfortunately few of the stories reproduced below are first hand accounts by Illawarra Aborigines, with only those published by Andrew Mackenzie in 1874 attempting to remain true to the original language and structure. Even more unfortunate is the dislocation of many of the stories from their original locality / environment - an integral part of any Aboriginal narrative - and the failure of many authors to record the name of the narrator or the circumstances and date of the telling. Even where these details are included, the stories are further corrupted by the removal of the narrators from their traditional homelands, such that G.W. Peck was able to record stories of Illawarra and Shoalhaven from his Burrigoring Valley informants; and likewise Roland Robinson collected north coast stories from Aborigines residing at Wallaga Lake. In doing so much of the local significance of the narrative is lost.

Despite the aforementioned constraints (i.e. dislocation and transformation) of the dreaming stories reproduced over the following pages, they nevertheless point to the richness of Aboriginal

storytelling in Illawarra and along the South Coast, and are included at this point in our study because I do believe these narratives that the true history of the local Aboriginal people exists.

The first part of the Dreaming Stories section includes material extracted from the publications of the early anthropologists such as R.H. Mathews, A. McKenzie, W. Ridley and A.W. Howitt, and local collectors such as A. Campbell. This is followed by stories published this century by C.W. Peck.

C.W. Peck's Australian Legends

During 1925 and 1933 C.W. Peck published two editions of his book *Australian Legends - Tales handed down from the remotest time by the autochthonous inhabitants of our land* (Sydney 1925, Melbourne 1933), it being a compilation of Aboriginal narratives.

These editions included Aboriginal dreaming stories and reminiscences from areas of New South Wales such as Illawarra, the South Coast, Burragorang Valley, Georges River, Tuggerah Lakes, and the Riverina. The two editions were different, though there was some overlap in the stories included.

Whilst the original narrators were not specifically named by Peck, information within the stories points to their identity, with the majority coming from the Burragorang Valley area, and the remainder from the Murrumbidgee, and Illawarra / South Coast.

According to Peck, a certain Mr Murdoch of Tarengo / Goulburn was originally told some of the 1925 stories 'about sixty years ago', and he in turn passed them on to his son Alex, who was a member of the Burragorang Valley community and supposedly told the stories to Peck. Some of the stories were published by Peck in Sydney journals such as *The Sydney Mail* and possibly *The South* prior to appearing in the compilations.

Another informant - identified in the 1933 edition - was Ellen, an Aboriginal 'princess' from Illawarra, and a daughter of the famous King Mikoy. This was possibly Ellen Anderson who died in 1931. She was most likely responsible for the stories from Illawarra, Apple, and the South Coast, as she had been born at Unanderra.

These stories, like so many other Aboriginal narratives, had obviously been greatly expanded upon and anglicised by Peck and/or the Murdochs, for they contained numerous references to botanical terms and the language is 'flowery' to say the least. Fortunately beneath this weight of words is to be found much of significance to the local Aboriginal culture.

The following is a list of relevant Aboriginal stories which appeared in the first edition in 1925, along with the new stories from the third edition of 1933. The locality of each story is given where known, whilst those with no locality specified are general stories of relevance to eastern Australia.

1st edition

The First Waratah	Burragorang Valley
The First Cypress or Gigantic Lily	Campbelltown area
How the Waratah got its Honey	Burragorang Valley
How the White Waratah became Red	Sheffieldbrook
How the Petals of the Waratah became Firm	Burragorang Valley
Why the Waratah is Firm	Georges River
The First Bush Fire	Tarengo
The First Kangaroo	Yemondale
The Salt Lakes	Burragorang Valley
Shooting Stars	-
Why the Petals of the Waratah grew Long	Mount Tomah

The First Coyfish	Sheathaven
The Clinging Koala	Wollondilly
The White Man's Boots	Burrigorang Valley
The Hand that tried to draw a Waratah	Burrigorang Valley
Why Teasels Have Bark	-
The Legend of the Pheasant and the Jackass	Elwerra
The Blood of the Bloodwood Tree	Burrigorang Valley
The blowing down of the mountains to the west	Eastern Australia
The Fight of the Ants for a Waratah	-

2nd edition

Prelude

A Princess	Ilwara
A Royal Visit	Ilwara
Why the Turtle has no Tail	Ilwara
The Diamond Berry	First Coast
What Makes the Waves	Coastal
At Low Tide (The Coming of White Man)	South Coast
A Bird Legend	Ilwara
Two Waratah Legends	Burrigorang & Ilwara
Another Legend	Burrigorang & Ilwara
Mist and Fringed Flower	Appin
Mulgani	Twofold Bay & Ilwara
The Black-Salm	South Coast

Some of Peck's Ilwara and South Coast stories are reproduced below.

Roland Robinson's Narratives and Poems

During the 1950s the Australian author and poet Roland Robinson visited the South Coast and recorded a number of Aboriginal dreaming stories and poems from individuals such as Percy Mumbulla of Wallaga Lake.

These stories have been reproduced in Australian magazines and within Robinson's own books such as *Black-Yeller, White-is-never* (1958), *The Man who sold his Dreaming* (1965), *Wandjari* (1968), *Atjuringa* (1970), and *The nearest the White Man gets* (1993).

Those stories of relevance to our study and known to the editor include the following.

* by Percy Mumbulla

The Battle at Wallaga Lake
 The Eucalypt, the Kangaroo Man
 The Doowah, the Two Avengers
 The Doolagari, the Hairy-man
 The Boryp
 Abley Wood and the Two Eucalypts
 The Golt of Billy Bulloo
 Uncle Abraham (Minot) and the Doeroots
 The Wild Women
 Ejenah, the Porcupine
 Under the She-oaks
 The White Pig, the Porcupine, and the Wonga Pigeon
 The Runaway Lovers

Jarungali
 Boss
 Captain Cook
 The Surprise Attack
 Jacky Jacky
 The Little People
 The Mugger
 The Whalers
 Gold and Grog and Pretty Stones.

* by other narrators

The Wild Cherry Tree / Billy Bamboo
 The Maker of Boomerangs / Adam Cooper

(Billy Bamboo)
 (Malcolm Rivers and
 Walter Blakeney)
 (David Carpenter)
 (Bob Andy)
 (David Carpenter)
 (Walter Blakeney)

The Bugaim and the Boundary-riders
 Mr Wallaby
 Bundoola, King of the Sea
 Rites of Passage

Reference should be made to Robinson's publications and his autobiographies for copies of the stories and the circumstances of their telling.

Dreaming Stories reproduced over the following pages include:

- 1 Arrival of the Thuroowal Tribe in Australia
- 2 The Henwather
- 3 The Spirit of the Pig Tree
- 4 The Yaroma
- 5 Wallanhangang
- 6 Walthe gang
- 7 The Pleades
- 8 Two Women and A Dog
- 9 Tootawa and Pookoongool
- 10 Wunbela - the Bat
- 11 The Story of Bundoola (I)
- 12 The Story of Bundoola (II)
- 13 The Story of Bundoola (III)
- 14 Bundoola and the Birthplace of the South Coast Tribes
- 15 Mumuga - the Cave Monster
- 16 Guringaty - the Water Monster

- 17 Dylagamberra - the Rainmaker
- 18 Gumbungang - the Lizard
- 19 Kubbungang - the Bat
- 20 Membi - the Thunder
- 21 The Three Sisters
- 22 The Emu and the Native Companion
- 23 Denimulus
- 24 Tulapal - the Devil
- 25 Mimul - the Creator
- 26 Dreaming - A Violent Death
- 27 Myths of the Gurngoring Tribe
- 28 Jema Thunawaldheri
- 29 The Nut-Gatherers
- 30 How the Pheasant and Eel went to Dithel
- 31 The Lyre Bird
- 32 Mulgani
- 33 What Makes the Waves (Amila of Northern Kowrama)
- 34 Mist and a Fringed Flower
- 35 The First Crayfish
- 36 The Legend of the Lyrebird and the Koolaburns
- 37 Two Waratah Legends (The Black Snake Totem)
- 38 Another Legend (The Stars, a Meteor, and Volcanoes)
- 39 A Bird Legend (Totems)
- 40 Why the Turtle Has No Tail (The Journey After Death)
- 41 How the White Waratah became Red
- 42 The Black Snake Bird
- 43 The Dianella Bony
- 44 Why the Waratah is Firm
- 45 At Low Tide (Allambie and the Great White Spirit)
- 46 The Gigantic Lily and the Waratah

For further dreaming stories from the far South Coast and Victoria refer also Aldo Massola's *Burji's Cave* (1988).

For a discussion of Australian and local totems refer Mathews (1897), Howitt (1904), Frazer (1910), and Rottem (1925)

Arrival of the Thaurawal Tribe in Australia

[The following Ilawarra story is taken from R.H. Mathews' *Folklore of the Australian Aborigines* (1899). It was given to Mathews by an Aborigine from the Shoalhaven area in the 1890s, and describes the arrival of the Aboriginal (Thaurawal) people in Ilawarra, landing at the entrance to Lake Illawarra.

A variation is also reproduced below in George Brown's *Bundock and the Birthplace of the South Coast Tribes* (Ilawarra Mercury, 1993)]

is the remote part of the animals that are now in Australia lived in another land beyond the sea. They were at that time human creatures, and resolved to leave that country in a canoe, and come to the hunting-grounds in which they are at present.

The whale was much larger than any of the rest, and had a canoe of great dimensions; but he would not lend it to any of his fellows, who had small canoes, which were unfit for use far from the land. The other people, therefore, watched in the hope that an opportunity might present itself of the whale leaving the boat, so that they could get it, and start away on their journey, but he always kept a strict guard over it.

The most intimate friend of the whale was the starfish, and he conspired with the other people to take the attention of the whale away from his canoe, and so give them a chance to steal it, and start away across the ocean. So, one day, the starfish said to the whale, "You have a great many lice on your head; let me catch them and kill them for you." The whale, who had been very much pestered with the parasites, readily agreed to his friend's kind offer, and tied up his canoe alongside a rock, on which they then went and sat down. The starfish immediately gave the signal to some of the co-conspirators, who soon assembled in readiness to go quietly into the canoe as soon as the whale's attention was taken off it.

The starfish then commenced his work of removing the vermin from the whale's head, which he held in his lap, while the other people all got quickly into the canoe, and rowed off. Every now and then the whale would say, "Is my canoe all right?" The starfish, who had provided himself with a piece of bark to have ready by his side, answered, "Yes, this is it which I am tapping with my hand", at the same time hitting the bark, which gave the same sound as the bark of the canoe. His truest returned his occupation, scratching vigorously about the whale's ears, so that he could not hear the splashing of the oars in the water.

The cleaning of the whale's head and the assurances on the safety of the canoe went on with much gaudily on the part of the starfish, until the people had rowed off a considerable distance from the shore, and were nearly out of sight. Then the patience of the whale becoming exhausted, he insisted upon having a look at his canoe to make quite sure that everything was right. When he discovered that it was gone, and saw all the people rowing away in it as fast as they could go, he became very angry, and vented his fury upon the starfish, whom he beat unmercifully, and tore him almost to pieces.

Jumping into the water, the whale then swam away after his canoes, and the starfish, mutilated as he was, rolled off the rock, on which they had been sitting, into the water, and lay on the sand at the bottom till he recovered. It was this terrible attack of the whale which gave the starfish his present ragged and torn appearance, and his forced seclusion on the sand under the water gave him the habit of keeping near the bottom always afterwards.

The whale pursued the fugitives, and in his fury spouted the water into the air through a wound in the head received during his fight with the starfish, a practice which he has retained ever since. When the people in the canoes saw him coming after them, the waka-wakas were very much afraid, and said, "He is gaining upon us, and will surely overtake us, and drown us everyone." But the native bear, who was in charge of the canoes, said, "Look at my strong arms. I am able to pull the canoes fast enough to make good our escape!" and he demonstrated his prowess by making additional efforts to move more rapidly through the water.

This voyage lasted several days and nights, until at length land was sighted on ahead, and a straight line was made for it. On getting alongside the shore, all the people landed from the canoes sat down to rest themselves. But the native companion, who had always been a great fellow for dancing and jumping about, climbed upon the bottom of the canoes until he made a hole in it with his feet, after which he himself got out of it, and shoved it a little way from the shore, where it settled down in the water, and became the small island now known as Gan-man-gang, near the entrance of Lake Illawarra into the ocean.

When the whale arrived shortly afterwards, and saw his canoes sunk close to the shore, he turned back along the coast, where he and his descendants have remained ever since.

The Hebeater

[The following Shoalhaven story is taken from R.H. Mathews' *Folklore of the Australian Aborigines* (1896), and describes the circumstances of Aboriginal life after death.]

About three-quarters of a mile north-westerly from the Coolangatta homestead, the residence of the late Mr Alexander Bony, is a remarkable rock on the eastern side of the Coolangatta mountain. The rock slopes easterly with an angle of about 30 degrees from the horizon, and on its face are six elongated depressions, caused by the weathering away of the softer portions of the stone. These places are suggestive of having been worn by the feet of many persons having used them, like the depressions worn in pavements by much traffic. This has given rise to a superstition among the Aborigines that these marks were made in the rocks by the feet of the spirits of many generations of natives sliding from the upper to the lower side of it. This belief is strengthened by the fact that the first two depressions are larger than the rest, the next pair on the left of them are somewhat smaller, and the last pair, further to the left, are smaller still.

The Aboriginal legend is that the larger marks were made by the feet of the men, the medium size by the women, and the smaller by the children. One of the old blackfellows, who was with me when I visited this place, stated that always after a death in the camp, this rock presented the appearance of having been used. If the deceased was a man, the large marks looked fresh, if a woman, the middle pair, and if a child, the smaller sides showed indications of someone having slipped along them.

It was from this rock that the shade of the native took its final departure from its present hunting grounds, and this was accomplished in the following manner - a very long stem of a cabbage tree, imperceptible to human vision, reached from some unknown land across the sea to this rock. When a blackfellow died, his soul went in the night to the top of the rock, and standing there for a

few moments looked out towards the sea, which is about two miles distant. Then he slid down the hollow grooves, one foot resting in each, and when he got to the lower side of the rock he could distinguish the end of the long pole, on which he jumped, and walked away along it to the sea-coast, and onwards across the expanse of water.

The pole continued over the sea, and in following it along the traveller came to a place where the flames of fire seemed to rise out of a depression in the water. If he had been a good tribesman, he would be able to pass through the flames unscathed; but if he had been a bad man, who had broken the tribal laws, he might get scorched and fall into the sea, or perhaps he would get through it more or less singed.

After a while the end of the pole was reached at the other side of the sea. The traveller then continued on along a track through the bush, and after a time met a crow, who said: "You frightened me," and thereupon threw a spear at him, but missed him, and the man kept on his way, the crow calling him bad names, and making a great noise.

At another place he came to where a large native fig-tree was growing, and two men were there. One of these men was standing on the ground, and was some relative of the traveller, but the other man, who was up in the tree, was a vindictive person, and would kill him if he got the chance. He asked the traveller's friend to bring him under the tree, but in doing so the friend warns him to take care. The enemy up the fig-tree is gathering figs, and is squeezing them together around a quartz crystal, which has the effect of causing the juice of figs to increase in size and weight. He then calls out to the traveller to stand out in a clear space, so that he can throw him the bundle of figs. The pilgrim, however, suspects his evil intentions, and refuses to do this, but walks to a scrubby place under the tree, and being hungry, stoops down to pick up some of the figs which have fallen to the ground, having been shaken off by the wind. The enemy in the tree then throws the bundle of figs at him, which by the time has changed into a large stone, but he misses his mark, owing to the scrub and undergrowth obstructing his view.

The traveller now resumed his journey, and the track along which he was going passed through a narrow, rocky gorge, with scrub growing on either side, in which were some long parrots of gigantic size, who tried to bite him with their strong beaks, but he defended himself with his shield, and succeeded in getting through the pass. Upon this the parrots set up a great chattering, similar to that made by these birds in their haunts.

On proceeding farther on he comes to a forest where there are plenty of trees but no under-scrub, and the grass is green. There are plenty of kangaroos and other native animals of various kinds. Presently he reaches a place where there are large numbers of black people of all ages, amongst whom are some young men playing ball in a clear place near the camp. There the traveller sees his relatives and all his friends who have died before him. He sits down a little way from the people, and when his relations see him, they come and welcome him, and conduct him into the camp, where they paint and dress him in the same way that he was accustomed to ornament his person in his own country. After that, great shouting and carousing is indulged in, and he plays amongst the rest.

Presently an old, dirty-looking blackfellow, with sores upon his body, comes near and calls out, "Who came when that noise was made just now?" They answer him that it was only the young people playing about. The ugly old man cannot come into the camp because there is a watercourse defining the boundary of his hunting grounds, beyond which he dares not pass. If he were to see the new arrival he might point a bone at him, or work some other injury, by means of sorcery. This is why the people gave him an evasive answer, on receiving which he returns to his own camp, which is a little distance further on.

If the person who died had been greedy or quarrelsome, or had always been causing trouble in the tribe, he would meet with a different reception at the end of the journey. In order to describe this, it will be necessary to take the reader back to that part of the story where the crow threw the spear.

If the traveller has been a troublesome fellow, the spear pierces him and the crow comes and picks mouthfuls of flesh out of him, and knocks him about after which he pulls out the spear and starts

the man on his journey again. When he reaches the place where the large fig-tree is growing, there is no friend there to warn him of danger, so he walks carelessly under the tree, and commences to pick up and eat the ripe figs which have fallen to the ground. The enemy up in the tree watches his opportunity, and throws the bunches of figs, which he has changed to stone by his jugglery, down upon the traveller, bruising him severely and stretching him almost lifeless on the ground. The man then comes down out of the tree and shakes the traveller, and stands him on his feet and starts him on his way, bruised and bleeding from the wounds, and scarcely able to walk.

When at last he reaches the forest of green trees and the camp of his countrymen, the people shout to him that they don't want him there, and make signs to him to go on. The scabby old blackfellow before related to them makes his appearance, and asked the usual question "Who came when this hole was made?" The people answer him that a stranger came, whereupon, the old man calls the traveller to him, and takes him away to his own camp. The wounds made by those clever old wizards, the crow and the man in the fig-tree, never heal properly, and give the injured man a scabby and dirty appearance ever afterwards.

The Spirit of the Fig Tree

[The following story is taken from a Tharawal legend initially published by A Mackenzie (1874) and later by the Reverend William Ridley (1875), and P Tulbot (1882). It was originally told to Mackenzie by an Aborigine of Sealby Harbour. Another more recent version of this story follows on, published by R. H. Mathews in 1904 and re-titled "The Yaroma".]

A man was once gathering wild figs in a net bag and basket made from banyany bark. When these were full he cut some more bark and made a new basket. As he was filling it, a yaroma, hiding among the fig tree's buttresses, seized the man and tried to swallow him. But because the man was tall, the yaroma couldn't fit him all in. The man's feet were sliding out of the spirit's mouth. It hopped to the water and had a drink but still could not completely swallow the victim.

The big man made the spirit miserable so it spat him out. It decided to go and seek help from other yaroma spirits but, before departing, had to make sure that the man was dead. The yaroma tickled him and watched for any movement, but the man lay still. It set off but, worried that the man was feigning death, came back and continued tickling. Leaving again, and this time travelling a long way, the spirit once more returned to tickle and check for signs of life. Finally convinced that the man had been killed, it went off into the mountains.

The man, seeing his chance, leaped up and ran toward the ocean but, before he could reach it, the yaroma returned and gave chase. With the spirit hot on his heels, the man jumped into the sea and swam out to an island. The yaroma walked along the beach and onto the rocks, calling on the man to come back. "Come here", he shouted. Eventually the man's friends arrived, armed with spears, and the man paddled to shore in a canoe. "The spirit is this way" the man said. They searched for the yaroma but it had disappeared into a hole in the rocks.

The Yaroma

[Reproduced from R. H. Mathews' "Ethnological Notes on the Aboriginal Tribes of New South Wales and Victoria", *Journal of the Royal Society of New South Wales*, 1904, pp 361-3. This tale is a re-telling of the "Spirit of the Figtree" story which was initially published by A Mackenzie in 1874.]

The Yaroma is a creature closely resembling a man, but of greater stature, and having hair all over the body. Its mouth is large, which enables it to swallow a blackfellow whole, without mastication. There are generally two of these monsters together, and they stand back to back, so they can see in every direction. Their method of locomotion is by a series of long jumps, and at every jump their genital appendages strike the ground, making a loud, sudden noise, like the report of a gun, or the cracking of a stockwhip.

Yaromas have short legs and large, long feet, of a different shape to the feet of human beings. When one of these monsters is heard in the vicinity of a native camp during the evening, the people keep silent and rub their genitalia with their hands, and pull or spit in his direction. Some of the headmen or doctors shout out the name of some locality a long way off, and the Yaroma is supposed to depart to that place. If they cannot be dispersed by this means, the men take sticks which have been lighted in the fire - a stick in each hand - and strike them together to throw out sparks. This usually causes the Yaroma to disappear into the ground, making a flash of light as he does so. If a man be pursued by a Yaroma his only means of escape is to jump into a waterhole and swim about, because these creatures cannot wet their feet. They have long teeth which they sharpen on rocks in the high ranges, and some of the old men aver that they know of rocks where there still remain marks of the grinding.

On one occasion, a blackfellow went under a large fig tree to pick up ripe figs, which had fallen to the ground, when a Yaroma, which was hidden in a hollow place in the base of the tree, rushed out and catching hold of the man, swallowed him head first. It happened that the victim was a man of unusual length, measuring more than a foot taller than the majority of his countrymen. Owing to this circumstance, the Yaroma was not able to gulp him farther than the calves of his legs, leaving his feet protruding from the monster's mouth, thus keeping it open and allowing the air to descend to the man's nostrils, which saved him from asphyxiation.

The Yaroma soon began to feel a nausea similar to what occurs when a piece of fatbony or other substance gets stuck in one's throat. He went to the bank of the river close by and took a drink of water to moisten his throat, thinking by this means to suck into his stomach the remainder of his prey, and complete his repast. This was all to no purpose, however, for, becoming sick, the Yaroma vomited the man out on the dry land. He was still alive, but signified to be dead, in order that he might perhaps have a chance of escape. The Yaroma then started away to bring his mates to assist him to carry the dead man to their camp. He wished, however, to make quite sure that the man was dead before he left him, and after going but a short distance, he jumped back suddenly, but the man lay quite still. The Yaroma got a piece of grass and rolled the man's feet, and then his nose, but he did not move a muscle. Finally he got a bull-dog ant and made it sting the man's penis, but he never blinched. The Yaroma, thinking he was certainly dead, again started away for help, and when he got a good distance off, the man, seeing his opportunity, got up and ran with all his speed into the water close by, and swam to the opposite shore and so escaped.

Wallenthegeng

(Reproduced from R. H. Mathews' 'Ethnological Notes, . . .' (1904, pp 363-4). A different account of Wallenthegeng was also recorded by Archibald Campbell between 1899-1902, from a Siksali (near Abangoni)

Wallenthegeng was a small man-like creature, but very thick-set and strong. He wore a lot of pretty feathers in his hair, and carried a large bundle of light spears. He obtained his food by catching parrots which he speared in the feet, so that their bodies might not be damaged for eating. He frequented the thick tea-tree scrub and brush in the swamps near Camberana mountain, in the

Nowra district, because parrots are usually very numerous about there. He had a bag slung over his shoulder in which he carried these birds. Only one of these men is ever seen at the same time, and his camp fire has never been observed, nor any place where he had been camping or resting. The clever old blackfellows can sometimes hear one of these animals calling out 'yoo! yoo! yoo!'

If a blackfellow met Wallanbhagang in the bush he would not speak, unless first addressed. He would then imitate what the man said, as if trying to learn the language. The blackfellow would probably think this boy-like personage was poking fun at him, and give Wallanbhagang a clout. He would then rush at the blackfellow, and catching hold of him, throw him up several feet into the air, and let him fall heavily upon the ground. This would be repeated many times in quick succession, until the man became very sick at the stomach and quite helpless. Wallanbhagang would now carry the man to a bull-dog ant's nest, and lay him down on top of it, so that these insects might sting him until he recovered.

Wuthegang

(On three occasions between 1899-1902 Archibald Campbell was given snippets of information about the mysterious creature called 'Wuthegang' who inhabited the Cambewarra Mountain. His informant was Buthing, a Shoalhaven native from Goolangatta, who was very reluctant to reveal details of this mysterious being. The first account was recorded on 18 October 1899, in reply to Campbell's question regarding the native name of Cambewarra Mountain.)

Cambewarra Mountain

The native name for this he said, was not the above, but "Gumbeengang". And here he volunteered in immense earnestness, to launch forth in superstitious legend - He said the mountain was so named on account of a "little hairy man" who lived in a cave situated near the top of the range. The "little man" had lived there from time immemorial, lived there still, and would do for all time. He did not eat bread or any such things, as ordinary blackfellows, and white fellows did, but ate bush possums, which existed in the locality for his use. He (Buthing) had never seen the little man, or his cave, but his father had, and all the old blackfellows, passed away, knew everything about him.

The cave was carved all over by the little man, who passed his time doing such carving which was the original pattern that used to be worked on the inside of the best made possum rugs manufactured by the blacks in years gone by - that was to say, within the early days of settlement by Europeans in the district. He said all old residents would remember the patterns that the blacks used to trace on the inside of the possum rugs, many years ago, which patterns he gave with authoritative earnestness as having been designed by the "little man" and obtained from him. And he was quite emphatic about the said cave and little man being on the mountain top still.

(On 14 February 1900, Archibald Campbell was given further information re Wuthegang by Buthing.)

The Little Man of the Cambewarra Mountain (he told me about before) he says is about the height of a table, and his colour "quarter-caste" - darker than a white man, & whiter than a half-caste.

(The final version of the Wallanbhagang story was given to Campbell on 18 May 1902, again by Buthing.)

"Wulthegang" is the name of a small mysterious Aborigine residing in a cave on the highest point of Cambewarra Mountain range - the sandstone capped summit south-eastward of Mr Graham's residence, on the Barry - Kangaroo - Kangaroo Valley Rd.

Wulthegang is only about two feet high, but is so abnormally strong that he could throw any number of men about as he pleased and kill them at will, as he always did when such came in his way. He has several small "Jins" - about his own height, and they have piccaninnies, but neither Jins nor the latter are ever seen - nor Wulthegang himself. He always disappears into his cave when approached. But if he did not do so all would be killed by him that came in his way.

He has been in the cave from time immemorial, and will remain there for all future time.

In olden times the Aborigines say there were another lot of small wild Blacks about forty or fifty miles up the Shoalhaven River country above Nowra. They were called "Jangbeegang". They were about the same stature as Wulthegang and his Jins. Unlike him and his family they were mere wild Blacks - not mysterious beings.

Buthring gives the same name "Jangbeegang" to the Cambewarra Mountain over which the Nowra - Kangaroo Valley [road] passes.

The Aboriginal name for the high sand-stone cap of the mountain in which Wulthegang resided was "Boornuf". He carved pictures on the face of the rocks, quite expertly, and his carvings were there to be seen by any person visiting the place.

These particulars are additional to what Buthring related to me some time ago, on this mysterious subject. He becomes excited when speaking about it, and it would seem to me that he has a dread of giving the name of the "little man". He wanted to know if I had an intention to "catch him", & warned me that he could kill him (Buthring) & myself & many more.

The Pielades

[The Pielades are two stars seen in the southern skies. The following version of the Thurnwal story recording their origin was recorded by Andrew Mackenzie (1874, p 260).]

The Pielades - A Thurnwal Story

The moon came, the moon was enamoured, came to the Mullimoola damrels

They were catching kaibong, were roasting with hot stones planting (bulbous reed that grows in swamps) and kaibong (a small kind of fish), at Poolinjerunga, near Kan

They went to Jindoula. The Southron heard them.

Where are they singing about me? I hear them singing about me in the gully, let me have pipe clay to decorate, sing that song, let me dance. I'll spear you in the eye

They go under the ground - they went up to the sky; the sisters became stars

[The following adaptation of the story was published by Reverend William Ridley (1875, p 146)]

One day the Mulimooda sisters were at Poolinjunga, near Karri, catching kyoong (a kind of fish) and were roasting them with hot stones. Also cooking at the fire were pluffing bobs. The Moon, attracted by their beauty, approached the young women but they heard him coming and went off to Jindowla.

He followed and heard them singing the Southern but could not see them.

"Where are they singing about me?" he cried.

"I hear them about me, singing in the gully. Let me have pipedlay to combowee- Sing that song, let me dance."

He threatened to spear them in the eye if they did not show themselves, but the sisters went into the ground and then up into the sky. They had turned to stone.

Two Women and A Dog

(According to P. Turbet (1989, pp.124-5) 'This anecdote, recorded by Mathews in the Ilawarra, is obviously a remnant of a longer story. It tells of the formation of some prominent rocks in the hills between Kangaroo Valley and the sea'.)

Two women were out in the bush gathering burrowing seeds and putting them into net bags, kumma. During the day they met a dog who was carrying a mulat, muma-muma. They asked him where he had caught it and as he answered, the women, their bags of burrowing seeds and their yemalicks (gawalang) were turned to stone.

Tootawa and Pooloongool

(This story was recorded in Tharimbai (spoken on the Shoalhaven River) by Andrew Mackenzie of the Shoalhaven. It was related to him by Hugany, an Aborigine of the Wandandian tribe, and was published by the Reverend William Ridley (1875, pp.143-4) and reproduced in the following form in P. Turbet (1989, p.125))

A man named Tootawa retrieved a kangaroo from an oven-hole where it had been cooking. He carried it over his shoulder to the camp and roasted it there. He gave a piece to his dog and then carried the largest portion to Pooloongool, his father-in-law.

Pooloongool complained that the meat was rotten. His son, who was also in camp, said, "Hush Pooloongool, your son-in-law will hear you." But it was too late, Tootawa had heard. They all decided to go to Binyara to get some more meat so everyone got into the canoes and paddled down to the sea.

Tootawa was very angry about what Pooloongool had said. He jumped about with rage - jump, jump, jump. He spit his tongue and he spat the blood west, east, south and north.

The west wind spring up. The rain came too. They said "Oh dear! Poolongpool, you must try to get ashore with us, you said a bad word to your son-in-law this morning about the meat. Look at the rain and the wind! Poolongpool's canoe was swamped and he was in danger of drowning.

The Pelican said, Poolongpool, come here. I'll put you in my canoe. Get strong! I'll put you in my canoe." Poolongpool shouted "Put me into the canoe! Put me into the canoe!"

He got into the Pelican's canoe and they made it safely to the shore. The Musk Duck was bailing water out of his canoe - dip, dip, dip, dip, dip, drip, drip, drip. He paddled to the shore flapping and splashing all the way. The Black Cormorant and Pied Cormorant dived under the water to escape the tempest. They dive for fish now and feed in the water all day long.

There was no wind in former times. Toonua brought all the wind that now blows from the west, south, east and north. It blows now all the while.

Wunbulu the Bat

(This tale was initially recorded in Tharumba (spoken on the Shoalhaven River) by Mr Andrew Mackenzie of the Shoalhaven. It was related to him by Noleman, an Aborigine of the Wandandian tribe, and was published by the Reverend William Ridley (1875, pp 144-5) and reproduced in the following form in P. Turbot (1988, pp 125-6):

Wunbulu the Bat and his two wives, Mumumbul the Brown Snake and Moonditha the Black Snake, went from Columbin, passed Collupla to Monga, set up camp and went looking for wombats. When they found a burrow Wunbulu and his dog crawled deep inside while Mumumbul and Moonditha waited. One woman said to the other 'Our husband makes us tired taking us about, we'll block up the mouth of the hole and go back to camp.'

Wunbulu went far into the hole, and when he came back found he was trapped. 'They have shut me up, Mumumbul and Moonditha,' he said. But soon he heard a fly buzzing and, carrying the dog under his arm, followed the insect a long way through the tunnel until it escaped through a little hole. He enlarged the hole, crawled out and returned to camp.

'Let's go for ant larvae, worms,' he said. They set off but it was hot and Wunbulu suggested that they have a swim. They walked over to the creek bank and he said, 'Come on. Let's bathe - you on one side, you on the other and me in the middle.' There were barbed spears sticking out of the creek bottom on each side and as the women got into the water they were impaled. They went up into the sky to become stars in the Murchison (part of Caris Major) and Wunbulu, their husband, went up to.

The Story of Boodoola (I)

(This tale was recorded by A. Mackenzie (1874, pp 258-61), who was given it in a number of versions - including the following in English by Binmeen of the Ulladulla tribe)

A good while ago a black fellow named Bundoole lived at Bundawee, on the north arm of Jarvis Bay. He was murred, long and big with robust arms, like a line with its limbs. He lived in a big cave, yarrowa. If anyone goes to the cave, the waters of the sea will cover the place.

He had with him two wives, their four children, of which three by a former husband, and the mother of one of the wives. He did not treat the children well. He used to give them for food, shark, singaree, looroodjood, and neepidjong, the two latter fish resembling eels and singarees. The mothers used to tell the children not to eat the trash, but throw it away.

They came from a place called Banboro, in the mountains near Jamberoo - Bundoole used to boast to his wives of his expertise in catching fish. One morning he went out as usual, in his canoe, leaving wives, mother-in-law, and children at the camp. The sea was smooth and the weather fine.

He was very successful in his fishing. He had a very long fish-spear, measuring about twenty feet, called poonjerri. He shouted to his wives to tell his mother-in-law how skillful he was.

"You watch me, you watch me," he said. They signified assent.

The women began to talk to one another about the foolishness of remaining with a man who treated them so ill, and the favourable prospect of the opportunity of running away. They fled with the children and all their things.

Bundoole still kept fishing, and occasionally calling out to them. He heard them answering him, as he thought, but he was deceived. What he heard was the noise made by the moat, or two trees touching and rubbing against one another when agitated by the wind.

At last, having filled his canoe with fish, he thought it was time to leave off fishing and come ashore. As soon as the canoe touched the sand, he shouted to his wives to help him to draw it up with its load on the beach.

The sound of the moat, just then repeated, made him think that his orders were attended to. At a loss, however, to account for the delay in the women's coming, he went to the camp and found it empty. He coughed again, and again heard the cry of the moat. He followed the direction of the sound, until it brought him in sight of the artifice by which he had been deceived.

He was at first furious with rage, but having picked up the tracks of the fugitives, followed the trail, weeping as he went along. The tracks led him to Burner. He carried a canoe with which to cross the river, and left it at Yarrowai, where it can yet be seen fossilised. Thence he went to Kangaroon in quest of the runaways. He followed the river up to Noorunmala.

Whenever he fell in with a wallaby or paddymelon, he would imagine it was one of the party he was in search of, and call out, "Stop, come to me, my child, my wife."

From Noorunmala he tracked them to Banboro, where they were encamped with their friends.

Approaching the camp, Bundoole gave the customary cooey. The camp was all on alert. "Ay, ay, there's the master, the villain, coming."

Bundoole, as usual with visitors from another tribe, sat down a little way off. His wives brought him tea, and went back to the camp. He crushed out the fire, pretending that it had gone out of itself. His wives brought him a burning brand, and this time he kindled a good blaze. The women remained with him.

Next morning there was to be a great kangaroo hunt. The women said to their relatives, "These children are nearly poisoned to death with the poison given them to eat by their father." One of the children was Bundoole's own, a boy, three, a boy and two girls, belonged to a man who was dead.

The tribe called to Bundoole to light a fire and make a spear for the hunt. He was not long in making a capital spear. The hunters betook themselves to a long point, and killed a great many

kangaroos. Bundoola distinguished himself by the distance at which he struck his game. He did not want to go nearer than three hundred yards to be sure of his mark. Fifteen kangaroos, the result of the morning's sport, were put into the ovens of earth and hot stones. After the feast his connections told him they would next day show him his wives country, what a fine territory it was, and how well stocked with game and native honey.

During this excursion, as the party stood on the edge of a cliff, the old men gathered about Bundoola, and pushed him over the precipice. He fell a great way, but was not killed, so they let down a long vine for him to lay hold of, and drew him up to the top. Just as he stretched out his hand to catch hold of the summit, one of them severed the vine with an anubaga, and down he fell again to the bottom, this time completely crushed.

"Yessungs, we are going away; you sit down there dead; warragul eat you, and hawk eat you, and fly eat you, you are too much of a rogue."

Bundoola dead, dreamt of going back to his own place. As he journeyed south, he tried the different caves in the cliffs, but found them all too dimly lit for his comfort, until he got back to Bundarra. He turned himself in his place of abode, and sat down with his arms extended, and there he sits pointed to this day.

The Story of Bundoola (II)

(This version of the Bundoola story was recorded by A. Mackenzie (1874, p. 257) from Binmoon, of the Ulladulla tribe)

I go fishing, I am going to spear fish; my canoe, my fish spear

What a fine calm sea, I'll paddle over there to the surf at the rock.

I'll go to the bush, the sea is too rough

I'll paddle out to sea again.

Let us run away, because bad, nasty fish (are what he gives you, understood)

Let us run away, children, we'll see him when he goes out far.

He follows them

Where are you? hello!

I hear them over there, I must go farther. There they are, the Southerners, says he, that's our brother-in-law coming.

Let us go, let us make the spear ready, all ready, you are good marksmen, you wait here, because this is the path that the kangaroo takes his road

Let us go, brothers-in-law, you'll see you wife's country, you'll see the great precipice

Bundoola's wife belongs to that place

You come close to the edge, you stop here

They shove him over a good way, kill him dead.
 Popo, you catch hold of the rope, vine
 He comes up the long way to the top
 Cut the rope, serve you right, you dead now
 This was at Banboro
 I'll go home to my place, this place is too rough. I'll go and try another place
 I'll go a little further.
 This is a good habitation. I'll stop here at Bundoola.

The Story of Bundoola (III)

(This version of the Bundoola story was recorded by A. Mackenzie (1874, pp.257-8) from Thoontgul of the Ulkadulla tribe)

Blackfellow came from southward.
 We'll go and fish
 Oh, calm, very smooth!
 He jumped into the canoe
 You see me? Yes
 We'll go, because he gives you bad fish. We have left Bundoola.
 Hiloo! there they are, the southerners
 Patch is a treatick. Harel it has gone out!
 Let us go hunt! mine (spear) is ready.
 You stop here, because the game runs the way
 There they are, there they are, Bundoola
 Whizz-z-z!
 Our brother-in-law has speared him. We'll take the meat over there.
 Let us roast the meat
 Look, look, look, brother-in-law! Have a look at the place belonging to your wife

low

Go a little closer, brother-in-law, go a little closer to the bank.

Oh dear! my canoe and fish-spear all lying there polishing

Here it is brother-in-law, you catch hold

Oh dear! it has broken. Oh dear! my two-pronged spear and tea-tree jaw-iri

Here, brother-in-law, catch hold again

Let us go to the camp

Where is he?

I don't know

Let us go hence to Banware

Bundoola and the Birthplace of the South Coast Tribes

(The following story, taken from the *Morwen Mercury* of 7 July 1980, was given by George Brown of Wreck Bay. It contains elements of the Bundoola story and tells of the significance of Beecroft Peninsula, Jarvis Bay, and the origin of the 13 tribes of the South Coast)

Jarvis Bay, said George, is a place he knew before he arrived. Beecroft is central to the Bay's Aboriginal history.

"As an Aboriginal person it (Beecroft) is one of the most important parts of our history," George said.

"This is the birthplace of the 13 tribes of the South Coast

When the creator Mimiagal made the earth from the dust of the stars, the Rainbow Serpent and Bundoola, the rain spirit, made the rain and storms. And the Rainbow Serpent crawled across the land and created the rivers and lakes.

Bundoola was the great rain spirit, and this was his home," George said.

Then from the dust of the earth Mimiagal formed the spirits of the birds, fish, animals and peoples of the world. He took the dust of the earth and gave everything its form and substance. Therefore the earth is our mother," George explained.

Bundoola had 13 wives, the mothers of the 13 tribes of the South Coast. But Bundoola was not that easily satisfied. He tried to take a 14th wife, offending both the spirits and the others who called a meeting to decide his fate.

"They condemned him to death," George said, "and he was thrown off the cliffs at Beecroft into what they call the Devil's Hole."

Mumuga - the Cave Monster

(The following Thurnawal story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' "Ethnological Notes..." (1904, p 345))

Mumuga is another fabled monster of the Thurnawal, possessing great strength and residing in caves in mountainous country. He has very short arms and legs, with hair all over his body but none on his head. He cannot run very fast, but when he is pursuing a blackfellow he fatigues all the time as he runs, and the abominable smell of the ordure overcomes the individual, so that he is easily captured. If the person who is attacked has a fire stick in his hand, the stink of Mumuga has no effect upon him.

Gurupaty - the Water Monster

(The following Thurnawal story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' "Ethnological Notes..." (1904, p 345))

Gurupaty is the name of an aquatic monster among the Thurnawal and Gundungarra tribes. He resides in deep water-holes, and would drown and eat strange blacks, but would not harm his own people. He usually climbed a tree near the water, from which he kept a look out. If he saw a stranger approaching, he slid down and dived into the water, without making a splash, or leaving any ripples on the surface. As soon as the individual began to drink, he was caught by Gurupaty.

Dyilagamberra - the Rainmaker

(The following South Coast story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' "Ethnological Notes..." (1904, pp 350-1))

The natives of the south-east coast of New South Wales have a legend that a mystic personage named Dyilagamberra once lived among them. When he went away from them he travelled up the Turross River, and at short intervals dug holes or springs, some on the sides of hills, and others on the lope. This was to secure a supply of water for his people, and the waterholes still remain. He made these lagoons and springs all the way till he got to a mountain the natives call Barmy-burn at the head of the Turross River.

There is a deep lagoon or large waterhole at the foot of the mountain, said to contain all kinds of fish which frequent either the sea or the fresh water. In this lagoon there is plenty of mywun (congevo) attached to the rocks around the margin or projecting above the surface of the water. A large rock overhangs one side of the lagoon, and away in one of its dark corners is the camping place of Dyilagamberra, who lives upon fish and congevo. On the hillside, above the waterhole,

the ground is strewn with different kinds of shells, such as oyster shells, cockle shells, mussel shells and the like.

In time of drought, if two or three old men go to this lagoon and ask Dyllagambara to make rain, he pours immense quantities of water out of the hole, and causes a flood in the Turges River, accompanied by great rain. When asking Dyllagambara to cause showers, the old men go through certain ceremonial incantations, and throw a stone into the lagoon to produce a surface ripple. They also mention the locality and the people affected by the drought. Sometimes the rain comes so suddenly that the people have to seek shelter in caves, or in hollow trees, or under large logs. Occasionally the showers are accompanied by hail.

.....

Gurimbugang - the Lizard

[The following Thurnwal story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' 'Ethnological Notes...' (1904, p.340)]

Gurimbugang is the Thurnwal name of a small, smooth-skinned dark coloured lizard seen among rocks and about logs. Women and children are forbidden to injure this animal. If a man gets a piece of grit, an insect, or other irritating substance in his eye, he catches the lid in his finger and thumb and moves it up and down, opening and shutting the eye, repeating in a singing tone:

bindi, bindi, gurimbugang
dii, dii, dii

The meaning is, "Wake up, wake up, gurimbugang" - dii being merely a request to the injured eye to open. The man continues to repeat these words and moving the eyelid, till the object falls out of the eye.

.....

Kubugang - the Bat

[The following Thurnwal story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' 'Ethnological Notes...' (1904, p.351)]

If children throw sticks, stones, or any missile at a bat, Kubugang, it will cause their thumbs to become short. If they point at that animal, to show its location to anyone, they must point with the thumb, and not with the finger.

.....

Meribi - the Thunder

[The following Theorga story is reproduced from R.H. Mathews' 'Ethnological Notes...' (1904, p.347)]

If very bad thunder and lightning occur during the night, the old men hold burning sticks in their hands and sail out to Merimb, the thunder, to go away to another place which they name, and request him to take the lightning with him as a torch, to show him light to look for belundjukung, a small black fish.

The Three Sisters

(The following story is taken from Aldo Massola's *The Aborigines of South-Eastern Australia* (1971, p.42). It describes the formation of an unusual group of rocks known as the Three Sisters, located on the New-South Wales south coast near Narooma.)

Long ago women were not allowed to converse with dogs. Three sisters disobeyed this rule. They met a dog carrying a fish in his mouth and, full of curiosity, they asked him where he had got it from. The minute the dog began to answer, the sisters were turned into three rocks.

The Emu and the Native Companion

(The following story is taken from Aldo Massola's *The Aborigines of South-Eastern Australia* (1971, p.42). This common tale from south eastern Australia describes the rivalry between the emu and the native companion.)

At one time these two large birds were great friends, but one day, when they met for their customary walk together, discord arose.

Mrs Emu had forgotten her yamstick, and when it was her turn to cook her share of the yams for their meal, Mrs Native Companion would not lend her hers. Mrs Emu first used one foot and then the other as fire-sticks, but having scorched them black, she next used her wings. They were burnt off, so she used her bill, and that is why it is black also.

Naturally, Mrs Emu was most upset and resolved to avenge herself on Mrs Native Companion.

Next time the two amiable friends met, they had their children with them. The two families separated to gather edible roots. Mrs Emu hid all her children except two, and when she again met Mrs Native Companion she told her how free she felt with only two children. When Mrs Native Companion asked what had happened to the others, Mrs Emu said she had cooked and eaten them, and that they were much better than roots. Mrs Native Companion then cooked and ate all her children, with the exception of two. This is why the native companion lays only two eggs at a time.

Daramulun

(The following description of Daramulun is adapted from Aldo Massola's *The Aborigines of South-Eastern Australia* (1971, p.38).)

Daramulun, son of Baiam, is the principal deity of the south coast tribes of New South Wales.

Baiam created the rivers, mountains, and the landscape; then men, then women. He gave each man two wives, and taught men to make spears to spear kangaroos and women how to gather edible roots. Then he gave the tribes their laws.

Daramulun, his son, was put in charge of all his father's creation and punished men if they broke the laws. In time his popularity eclipsed that of his father, and his figure was cut in trees on ceremonial grounds.

[Peter Turbet (1888) gives the following account of Daramulun, or Daramulan]

A man's spirit went up to Daramulan when he died. Thunder and the sound of the bullock, which mimicked thunder, were believed to be his voice. A likeness of Daramulan, carved on a tree at an initiation ceremony, show an anthropomorphic figure with two horns on his head and a large penis.

Myths about Daramulan were sacred and were only to be heard by initiated men, although women probably knew something about them too.

Tulugal - the devil

[The following story from Murays was recorded by Horatio Hale (1846, pp.111-2) during a visit to New South Wales in 1838-40. It is possible that the narrator was interviewed in Sydney]

....At the Muraya River the devil is called Tulugal. He was described to us, by a native, as a black man of great stature, grizzled with age, who has very long legs, so that he soon overtakes a man, but very short arms, which brings the contest nearest an equity.

This goblin has a wife who is much like himself, but still more feared, being of a cruel disposition, with a cannibal appetite, especially for young children.

It would hardly be worth while to dwell upon these superstitions, but that they seem to characterise so distinctly the people, at once timid, ferocious, and stupid, who have created them.

Mimral - the Creator

[The following story was recorded by Reverend William Ridley (1878, pp.265-6) from Lucy Malone, whose mother was a Shoalhaven Aborigine]

They say that "Mimral" made all things. Their old men have told them that there is, beyond death, a large tree, on which Mimral stands to receive them when they die. The good he takes up to the sky, the bad he sends to another place to be punished.

Mrs Malone remembers when a little child, hearing the women in the camp say to disobedient children, to deter them from being naughty,

Mimul went namin

Mimul will not allow it

Dreaming - A Vision of Death

(The following story was recorded by Reverend William Ridley (1870, p 266) from Lizzy Malone, daughter of a Shoalhaven Aborigine)

Mrs Malone's aunt, her mother's sister, a pure Aboriginal, was once in a trance for three days. At the end of that time her brother or husband (Mrs Malone's uncle) let off a gun, on which she awoke out of the trance. She then told them she had seen a long path, with fire on both sides of it. At the end of this path stood her father and mother, waiting for her. As she went on, they said to her,

"Mary Ann, what brought you here?" she said "I don't know, I was dead."

Her mother said to her, "you go back."

She saw it all quite plain.

Stories of the Burragorang Tribe

(The following stories were recorded by M Field (1903) respecting the Aborigines of the Burragorang Valley)

...They believed that Guba lived among the mountains. He is supposed to be a wild, hairy man, with iron turned backwards, and to have a tail about thirty feet long, by which he would hang to the highest tree, in readiness to seize any of the Aborigines as they passed.

They had another superstition about a spirit they called Othusan-gong, who lived among the rocks, and had enormous wings, with which he extinguished their camp fires, killed them and then eat their lives.

These two were supposed to be Yuam-bi's (the real devil's) scouts. The tradition about Yuam-bi is that they killed him two hundred years ago, that is many generations ago, at Tamboroni (which they call Othamber-waring). They fought him there for two days, and smashed him into the ground with nulla nulla, so there is now no devil or hell (place of punishment after death) for their dead. Their only dread is the devil's scouts, as above mentioned.

Their god, whom they called Eull-an, lived across the sea, in the Aborigines' heaven. After death their spirits cross the sea, and on arrival at the other side they find a bridge, which they cross, and then dive down through a tunnel, at the end of which is a fiery mountain. They pass over this and

then meet their friends in heaven, where they are all happy together. They believe there is one heaven for the white man and another for the black man.

Jerru Thunawaktheri

(The following story was originally published by A Mackenzie (1874, p.255). The scene of the legend is at Bendithualy, between Parry's Meadows and the Kangaroo Ground)

He got the mullet from the river, took it up to Kangaroo

He met the woman coming from Kangaroo with poorawang (samia nuts, or native arrowroot).

They loathed the poorawang, they talked to that dog

They said "where have you come from?"

"I am bringing mullet from the river."

That will do,

The women combed their hair with the left hand

They left dead.

This was at Bendithualy

The Nut Gatherers

(This following story in verse was originally published by A Mackenzie (1874, p.257). The scene is Bendithualy, located between Parry's Meadows and the Kangaroo Ground)

From the mountain the nutters fruit-laden come back, with a fish twist their teeth, meet the dog on the track

"Now whence come you, Wamagul, tell us we pray?"

"From the river below I have come all the way.

"A mullet to take to Kangaroo thought,

"Mun-mun thus far on my journey have brought."

Enough? through the frame of his hearers there steals

Subtle poison the blood, flesh, and bone that congeals

Wild, speechless, and rigid, in vain to reply,

By voice or by sign, either maga may try
 Every fibre bemused, a last effort to make
 The spell that is freezing all motion to break.
 For deeds of defiance, they raise the left arm,
 Outstretched, the leg stiffens, too strong is the charm.
 They stagger, the punnwing poised on each head,
 Falls split to the ground as the beamer falls dead.
 At headthrust they lie side by side,
 With uplifted arm, as they fell down and died.
 To this day may be seen, with their nuts round them strawn
 The Pungalailelele all turned to stone.

[According to Mackenzie, 'Kangergnart' is the native name for Kangaroo Ground]

How the Pheasant and Eel went to Didihul (the Pigeon-house Hill)

(The following story was recorded by Andrew Mackenzie (1874, pp 260-1) from Thooetgai, an Aboriginal of the Ulladulla tribe)

Men (or kurakurra, sort of little birds) were playing.

The eel starts out of a hole. They ran down to spear him. Went all the way to Pundulba. Thence to Puiryara. Thence all the way to Moruya, found the deep water. Then all the men and women went along the bank, all the way to Birry and Yirku.

News went over then to Mirroo, where the two Joa (fishling hawk).

Then those two went thence up to the sky. Then those two saw the fish, then those two stuck the spear into him. Then went into the water, then up the beach, leached out the eel.

Men and women were glad, took the eel then and roasted him.

They slept, the eel was burning.

The pheasant came and put him in the jukula (bark off the excrecence of a tree, used as a vessel for holding honey or other food), took the eel out of the fire, and carried it away to Didihul.

The men and women got up.

"Where's that fish belonging to that pheasant?"

They fought for that fish. The pheasant cut off the eel's head and stuck it up, then called it Doffful.

The Lynx Bird

(The following story from the Monya area was initially recorded by G. Stowe (Mrs K. Langloh Parker) in her *Wagghaguy: Australian Aboriginal Legends* (Adelaide, 1930), and retold in Roland Robinson's *Windjina* (1962))

Long, long ago a black man, leaving his two wives and his little girl at his camp, went hunting. While he was away another black man, who had been watching for his chance, came within sight of the camp.

The wives saw this stranger, and so that he could not camp too near them they sent the little girl with a light to make a fire for him where he was.

At first he seemed very grateful, but presently pretended that the ants annoyed him, so that he could get no rest, so the girl moved the fire a little nearer to her mother's camp. First by one excuse, and then another, he got his fire moved nearer, and nearer, until he was quite close to the women's camp.

Watching his chance, he sprang upon the two women, and with his waddy knocked them senseless. He then took them away to his camp which was in a very deep opening in a steep mountain. There was no water there, yet he kept them stolidly prisoners.

Each time he went away hunting he drew after him a rope of twisted vines which was fastened to a stringy bark tree at the top of the cliff.

In their rocky prison the two women were kept and cruelly treated. Sometimes he kept them for days without water, then when they were almost mad with thirst he offered them a tasteless draught.

This treatment made them watch for a chance to escape. At last it came.

The man forgot to draw up his ladder after him. The two women used it to get to the top, where they hid themselves in the scrub until the man returned. As soon as he had gone down to his camp they drew up the rope, leaving him with no means of escape.

He begged them to let down the rope, but they only taunted him all the time, talking as hard as they could at him.

When they last saw him he was frantically scraping up and scratching together heaps of sticks and stones, uttering all the most doleful cries. Cries which are heard today in the sweet notes of the Lynxbird, whose haunts are in those Southern Mountains, for it was into a Lynxbird that the man was changed. And the Aborigines say they have seen his old camp in a range on the south bank of the Monya, between Wambeen and Kulwary.

Mulgarri

[The following story of a journey by a family from Twofold Bay to a combroes at Thirroul is taken from G W Peck's *Australian Legends* (1933, pp 206-14). The original narrator is not designated, though it was possibly Ellen Anderson of Nowarra, a daughter of King Mickey]

This is a true tale about some black people who lived in this country before any white people set foot in it - long before.

Unlike other stories which are legends which have actually been told as legends, this was not told regarding one specific happening nor one particular person or persons. It was done by many. It may be called a type story. Just what is said the people thought was really thought by many, and just what is said the imagined people did was really done by many.

In that way it is brought before readers what was thought and what was done, though Mulgarri is credited to bring it all together.

Read first what a tribe was. It was a very large number of people who were broken up into many groups, big and little. These groups thought themselves a family, and the names they had were family names. We whites call just a father and mother and their children a family. The Aborigines considered that all children belonged as much to all the uncles and aunts and cousins as to the actual father and mother, and uncles and aunts were those men and women whose brothers and sisters the actual father and mother might have married, seeing that they belonged to the proper totem. So their idea of family was much wider than ours.

Mulgarri was a pretty little Aboriginal baby. She was born hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Mulgarri was a Kulgungli. Her people lived away down on the South Coast of New South Wales, at Twofold Bay.

Now there was to be a great ceremony at a pretty spot near where is now Excelsior Coal Mine, at Thirroul.

Mulgarri's father heard about it. A messenger had arrived at Twofold Bay and he brought with him a piece of stick about a foot long and about an inch in diameter. It was a piece of waratah stem and on it were cut some marks. Some of these marks were just circles cut right round it, and between the circles the cuts were made that looked like four-legged stools. Then again there were spots or dots. The marks were a strange written language, for they could be deciphered by a few men of the people wherever the stick was shown.

To be a messenger was no easy task, for before he could have his intentions understood, and before he could reach the readers of whatever tribe or group he wished to visit, he ran the risk of being misunderstood and perhaps speared. Of course he carried weapons with him. But when he came in sight of a camp he walked quietly, generally sliding on a log or on the ground. Then when he was seen he threw his spears to the ground. After being received he was allowed to go back and recover the spears.

No one of the invited people was ever known to steal such spears. It was known, though, that messengers had been killed by mistake or mischance or for some serious reason and their weapons remained where they were laid down, and were found there long years afterwards.

Mulgani was only a few weeks old. She was not yet even black. She was a dark brown colour, but the real black that commenced under her fingernails was spreading, and soon she would be as black as any Aborigine could be.

Her father and mother were watching her very closely, for they were anxious, not wishing her to be too long becoming as black as they were.

She had been, as was usual, kept covered with fat - the fat of the wombat if such animals were native to the district - and powdered charcoal. Her joints saw to that, and it was done for two seasons: first that she might appear black, and secondly that she might be put out in the sun and burnt by it without it hurting her tender skin. The wind, too, would have chapped her, but the covering prevented it.

Now her father was very fond of flowers. He had made many trips to the mountains that lie away to the west of Twofold Bay - the Munlong Range we call them - and he had seen all the trees and shrubs and plants of the bush. He had picked some and had brought them back to Mulgani's mother before Mulgani was born, and the mother wished that she could go to the mountains and get some for herself.

And now this messenger had come with the message stick to tell the Karlungals about the big ceremony, and although Mulgani was only a few days old, the father and mother intended to go to it.

But the father had to attend a night school (initiation ceremony) for a few nights. He had not even been taught how to prepare *Styphelia bernes* or *Gesbrangs* (called *Parsonsia* by the botanists) and *Androsma* or *Ground bernes*. These bernes were often eaten raw, but because Mulgani's father had been told that he must not eat them unless they were cooked he had never eaten them at all. He got quite enough of other foods that were not forbidden him.

Now that he was with many others going on a long journey, taking his wife and little child, it was considered that he might have some difficulty in obtaining enough food, therefore no article must be neglected, and there were certain ways for all the people to live, and these ways were taught them at the proper ceremonies. If they were not treated correctly there was danger of magic being in them.

Of course we can see that the magic was only the poison that so many fruits have, and which is nullified by some sort of preparation. This idea of magic was not of a lot of primitive people with no sense nor reason at all. The people were primitive, but they had sense and knowledge, and there is a basis for every thought and custom.

No doubt some time away back in the ages a black man was made sick by eating the green geobung, and that happening was ascribed simply to magic. We must not belittle a black man because he speaks of magic. Why, see this - Only a little while ago I heard a woman - a white woman - say that waratahs should not be kept in the house because they brought bad luck. What is that but blackman's magic. And for no reason at all. No one ever became unlucky, no one ever died, or was made sick, by the waratah. There is no basis for the idea. Then that white woman was far more ignorant than the blacks in that respect. That some flowers do make us sick is well known. If we do not call the reason magic, then it is because we have found out that it is the superabundance of pollen that is the cause of the sickness. The wattle flower is one of those in which there is danger because of its great quantity of pollen.

Anyhow, tiny Mulgani's father was very anxious to go to the school, and he was very pleased when he found that the king (tribal elder) had ordered such a school to be held. Everyone of the group that lived around Twofold Bay could attend.

Many schools were secret, and only the teachers and the special scholars and those who had already been to such schools were allowed to be present. Such schools were those at which things were taught and ceremonies were enacted that might be described as sacred.

All the schools were termed by white people "corroborees," and for a long time they were thought to be nothing more than dances. They were dances, too, and they also are called corroborees.

After the school those who went to travel to the great ceremony set out.

The way was long and in places difficult. Mulgari was often carried by one or other of her aunts. Sometimes the party was right on the beach, sometimes on the sandhills and sometimes in the scrub. But never did they go too far from the sight and the sound of the waves.

On the sandhills there were very pretty flowers - the *Mesembryanthemum*, a very brilliant and dainty vine - and just at the bases the big yellow *Hibberia*, and gleaming purple masses of *Hardenbergia*.

The *Melaleuca* were in blossom and the sweet scent that they give out was a great pleasure to the travellers, though of course Mulgari was far too young to notice such a thing as that.

They came to the Shoalhaven River. The party travelled up it on the high rocky sides for many miles. Then they came across a camp of people of their own tribe, but of course a different group. Here they were welcomed and given the best of food. It was better than any they had got since starting out.

While they rested in this camp Mulgari's father went out and gathered the *Styphelia* berries and the *Azoreum*, and what he did not cook he put in the dilly bag that was carried by his wife.

It was delightful to see how the wallabies were cooked and how the best parts were given to those who should by right of birth or age have them.

The travellers stayed there for about a week, and during that time every day Mulgari was put on the ground out in the sun. She was quite happy, and her father and mother showed with pride that she was now all black.

Many of the people of this group joined the travellers. They had heard of the intended ceremony and the summons and were awaiting the coming of this party.

Soon they came to the country of the tall, swaying cabbage-palms and the staghorns and the *trochuris* (*Illawarra*).

Many of the big detached rocks had the *dendrobium* with their long creamy fronds of flowers, and the sweet scent was better by far than that of the tea-trees they had passed through, for the flower of the *Dendrobium speciosum* is more sweetly scented than almost any other in our Australian bush. There is, however, one other that must be mentioned here, though the travellers did not see it. It is the *Symphoricarpos polidactylus*. It grows only in swampy places, and such swamps do not occur anywhere along the route taken, though they are not very far away for they are on top of the range under which the ceremony took place.

In another week the party reached the spot and they found a big gathering of people. Some had come from over the range.

There were fires and smoke and laughing and singing and the beating of drums. There were corroborees, some of them, such as dances, for the whole of the gathering, and there were those secret ones for only the special people.

Mulgari was a toddler before she was brought back to her own country.

What Makes The Waves

(Anilla of Northern Ilawarra)

(The following story of the Coalcliff - Stanwell Park area is taken from Peck (1893), pp 108-21) and is the only record we possess of the people of this part of Ilawarra. The narrator was possibly Ellen Anderson of Ilawarra)

Anilla was of the Kamilaroi

He lived principally on the coast, not far from our present village of Coal Cliff - between that and Stanwell Park

Perhaps he was not any real individual, but only a type-creation. Be that as it may, all that is ascribed to him in this legend is what happened under the circumstances delineated. The story was told as being of one particular man, and yet there is that in the telling of it that seems to indicate a wish to show tradition rather than tell of the actual doings of one person.

He was the cleverest of his tribe. He was not afraid of the sea

He reamed as he willed over his country, and even when enemies appeared on the top of the range and a hurried council was called by the King, Anilla did not hasten to obey the summons if he happened to be studying the inhabitants of the sea, or the denizens of the creeks that came clattering down the slopes and spread out into beautiful lagoons on the beach. For his country is a narrow strip of sub-tropical country, backed by a jungled range with ironstone escaps for its topmost face, scarred by cold creeks and edged by bold promontories and yellow scalloped beaches that bound the limitless expanse of Pacific Ocean

He never dared to remain away from a summoned council altogether

One morning when the sun shone calmly and clearly down through the blue, and the mountain was purpled, and the lower slopes were deep green and dark with the jungle, and the strip of undulating land that lay between it and the beach was bright with the semi-tropical verdure such as the lamarind, and the *Aschotaphoea* and *Livistona* palms, and the giant *Alsophia ferns* - *Cocoon* and *australis* - and the promontories stood with their shaggy *weedingas* and *hibbertias* and *hardenbergias* and white button-towers all aglow, staring, staring, staring out over the blue lacy ocean, and casting blue and purple shadows across the yellow sand of the beach, even reaching to the masses of white foam that were swept ashore when the little breakers were dashed to pieces, the enemy was seen on the top, above the dark wall of ironstone, right out on the edge, waving spears, and he was heard shouting to the family of Anilla down on the beach.

The voices carried far

Aborigines could be heard at a distance of seven miles. They made hollows with their hands, and the oo-oo that rang through them was a wonderfully penetrating and floating call.

The King was young. It was not long since his father was laid in the shallow grave that was scooped out in a grass-grown sandhill. The spears were buried with him. They put him sitting with his face towards the mountain and his knees doubled up to his chin and his arms crossed over his stomach.

His three wives still sat and beat their breasts in grief, and the blood that ran from the cuts they made in their thighs was dried on their legs, for they would not wash it off for three moons.

The young King was as stern as his father had been. He was as straight as a rush, too, and he was fleet and wary. Above all, he was determined. So when Anilla betrayed, he ordered two strong men to go to the lagoon and seize him.

Now Amila was cunning. He had practiced his subtlety on the old King, and that is why he was allowed to respond to a summons as unfrequently as he wished.

Amila asked to be allowed to speak, and the permission being given, he drew himself erect and waited until he saw the expectancy of the warriors of the family was beginning to make them impatient. Then he pointed to the highest spot on the range.

He told them that in his wanderings there he had seen a spirit. The spirit was not friendly to him, but would be good to any stranger who came over the range at that point. He said that the enemy that then stood on the very spot was receiving his courage from that spirit and there was only one way to overcome it. It was not by an organized battle. It was by strategy, and he was the only fighting man of the family who possessed the cunning.

And in that way Amila tried to palliate the King and to escape the opprobrium that always attached itself to those who disobeyed or were dilatory in answering a call to the councils or an order of the King.

But this time the King was not convinced. He said that the meeting was to be adjourned until night came, and then further evidence of Amila would be taken. There was, he said, no immediate danger from the enemy above. If he were prepared to fight he would have been down before, said the King. He was only seeking to make the people below too angry to fight, and then he might bring his forces down and get the gain he was after.

So the meeting broke up. Amila was free. That much he had gained he knew, for he saw very plainly that though he had always before been successful in pleasing the King, this time he was in deep disfavour and perhaps would be punished.

He had succeeded in making his fellows think he had had communion with a spirit on the top of the range, and with them that belief gave him a great prestige. All Aborigines were vain and fond of power, and in that they were no very great amount different from the white people.

Amila went to the nursery of his wife, and for a little while he played with his two children. Then he looked into the dilly-bag, and finding that there was not much in it, he decided to go out in search of some food. He had noticed women putting things within reach of his wife, but he had been too busy with his own interests to see that his larder was so empty.

Taking up a spear and a shield he strode into the scrub. There was, at first, a thick tangle of boraeni, and its scent was not pleasant to him. Bracken fern, rank and tall, *Chorizanthe* and snake vine, *Bauera* with the always blooming pink flowerets, and *Torrifheca*, with the layer of tangled twigs, made the going difficult. Peckly wild raspberries made the way even more hard for him.

Then he entered the dark jungle itself. It was a mass of myrtles interwoven with the ribes and flowering becoms and clematis. These vines lay thick on the top of bantana, and through them grew up the Lillypili and Rapanea and the fluffy-flowered *Callicoma*. *Xylomelum pyramide* or native pear trees with their wooden fruit and unpleasant odour, and the *Goodenia ovata* with its dark serrated leaves and yellow flowers and the *Phasiporum* and *Sassafras* were all clasped together and held close by native jasmine, and up through it all the cabbage and bangalow palms and the *Eucalyptus microcarpa* or silver wood and the Swamp Mahogany or robust of the *eucalyptus* genus stood into the humid air.

Big cold boulders were lying under the deep shade of the scrub and ferns, and the clustered tree and tall *serapianta*, and they were covered with moss and lichen, and attached to them were dendrobiums and big aspleniums or bird's nest fern.

It was always dark in there.

The lye had darted under the thick moss and the carpet of *Randia* and tiny wild violets overlaid with the tough and thick leaved *Smilax australis*. Its nest was placed on a flat ledge of the biggest

look

rock and it had in it a lunny youngster that sat as still as the rock itself, its eye of black fire fully taking in the cautious Amilla

Night in front the mountain reared, still clothed with the jungle, with giant rocks fast to the sides, and the vines, especially the tough monkey vines, clinging to big gums - the lupertines, the wolly-butt, and the spotted gum and the wild fig with its mass of roots between which men could hide and wallabies often had their lairs

Amilla sought the wallaby. The rufous-necked scrub variety was as plenty here. Amilla only had to stand still with poised spear and an unsuspecting marsupial hopped into view.

'Swish'

It was like a dart of lightning. Then Amilla 'whooped' like a beautiful wonga pigeon, and he wheeled like the king parrot, and those birds came to what they supposed was a calling mate

He very soon had a fine collection of game for his food and the meat of his family. He was a snake man and only reptiles were taboo to him.

It grew night again. The rest of his people were scattered about on the clearer and lighter land, nearer the beach - some idling and some fashioning weapons. Some indeed were making cradles, but not on rockers as were our cradles. They had strings attached and they could be fastened round the neck of the mother.

A few had made a poison from the spores for their fishing, and yet others were wading in pools in the rocks seeking mussels and shell-fish. Beyond, the lazy sea just heaved and sparkled and sent its messengers of breakers to be broken on the sand.

By this time a black band had spread along the horizon, for night was approaching.

What had become of the gesticulating blackfellow on the top of the range no one knew.

No cooking fires were lighted. Little heaps of sticks lay about - all gathered by the fathers and the children. Suitable stones were collected too, but the order had gone out that everyone must eat either raw or cold food, and a big council would be held on the low, flat, grassy patch down near the lagoon.

Only after midnight did the sea begin to moan. The little crash of the breaking waves in the daytime was quite cheerful, but in the darkness it seemed to ring with a different tone - one of sadness and pessimism.

The council sat in the dark. Only the lighting man and the priest were in it after all.

Amilla was there.

The discussion did not last long, and it all centred upon the tale that Amilla had told. He was a frightened Amilla when he found that he was expected to climb to the highest point of the range and ask questions of the spirit to whom he said he had spoken.

He dared not disobey.

When the meeting was over and the men had retired to their wives and their families, Amilla sat for a long time a-musing in his mind how he would proceed as soon as it was light. He determined not to go by the way he had gone before. He would go a long way round.

He knew of a gully up which it was easy to climb and which would allow him to approach the enemy by a flanking manoeuvre, and then he could spy upon him and perhaps use his spear. So in the morning he said 'good-bye' to his wife, and having received a sacred stone from the priest for

placing in his hair above his ear for good luck, he again crossed through the borama and leptospermum and broken undergrowth, and entered the jungle.

He went to the rock on which was the flye-bird's nest, and then turning to the right he passed close to a giant nettle tree and a *Sternocarpus*, and that way the going was easy. He was still under the big trees and hidden from anyone's sight unless someone were very close.

The scent of the dendrobium came to him, and as he passed lily-pillies he broke off a few clusters of the white and juicy fruit and ate them. He picked up ripe and luscious black apples, and here and there he gathered the little red berries of the *Rubus pervivulus*. The wild raspberry he made a detour for, but it was not growing in that part. Occasionally he tore up a leaf from the bed-a-rest fern and at the end is a crisp and succulent part which he chewed.

He reached the upper part of the creek that formed the lagoon down below on the beach, and as he was gradually ascending the lower slope and using the maximum of precaution, he came to a spot high on the mountain side from which he could look out through the branches and over the heads of the tall shrubs and high gums to the sea.

The sun was well up and the morning was becoming. The sea was still hazy though a little glitter on its surface showed that it was under a disturbance, slight enough, but discernible. Then he turned his back to that view and the climb proper commenced.

It was steep. He hoisted himself by grasping the stems of the calceolarias and the rapeness and the myrtles that grew sparsely here, and sometimes he was lucky enough to find a monkey vine hanging to a tree and that gave him a splendid lift. Though he was somewhat afraid of his strength and quite alone, he was not anxious to lose time, yet the temptation to swing on the monkey vine was too strong, and taking one that had a big loose knot in it he seized it and pushed himself off with his foot. Out he swung over the steep side and above the undergrowth and through the lesser limbs of the *Pithecellobium* that grew just beneath, and then he had a clear and unimpeded sight of the country all the way, and of the beach and the sea. The vine gave a little twist and returned, and the swing was exhilarating.

But he only did it once, and letting the vine go he faced the escarpment and went on with his climb. He secured precarious footing on the stones and exposed roots and in the moss. Sometimes a loosened stone went bounding and crashing down until it struck the foot of a tree and lodged there.

Amila now looked up. He had reached a spot where the big trees did not grow, and the only verdure was rock fern and clambering rush with its tiny blue and yellow flowers and its blue fruit.

Above him the blue sky was unclouded and a great lazy sea-eagle floated serenely.

He had disturbed many birds in his climb. The coach-whip had darted from him. The wonga pigeon and the little brown fantail and the woodpeckers and the honey-eaters and the diamond sparrows and white-eyes and silver-eyes all had passed to watch him go by. Satin birds and cat-birds and poria sat in the branches or darted through them as he passed under, and in the wild lightness the beautiful flock and topknot pigeons clattered and scribbled for food.

A small colony of flying foxes hung like a giant swarm of bees in a tree-tree, but Amila did not see them.

This tree-tree is a brachychiton, and it is of the same genus as the Queensland bottle-tree. It sheds its leaves and its brilliant flame-like flowers covers the twigs and blows out before any of the new season's leaves come. It is rightly named 'flame-tree,' though some people call it 'flame-tee,' and apply the name also to the *Erythrina* or coral tree of Queensland.

He was in the narrow cleft, between the sides of which the water raced in rain-time, and he was near the top.

land!

When he reached it, and before he had climbed over the ledge, he was in a breezy upper air. The verdure, he could see as he peered, was different. The Eucalypts and the *Boronia pinnata* and *Boronia serrulata* and also *Star-hair* made a pink carpet.

Amilla was out of breath and panting when he heaved himself over and stood upright in that upper air with its scents of new flowers.

On damp and mossy and healthy patches the *Blandfordia* bloomed. On drier parts the false *antigonilla* or *hardenbergia monophylla* clambered over the stones and boulders and clats, and hung its blooms in purple clusters. Here and there a yellow *Podolepis acuminata* glowed and the white fur from the stems was detached and lay on the ground. Six-tores and stunted *Banksia serrata*, and *Callisemon lanceolatus* tried to find sustenance.

Mustering all his caution Amilla advanced along the edge of the mountain.

Heath abounded, hard rock-fern clustered thickly, stunted *callitric* scrub, *Oleosa* or mountain musk, dwarfed *eucalyptus*, honey-flower or *Lambertia formosa*, little *casuarinas*, wild *cunams*, or *Leucopogon* richer and brackish fern, were matted with *Kennedya* well out in crimson and black flowers, and here and there rising through them stood the gorgeous crimson waratah.

As Amilla quietly crept along the ledge he could see down over the verdure to his people near the beach, and he noted that many were looking anxiously in the direction of the point on which he had seen the enemy native the day before. He had all their love for the representative flower of his race - the waratah - and he plucked one in order to render himself immune from fire should that occur.

Suddenly he cast himself into the rigid statuesque figure of a man.

He heard the breaking of twigs and the foot-fall of someone. He moved not a muscle. His spears were in the hand that held the shield.

The noise ceased. Then the air darkened. There were no clouds, but a great deep shade spread all over the earth.

Amilla looked to the sun. It was disappearing. He grew mightily afraid.

He had almost persuaded himself that he really had spoken some time or other to a spirit up there, and this terrible fading out of the sunlight came to show that he was even then trespassing on the country of it. The place surely was sanctuary and *tabu*. So making the sign with his hand that he had seen the priests make he softly whispered a magic word.

The strange shade grew rapidly deeper and then Amilla became conscious that another Aborigine was standing just as light as red as he and looking at him fixedly.

Amilla made a friendly sign and the other advanced. He was an utter stranger but his language was much like Amilla's. They could well understand one another. He told Amilla that he was in country strange to him, and his story was a long one.

He had never before seen the sea, and he did not know what it was. He believed it to be a great sky, and beyond it there was a very bad country.

He said that the sky had fallen down and that it was slowly creeping on and on and eventually would cover the whole world. In his country he had heard some such tale about it.

It was that a great ancestor had left the earth and had gone up into the sky. He went so fast that he drove right through it and he had seen the very bad country that is beyond it. He tried to return but the hole that he had made was closed up. Yet he did not give up hope, and by beating upon it he loosened it and it fell.

it had as much life as a man, and it very much wanted to return from whence it had fallen. The ancestor was always with it, floating upon it. And when he tried to rise up to return the ancestor beat it back and it could do nothing but sink down and break itself upon the beach. However, it was surely growing and spreading, and the time would come when it would cover the earth.

He had heard all these things and he had determined to see for himself, and that is why he had made the journey in the direction his people had pointed out as the one where the great sky lay.

Amila was delighted to hear this story. Though he had been born near the sea and lived there all his life he had no story of what it is, or how it comes to be there, nor why the waves beat on the shore.

He advised the strange man to wait until he had gone back and communicated the news to his people, and said that when the signal fire was made he might come down and be received by the King. But Amila told him to say that a spirit gave him all this information about the sea and the waves, and that while it was being told Amila was present.

Both forgot their fears of the strange darkness that had come over, and down below his people still wondered what caused it. They thought it was because Amila had met the spirit and was talking to it, and as the shade passed and the sun came out bright again and the gladness that is usual to the sunshine spread again all were in high glee. There was nothing wrong, they said, and Amila would return with news and the spirit he had seen and spoken with would assist them if they had to fight with any trespassing tribe or family group.

Soon after Amila joined his people again, having come down the way he went up, and he told the story of the sea as he had heard it from the stranger, though he said it was told him by the spirit.

Fires were lighted, and when the man came to them he said he was very hungry, and he told the story just as Amila had. A wife was found for him from amongst the women-girls and he lived there for the rest of his days with that family.

The sea grew rough and the wind blew, and he said that he had heard that that was the impatience of the sea. It was angry and impatient because of the great delay occasioned by the ancestor who refused to let it go back to where it had fallen from.

The roar is the voice of the ancestor who always refuses to go back. When the calm came again it was because the sea was worn out and very tired, but nothing could stop it from ever creeping further and further over the land. The winds, he said, were the spirit friends of the sea, and they tried to assist it to regain the place that it had lost.

The Kamilaroi people always believed that the day would come when the sky would go back and the earth would be quite dry and life could not exist, but they were not afraid, for they said that the day was yet a long way off.

[The phenomena of 'the sky falling down' was common amongst the Aborigines of south eastern Australia and is said to be associated with the white invasion in 1788. For this reason Amila's spirit friend was heading towards Sydney to find a reason for this impending catastrophe.]

Mia and a Fringed Flower

[The following Appin / Madderis Plains story is taken from Peck (1933, pp 294-7).]

It is said that many departed Aborigines return to the earth in human form. A legend has already been written in which it is thought that Blackfellows often slipped during their journey along the Milky Way through Magellan's Clouds, and came back here.

Dense mists were supposed to envelop these returning people, for they were too considerate to make themselves visible suddenly and thus frighten their relatives. They remembered how frightened they themselves had been always when any not-understood phenomenon took place, and they took care not to willingly cause such consternation now that they were from the other world. Yet by inadvertence this was often done.

Aborigines were generally much frightened when the mists came, and they often crouched in the shelter of a crevasse or camp until they had cleared away. They feared the unseen, and they could not conjecture what fearsome thing might be hidden. They watched the curling, eddying vapour, and their imaginative and often artistic minds saw many fleeting shapes.

There is a story of fire coming with a mist which is called *pouallier*, and burnt stones near Appin were pointed out as a place where this particular mist often covered the country.

No doubt the fact that volcanoes emitted fire and steam is responsible for this idea which has become somewhat distorted in its passage down the ages since Canobolas in New South Wales and Mount Fairy in Victoria and Mount Gambier and Schank in South Australia threw out their molten masses.

The strip of country between the Appin Creek and Georges River was the home of a very powerful group. Today the watershed drained by the Cataract and the Loddon rivers is one source of Sydney's Water Supply.

The head of Georges River is in the same locality, but it falls the opposite way and its waters do not flow into the Cataract Dam. On it are King's Falls; on the Loddon the Loddon Falls; on the other creek the Appin Falls. All are most picturesque, though the Appin Falls are now quite governed by the floodgates of the Dam.

The real owners of this country roamed over the luxuriant forest. In our time the village of Shortbrooke was built there and Frank Knight's sawmill is responsible for the destruction of the beautiful woods.

The natives travelled the peaty patch known to us as Madden's Plains in the days of their mastery, and from the edge of the Illawarra Range they saw the sight that we recognise as the most beautiful in the whole world. When they looked towards the setting sun they went as far as the Nepean, which winds itself along the foot of the hills of the Blue Mountains.

Madden's Plains is the country of many mists. It was somewhere there that a pretty purple flower grew, and it was there that an old man died - an old man of story and of truth.

Before his burial the womenfolk sat in a little circle and manifested their grief. A son passed by in jaunty fashion just as if he did not care, but the old women raised their lamentations and commenced upbraiding him in loud, angry, querulous voices. He answered them back, and it seemed as if a quaint, bitter and vociferous, mad enrage.

Two other young men took sides with their comrades, and the whole camp would have been involved had not the undertakers come to bear away the body to its resting-place.

The spirit had gone. The Milky Way seemed to be closer than usual, and in the morning the whole country was enveloped in a thick mist. It swung up from the jungle at the foot of the range and swept by over the plains and the creeks and the scrub, and must have been lost in the clouds that early hovered on the crests of the Blue Mountains.

No one stirred from the camp. But the women had not spent their desire to scold the man whom they knew was too callous to feel the death of his father. And he, of all people, ventured forth into the mist. He had had enough of the tongues of the old mourners.

He plucked a little stalk that bore several of the pretty violet flowers, and for want of something better to do, or in order to soothe his sullied feelings, he sat beside a log and quietly and deftly tore the edge of the petals, making them nicely fringed.

Slowly the mist rolled away, and in its billowings was to be seen the form of a man. A short distance off he appeared again, only to be once more swallowed up by another wave. At this time the sorrowing women saw him and in frightened whispers they told the people. Then break after break occurred in the driven mist, and gradually the sun came through it. A short time after it had gathered itself together and had gone away, and the country was clear and crisp and damp, and the sunlight was warm. And slowly approaching up from the creek we call Muddy Creek was a man. He had the form and the voice of the one for whom the women were grieving. His hands he carried behind his back.

Without a word he strode slowly to the young man, who still sat tearing the violet flowers. Of all the people he was the only one who was blind to the wiles. It was not given to him to see a spirit-man, just as it is not possible for white people to see what can be seen by the natives.

Suddenly the hands came from behind the back, and a rush was swung down upon the head of the youth. Because the flower had three petals the spirit-man struck that many blows.

There were three marks on the youth's head. The flower fell to the ground, and because it was damp and warm the seeds soon germinated and the resultant flowers had fringed petals.

It is a lily. We know it as *Thysanotus* or *Fringed Violet*. Perhaps it is a pity that it was ever called a violet.

It is said by the blacks that it only opens in a mist, and that before the mist clears away the spirit of the slain youth has to tear every petal and make them fringed. The three blows are perpetuated in the white or bronze-like mark on every petal.

It is strange, surely, that so gruesome a story should have been told about such a delicate and beautiful flower.

There is a rather pretty story about the fringed gum-blossom, and in it is a reference to a sea and an island in the centre of Australia.

The First Crayfish

[The following Shoalhaven story of the origin of the red yabbie - or crayfish - is taken from Peck (1925, pp.93-4)]

Perhaps no white man, hunter or fisher, was so clever at catching any sort of game as the blacks, and probably no blacks, not even the red men of America, were so painstaking in their snoring, their stalking, or their jump-in-net as those of our land. Clever writers about the Reds of the West have told how they tracked, yet not one story shows a bushcraft equal to that of the Australian Aborigine.

The story deals with the catching of fish. No lines, no hooks, just rush nets and bare hands, spat from spearing, and that was done only when the fish was big, and mostly on the coast.

Of all the fishers of the Shoalhaven tribe none was so clever as a certain Knubi.

The camp was a permanent one. Its location was somewhere near where the bridge to Novara now is. High rocks sheltered it from a southerly wind, and a deep forest prevented the waterlies from reaching it.

Krubi caught fish only with her hands. She simply used a bait of meal (too bad, by the way, for us to have handled), and this she hung between her own shapely black feet. When the fish were ravenously baiting for the food, Krubi simply drew the bait up and up. But this "simply" was just the requisite thing, and therein do we whites fail. But, then, our superior intelligence and inventive powers have given us means whereby we can catch as the black could not, though they caught plenty for their needs.

Slowly but surely Krubi drew the bait. The movement was so uniform that not a tremor disturbed the meat, and not a ripple appeared in the water. Then Krubi's supple arm straightened. The hand entered the water wonderfully cleanly, and it was gently lowered with the long black fingers hollowed. But when those fingers closed on a fish there was no escape for it. Quick as a flash it was drawn up, and the dexterous toss that landed it on the bank was extremely clever.

The men of the tribe made bark boats. They carved a great ellipse of bark from the Turpentine (*Eucalyptus rugenoides*), and cotton gums such as the *Eucalyptus rooseana*, and wrenched it free without even a crack. Yet never did they ring a tree, for they knew that the bush of Australia was their living. They then caught the ends - two men to one piece - and rapidly saw-sawed it over a smoking fire. The best smoke was that made by throwing the river oak (*Casuarina heterophylla*) and the wild cherry (*Callicarpus calceolaria*) on the fire.

When it had been smoked sufficiently they placed a heavy log in the centre, the smooth side of the sheet of bark being uppermost, and bent it to form the sides and gunwale. The ends were easily drawn together with rawhide or sinews of the kangaroos. Then the tiny crack was caulked with rushes and mud, and as a last means of making watertight ends that was well smeared over with beeswax. Tingles and throats bound with rawhide were fixed, and the whole craft was constructed in less than three hours.

Krubi stood by one day watching the boat builders, and as she had become noted for her success at fishing she was allowed to show her interest in the work.

Immediately the boat was launched she sprang lightly into it.

The other women of the tribe were aghast; never did they dare to enter a boat uninvited. But the men seemed pleased to allow Krubi to take advantage of the admiration so plainly bestowed upon her, and they set off down the river in great glee.

Somewhere near its mouth was a deep hole, and there the yabbies were unusually big. When this place was reached and the boat was beached and the men set to work to fashion a net

Krubi remained in the craft and tried for yabbies. She had the usual piece of putrid meat, and breaking a part off she fed it to the end of a long stick. This she put into the water close to the big stones, and when it was baiting with yabbies she drew them, clinging to the bait, right out into the boat.

Catching the yabbies was easy work. But in one haul there came up one bigger than all the rest. Amongst the yabbies he was a giant. Krubi tilted when she picked him up, and a little spine on its head pecked her finger. The warm blood flowed upon the wet fish and it spread all over him.

This warm blood was a new and startling thing. Yabbies are not accustomed to anything as warm as human blood. And this one, being so big, jumped high in the air and landed with a big splash in the water. With great kicks he drove himself through the water, every now and then giving himself a mighty shake to try to throw off the warm liquid that was so strange to him.

On and on he went down to the sea. The black man heard the splash and asked Krubi what had caused it.

Krubi excitedly told the story and showed her wounded finger.

Shortly after the net was set the people decided to pull further - to sunset into the sea should the weather be calm and the water smooth.

It was

They went right round the point and into the sheltered cove, and there they hove to. Krubi was gazing over the side when, what did she spy, but the big, red yabbie! However in a moment he had disappeared.

Many times afterwards fishermen of her tribe rowed round to the spot, but it was not for some years that anyone saw this curiosity.

Krubi had grown middle-aged and had given up the pranks that she indulged in when young. One day a son of hers caught a red yabbie, and it was with intense delight that he hastened to the camp to show his mother the wonder.

She spelt her disgust.

No, it was not nearly big enough! It certainly was red, but it was too small to be the one that had escaped covered with the pearly Krubi's blood three years ago! There must be others!

A race of red yabbies had been brought into being. These we call crayfish.

The Legend of the Lyrebird and the Kookaburra

(The following Ilwama and Shoalhaven story of the Lyrebird (Pheasant) and the Kookaburra (Laughing-Jackass), is extracted from Peck (1925, pp.113-6))

— It was one of those wonderful autumn days that hang heavy with great rolling masses of cumulus cloud which part at times to show the turquoise of the heavens above the beautiful district of Ilwama.

The black man was of the Shoalhaven River. He had roamed as he willed between that pellucid stream and the point at which the Ilwama Range peters out and drifts into the sea above our Stanwell Park.

Under the Range the air is subtropical, and the strip of undulating land, scalloped by bays and langed with curved yellow beaches, broken by verdure clad promontories that stood like a long line of monstrous sentries gazing out on the blue of snow-edged sea, breathe the moustached heat of the Isles of the Blest. Waterfalls poured over the ironstone of the mountains, and then leaped down into the fastnesses amid the ferns and jungled scrub.

He had trapped pigeons and snared wallabies. He had fished in the streams where, on the flats near the beaches, they spread into little lakes and lost themselves in the sand, excepting in floodtime, when they broke through the bar and poured into the foam.

He had stood on the rocks with poised spear and waited to see the rock-cod and the groper and the eel in the salty pools, and then the swift sick dove the water and the struggling fish was landed.

He had climbed to the top of the long level range and had gazed down and over the glory of the "Garden of New South Wales".

He had sheltered under the ganyah, rooted with the broad hands of the cabbage-palm, and he had ornamented his tiny house with the frond of the bangalow.

He had climbed the lamarind tree and tasted the bitter-sweet of the little yellow fruit.

He saw more of the real beauty of his district than any of the rest of his tribe.

Often at Karna, before the name was given - ages before - he had stood and been drenched by the spray that flashed up out of the Blow-Hole high into the air, spreading as it went, and falling back into the shaft from which it was dashed.

He knew that he was most treasured of all the blacks of Australia, for he had the right of bath to the most beautiful piece of all the land, and he was endowed with the vision that saw and knew. Therefore, he wandered so much alone.

He had his affinity among the lesser animals. It was the lyre-bird.

He had secured its confidence and its love, and with that came its protection. While he cared for it and it came to him he was safe. No evil thing could break an affinity. No power of the malevolent could pierce the enveloping mantle that was invisibly about him as he moved and lived.

But he grew unmindful of his duty to his bird. He grew boastful of its powers, and gradually he wore away the confidence it reposed in him.

Other birds came to be fed from his hand. They, seeing the good things that came to the lyre-bird, sought a share, and they crowded round him and they sang their thanks for his generous gifts.

So he arranged a match.

He told all birds that the best of their singing could be excelled by his lyre-bird.

Therefore, one after another the birds gave voice to their songs. They sang as they had never sung before, and it was good to hear them.

But after each had finished, the dainty-stepping lyre-bird came forward and gave voice to the same song in more beautiful and certainly more powerful tones.

It was distressing to them all. As each was beaten it retired to the dense scrub, and though it never entirely gave up singing, it sang in hushed voice, and if any other thing approached it flew away. It does so now.

Only the magpie cared not if it were outclassed. So in these days the magpie sings in spite of all, and its voice has improved. But the lyre-bird is as successful as the magpie.

One bird was not tested. He sat stolidly by and cocked his head this way and that as he listened to the competitions. His boldness increased, and as he was not asked to join in he believed that it was because the man and the lyre-bird feared him.

So he dashed his strong beak against the bough to attract attention. It was like the breaking of a strong stick by a jumping kangaroo.

The Aborigine looked up, and as he did the bird laughed in his face.

Immediately afterwards the round eyes lost their gleam of fun and the beak was skewed sideways and the big clumsy bird pretended to fall from his perch.

The lyre bird gave his own call only.

Then the kookaburra (for the untalented bird was none other) showed what he could really do. He laughed in one voice, and just as the lyre bird essayed to copy him he broke into a different key and laughed again. Again the lyre bird tried his prowess, but once more the voice of the kookaburra was put into still another register, and off he went again. The lyre bird managed the first laugh pretty well, but before he had concluded the laugh the voice of the kookaburra had concluded the laugh the voice of the kookaburra changed again, and a different toned laugh rang out.

The struggle went on until juddown, and then the lyre bird gave it up. Old juddass settled himself firmly on his perch, and then did he laugh his laughs all over.

They ring above the trees and over the streams and up and along the mountain-sides. They fill the valleys and soared over the undulations and reached the beaches, and were not withheld until the big waves enveloped them and swallowed them up in the roar of their own as they broke to pieces on the coast.

Long ere this the lyre bird had slipped into his dark tunnel under the mosses and the ferns, and that is why today the laugh of the juddass is the only sound the lyre bird cannot copy in its entirety. He starts it. He nearly gets to the end of the first laugh, and then he gives it up and sinks down and out until in a murmur he relinquishes the endeavour.

This is the quaint story of the pheasant and the juddass.

Two Waratah Legends

(The Black Snake Totem)

(The following Ramsgoang Valley / Illawarra story is taken from Peck (1933, pp.199-201). The narrator was possibly Ellen Anderson.)

There are many legends concerning the waratah - Australia's most glorious flower and all her own, for it does not occur in any other part of the world, while its supposed rival, the wattle, is as common in all parts of the Southern Hemisphere as it is in Australia.

The Aborigines have some very pretty and fanciful stories about their prettiest bloom. Most of them come from the Ramsgoang Valley, though at least one must have filtered from very far west, for in this story lies enclosed the fact that the waratah did in early tertiary times flourish in Western Australia.

This story is one of the making of the waratah red. It was supposed, it seems, that it was at first a white flower, though that idea does not pervade the other stories of it. Still it was loved then just as much as it is now, and its whiteness did not detract from its charm.

The day was away back in the alcheringa and it had been very still and very hot, and the whole tribe, with the exception of one man, lay amongst the broken in the shade of big eucalypt and lesser myrtles and other scrub. The sweet-scented *Sassafras* grew there, too, and that other perfumed shrub, the *Cleome* or Musk, and without a doubt the exquisite *Ceratopetalum* or Christmas Bush, as well.

The spot was at the foot of very high bouldered cliffs that bounded a deep, clear-pooled river, and the one man who was not prostrate was fishing. All this was in a valley, and out from it the land was a parched and barren tract.

The gun blazed down and the heat dazzled, and the sandy and gravelled ground was too hot to walk upon.

Now not a zephyr moved in the air. The season must have been spring, for the waratah blooms only in that season, always waiting until the cold of winter has retreated to the Pole to which it belongs, or to the regions above the clouds.

Most of the people were asleep. They had retired to the shade. They knew that great cumulus clouds would at length appear from beyond the west, and that most surely they would bring thunder and lightning and rain and coolness.

An infant - a very pretty child not yet able to walk - and perhaps not yet entirely black, for Aboriginal babies were brown, and the black of them showed first under their fingernails and spread from there - crawled away from its doting mother or whatever woman had charge of it, and the dog was too indolent in the heat to notice it laboriously getting closer and closer to the tangle of Hibbertia, or Gumee-flower vine, through which stood the Waratah plant resplendent with gleaming white flowers. In there, coiled but alert, lay something else that gleamed - a watching black snake.

Now, the child was of the black snake totem, and, being so, the reptile was its guardian, not its enemy.

As some of our children have done, the little baby put out its hand to play with the usually deadly thing, and just at that moment the guardian awoke.

She missed the child at once. One hurried glance around and she saw the situation. There was the baby about to play with a venomous snake. Forgetting that the child was of that totem and that it would do her no harm, she grabbed a nulloah and lunged it with all her might, and the back of the snake was broken, and its blood streamed out. The only movement it was then capable of was a swaying of the forward part, and this part it placed around the baby.

Another missile was thrown, and had the snake not been where it was, the child would certainly have received the blow and been hurt. The snake was again hit, as it, being the protector of the child, intended that it should.

Slowly and painfully it unwound itself. The now frightened baby rolled away. The snake and its injured self amongst the stalks of the waratah bush, and slowly its blood was absorbed as it trickled from the wounds.

In a few days streaks of red were to be seen in the flowers, and by degrees the whole of them were so coloured, and therefore we have the bright and beautiful bloom of far greater quantity than the white ones.

It is certainly strange that the white waratahs appear to be much older than the usual crimson ones.

The last full-blooded woman of the Cammarry tribe says that she is a black snake woman and that the black snake is her guardian. When a baby, her life was saved in a manner somewhat similar to the way the baby of this story was saved and it always warns her of approaching danger, and when her intentions, if carried out, will not be to her advantage. So sure is she of that, that she takes careful notice in summer, and she only undertakes serious matters in that season so that she may be warned by her black snake.

Another Legend

(The Stars, a Meteor, and Volcanoes)

(The following Buringong / Ilawoma story is taken from Pack (1933, pp.202-3):

One still, hot day in the alcheringa, the people of a tribe that inhabited the same part of Australia as those written of in the preceding story were so prostrate with the intense heat as to be unable to eat.

They lay in whatever of shade they could find and awaited the thunderstorm that sometimes came on such days and proved their salvation. Without such coolings of the air very few people could survive. The trees and shrubs were withering. Eucalypts turned their leaf edges to the sun to save the blades. Other leaves grew limp. Whatever else of vegetation was there showed the baleful effects of the extreme temperatures. A rocky gully had the wirritah, and it, too, was as decimated as the rest of the scanty flora.

But no great cumulus clouds rolled up from the west, and the night fell upon a tired earth and a tired vegetation, and a tired people. No one could sleep. There were mosquitoes to prevent sleep, even if their weariness would send them into slumber. The little children were fretful, and the dogs occasionally hitched themselves closer to some person as if they got a little comfort from such friendship.

The sun had gone over the horizon a red ball, and flaming streaks seemed to betoken another day of furnace-like heat to be ready to follow.

Then the sky moved.

In the darkness, with just a shred of the red of the burning west left, and with the stars showing brightly, and a rising moon putting an inquisitive edge over the haze of the east, the sky heaved and billowed and tumbled and tottered.

The moon rocked. The stars tumbled and clustered and fell one against the other. The Milky Way - the 'pulkani' or track up which departed spirits often reached the world to which they went - also billowed and it split, and in some places it never joined together again, leaving blank spaces that we call 'Magellan's Clouds.'

These 'clouds' to the Aborigines are pitfalls set to trap the unworthy spirit travellers, and are also places through which spirits may drop back to earth to assist relatives, or to return in human form.

The great star groups were scattered, and many of them, loosened from their holds, came flashing to the earth. They were heralded by a huge mass, red and glowing, that added to the number of falling stars by bursting with a dooming roar and scattering in a million pieces which were meteor.

The people were too scared to move. The disturbance continued all night. When the smoke and the clamour had died away and morning had dawned it was seen that the holes had been burnt into the earth, and great mounds were formed by the molten peeces, and many caves were made. The burning was still going on, for molten masses and flame were being belched forth.

Certain of the plants received the red pieces of the burning masses, and they are the red flowering ones. The Wirritah is one of them.

A Bird Legend

(Totema)

[The following Burntongue / Ilawarra story is taken from Peck (1933, pp.197-8)]

The Aborigines sometimes kept birds and animals as pets, but in all instances that may be enquired into it is found that the pet by some mischance or peculiar trait or impulse strayed into a camp and stayed there. However, this had nothing to do with the belief in an "affinity," nor yet the belief in and recognition of a "totem". That possibly originated in a knowledge of evolution in the settled idea that during the ages everything has changed in form - and no outstanding fact of Nature escaped being considered the beginning or the dwelling-place of an ancestor or an originator.

But something of a parody of this fundamental belief is the acceptance of an affinity in the shape of a bird or an animal that knows of its being related to a human and who acts as a protector of those of whom it is a family part. In this way the last full-blooded women of the Gammarry people believed in the snake. She says that the black snake always indicates to her whether or not an undertaking of hers is to be successful, when a calamity is about to happen or has just happened in her immediate family, when she is personally threatened with great loss and whether or not the time be propitious for the doing of any important thing.

She tells many weird tales of warnings shown to her by her affinity. The lyre-bird, she tells, was the affinity of a man of her people away back in the time before history, and he had one as a pet. He was very proud of the fact that his bird mimicked so marvellously, and he arranged a competition. People who belonged to such birds as parrots, black cockatoos, wattle birds-those with a clear, distinctive call-assembled, and they listened to the lyre-bird not only imitating, but excelling each in its own song.

One bird was not claimed by anybody, and it sat deconsolately on a limb, apparently taking no notice of the proceedings, and then, just before dark, it made its effort.

The lyre-bird, nothing loth, imitated it perfectly. But the other bird was not finished. In another key it performed again, and still in another, until the lyre-bird was bewildered. It failed to follow: therefore we may now hear the great bird mimic as we stand, say, at Echo Point in the Blue Mountains, or under the hills of the Snowy or the Gales, going through all its repertoire, imitating not only every other bird, but every sound it has ever heard. But when it comes to the laugh of one it fails.

The bird it cannot properly mock is the kookabura. The lyre-bird man of the story was discredited, and therefore in later years such men were never of much account in the eyes of their compatriots, while those of the kookabura, though it is recognised as an affinity of a much later date, are always people of great importance.

And by some strange coincidence we have taken the kookabura to our hearts, and we picture him much more as the bird-representative of Australia than the one which figures as such officially.

Why the Turtle Has No Tail

(The Journey After Death)

[The following Ilawarra story is taken from Peck (1933, pp.33-5). The narrator was probably Ellen Anderson.]

The Australian Aborigines believed that the Milky Way was a 'pukkan' or track, along which many spirits of departed blacks travelled to heaven, and that the dark place that we call Magellan's Cloud

was a hole or split that occurred when the universe was frightfully shaken by some mighty upheaval which gave us many of the wonders of nature, including the brilliant aurorals, gorgeous caves such as Jenolan and others less magnificent, burnt patches of rock, and so on.

Legends also make mention of a certain hidden river, over which certain spirits have to travel to a Promised Land. This river flowed at the edge of a mighty forest, and beyond a fearful range of huge jagged mountains, at the nearer foot of which lay an extensive marshy lake, in the centre of which was an enchanted island.

The natives of South-East Australia were very clear about the picture just described. They said that not only had some people spoken to returned men who had sailed through the lake and been on the island, and climbed the mountain and nearly reached the river, but they had also had amongst them at one time and another living men who had seen these fairy places and always knew that a continuous stream of spirits passed that way to the Unseen River.

Two giant trees grew on the bank, and a tortoise lay against it. Up to the time of this happening all tortoises and turtles had long tails. This tortoise reached from the bank just opposite the big trees, to the other.

On the journey many spirits were supposed to be in some way tempted to do evil, and succumbed to the temptation, therefore there were some killings by the way.

Some were kept foundering about in the lake itself, and those congregated on the island until they had expended their sins, when they were allowed to go on. Others failed when climbing the mountain, and there on some barren peak they had to wait, while others remained faithful until reaching the lower level, and then were in sight of the river. But there was a test for them. They had to squeeze between the trunks of the giant trees, and then the bridge they reached was the tortoise.

Then came a time when many people quite good enough to get into heaven failed to reach the opposite bank of the river. It was known that they had got between the trees, and then all trace of them was lost; but one day a man arrived amongst the people who had been remade, and he told them his experiences.

He said that he had died and reached the tortoise on the unseen river. He stepped upon it, and was half way along it when it gave a sly jerk, and he fell off as tail into the river. He was borne along very swiftly, for it is a fast flowing stream, and suddenly he was swept underground.

For a long time he was carried through deep subterranean passages, and at last he came out into sunlight. He found himself still in a river, and now it flowed between high banks, and playing in it were blacks that he knew. Some were just swimming, some were talking, some were fishing in the rushes swarming ducks. They did not know of his presence though some seemed to hear him, for they suddenly became afraid and rushed off to their camp.

At last he was swept into the sea, and a giant wave washed him ashore. As soon as he touched land he found that he was changing. It took a long time, but at last he became a man again, and when he looked at his chest and felt his back he was aware of the scars that he had borne in his other existence.

He now suggested that when the next great man died - the chief or the doctor or the rainmaker or the dreamer - his best stone axe be buried with him.

Then a sorcerer came forward and proclaimed that he would undertake to go to the river and secure the passage of it for all time. He selected some other brave people, and by the aid of his sorcery he set out on the way of the spirits.

He soon reached the forest, but found it full of the 'little men of the bush.' They barred the way of the party. Try as they would, no passage through the ranks of the 'little men' could be made. So then they turned and followed the flow of the river, and that way no opposition was offered.

They came to a tree even higher than those at the crossing place, and up that the great sorcerer climbed. From the top of it he could see the spirits stopping on to the tail of the tortoise and being shaken off. Many of these were taken by the claws of the hind foot of the beast and afterwards eaten. Others were carried down stream. The shadow of the tree was impenetrable to the 'little men,' and a bright star shed a beam to the tortoise.

The sorcerer saw that he must die before he could pass the little men and he and his party returned home.

He sharpened again his axe. He put a sharpened bone in the fire, and scraped some of the burnt part off into his food. Then he died, and as a good spirit he reached the gam trees, and there were no 'little men' to stop him. But in their place was a great snake that reared its head and prepared to strike.

With a blow of his axe he severed the head from the body, and picking it up he squeezed between the trees and stepped on to the tail of the tortoise.

When he was about half way over, just as he had seen it do to the others, and just as the returned man had told it did to him, it gave a great shake. But he was wary, and with another great blow of his axe he cut the tail off.

Quickly rushing to the other bank he turned and swung the axe at the head of the tortoise and that was severed too. Of this, though, he repented, and as the head swung down the stream he put the head of the snake in its place. Then the beast rolled over and sank out of sight.

And so now all tortoises and turtles have a snake's head and are tail-less.

And if the last woman of the Ilawarra Group, who is still living, is asked about it, and if all the points of the story are examined, it will be found that there is as much truth as fiction in it.

Those who ask, however, must have the right sympathy or they will hear nothing.

How the White Waratah became Red

[The following Sherbrooke story is taken from Peck (1925, pp.28-29). The narrator is unknown.]

There is really a white waratah. And it occurs in New South Wales and Tasmania. In the latter place they are in some profusion.

Every season it may be found in some parts, and the bushes that bear them will have none other year after year. Close behind may often be found pink ones and even creamy ones, but they are only white ones which have somehow been impregnated. The creamy ones have some food that was meant for the leaves, while the pink ones are surely longing for a taste of the gorgeousness of the reds.

In New South Wales white waratahs have been seen at Sherbrooke and at Mittagong. One at the former place was changed to the red that it desired.

In the dark dense jungle there a sleek and beautiful wonga pigeon lived

The rich soil in the gullies and sunken dips produced wonderful vegetation: Suggie-Jacks, and bloodwood, and cedars, and monstrous yupantini! Great bushy lilipillies, overgrown myrtles, big laurels, towering eucalypt - the Consideriana, or White Ash, the Cereasia, the Smithia, and even the Sobosana - made daylight nearly dark; and of climbing plants, the clemophila longitola and verbenas; and sweet-smelling assiatras and diandra or Mountain Musk: there was such a profusion that the shadows allowed the winged fox to camp unmolested for centuries.

Underfoot, the carpet of dark fallen leaves was foot-thick. Down in there the horrible leech waved and swayed in his blind search for an animal to fasten upon in order to get his fill of blood, while the brown bottle-jack lost no time in detaching himself from his habitat to bury his protocols in some unfortunate passer-by, in the same quest as the leech.

In there, too, were gorgeous parrots and pretty pigeons and bower birds, and its, and worms, and such a host of the feathered tribes as to seem like a moving mass of wings.

Big brush wallabies softly hopped or curled in a tangled bower, the bush rat and the bandicoot peeped in their seclusion, and the native cat slunk along as only a feline can.

There in this deep, dark, dark, sweet-smelling Australian jungle stepped daintily and cooed quickly and lustily, this proud wonga. Sailing serenely up above it all were the hawk and the eagle. While the wonga remained indoors she was safe.

Up over the cliff where the country was flat, the bush was rocky and open and dry. The hawk's piercing eye saw every move out there.

The white waratah gazed skyward and felt dreadfully alone. All around the waratahs were red. This one only was without colour, and it longed to be like its neighbors of its own botanical family.

The handsome wonga had lost her mate. Her green spots glowed against their bed of white, her little pink legs strode briskly on and she scratched and scratched and turned up roots and grubs and she led well.

But when her thoughts turned to companionship she discovered that she was lonely. So she coo-ed and coo-ed, even more and more rapidly, and higher and higher.

She stretched herself upon tip-toes and searched the jungle. She ceased to look for a surfeit of food, and she stepped on and on, always approaching the creek where beyond it the cliff rose, and above it was the open forest, and up out there she would go!

So she opened her wings, and heavy as she was she rose with a great and heavy flapping increasing her speed, she swept by the trees over the brook and up the cliff, alighting just at the foot of the white waratah.

Then she heard the call of her mate.

Foolish bird that she was. He was still down in the darkened jungle. His morning could not have been so successful as hers, or he was hungrier to start with, or perhaps he required more.

So she opened her wings again. But too late. A rush through the air like a streak of lightning or a shooting star!

"Swift!"

The hawk was down through the branchless space and upon the beautiful wonga beneath the white waratah.

But she was heavier than he reckoned. There was a struggle, and in it a whirl of feathers, white, and green, and golden!

The hawk certainly roared, but he did not carry the wonga bird. The pigeon was torn, and her life was ebbing with the flow of blood. Her last struggle was her release, and from a height of a few feet she swooped herself free and fell upon the white waratah. Her little claws grasped the colourless plants.

The eagle above espied the hawk, and he was left to fight another battle in which he was the loser.

So the white waratah was stained with the blood of the wonga pigeon, and the bird, still clinging to the reddened petals, died.

Later, the white waratah threw out its cluster of follicles, and they were streaked with red. The seeds were streaked in the same way. And all the plants that came from them bore flowers as red as waratahs could be. But they had to wait for three years to know that.

Not so the parent bush. Always afterwards its flowers were red, and whenever the natives saw a white waratah they prodded their fingers and allowed their blood to stain the bloom. So there are not many white waratahs in New South Wales.

The Black Swain Bird

(The following South Coast story is taken from Peck (1933, pp 225-32). The narrator is unknown.)

On the South Coast of New South Wales (not the Hawke's coast, which is not the South Coast) is a wonderful tract of undisturbed forest, wild and jungled brush. The highlands of this big territory overhang a strip of well-scrubbed and verdant bush which rolls north and south, showing the creeks and gullies by the deepness of the purple, and which, eastward, thins out to paddocks of perpetual grass with broad waters spread in them, and they in turn slip downwards to curved edges and curved broad beaches of gleaming yellow sand broken into scallops by lion-like promontories that gaze out - ever out - over the great blue expanse of Pacific Sea.

These highlands are but foothills, though forlorn, of Australia's Great Dividing Range. They have been pressed to where they are by great weight; it is as though one day they will be pressed on and will cover the jungle and will be engulfed out over the beaches.

The jungle is the home of giant gums and dense myrtles, of umbrageous fig and tall palms, of eucalypts and supplejack. The millions of shafted trees rear their topmost boughs up into the clouds and stand as great pillars, and the voice of animal and bird reverberates as the human voice does amongst fluted pillars of a great cathedral.

But the movement of wallaby and bandicoot and bush-rat, of the lyre-bird as he scratches, of the spotted native cat and the wallaroo, is silent, for there is a carpet of fallen leaves that allows no more sound than does the Avonmore or the Brussels of the mansion.

All the wonder growth of our best Australian bush is in this place of country. Gullies are deep and dark. Rolling ridges are round and tumbled. Down in the depths the creeks lie still. All the ferns, all the mosses, all the deep-green, rank-grown undergrowth lean the chill waters of the little sunless creeks and close them about. Trailing vines and heavy myrtles make the gullies almost impenetrable.

Up the slope of the mountain the scrub is less, and massed buttresses hang out their fronts as if to repel the wanderer.

in one of the densest of the gullies, where the Eugenias and the ceratopetalums hide the carpet of fallen leaves, lived a family of satin birds.

The King of the family was jet-black.

Down on the shores of the great wide Casuarina-fringed lagoons lived a family of Aborigines. Their king was jet black and his totem was the satin bird of like colour.

When the hunters tired of fishing, and when they wearied of crossing the sand-dunes and the glaring, shimmering beach - glaring and shimmering on every fine day of summer - to poke off the mussels and spear the butterfish and gropers, they pushed through the ceratopetalums and the burniwangs, and, following the tortuous bed of the principal creek amid the ferns and the moss and the vines and the myrtles, gradually ascending, they entered the sub-tropical patch where the ferns were huge and lank and staghorns clustered on rocks and trees, and the beautiful Dendrobium clung, and the supplejacks and leatherwoods and bangalow palms ran up in slender height, and that pretty massive parasite - the wild fig - made its umbrageous shade, as has been written. Here they rested.

No shaft of sunlight ever penetrated through this dense foliage. Never did the falling nor clinging plants here feel the drying wind or see a sunbeam. It was never dry.

The porcupine pushed his spiky body through, slowly rising and lowering his banded quills, and the fat bandedcoot snouted for roots, and sleek tiger-cats lay in wait for the pretty green tree-toads, and for other venomous reptiles, the brown-banded and carpet and diamond snakes twined among the vines or lay coiled between the damp warm roots.

Above, in the upper branches, the colonies of pretty flock and top-knot pigeons chattered, and a little lower the parrots and gill-birds shrieked. Below them the weevils and its mingled with harlots, both black and brown, and down on the ground the little seed-eaters darted, while the coy lynx-bird stood and made his mocking calls or scratched powerfully to unearth his meals - the grubs and bugs and roaches of the damp undercrub.

When they had rested enough the straying hunters, with singleness of thought, arose and pushed on and up.

A wall of rock rose sheer with just one narrow cleft down which the water rushed or fell, and on the level crest of that a view above the figs and other tops over the Ceratopetalums and burniwangs, and across the shimmering surface of the lake above the now busy sand-dunes and belach to the wide, flat, blue sea, met the admiring gaze of the men.

But there was still far to go.

A wide slope down again to the level at the back of the ridge where the water of the creek was a miniature lake with just the narrow cleft cut through the wall, and down where the vines grew again and the eucalypti were mingled with turpentine.

A few hours tramping and struggling with impending vines here, and they came to the gully of the satin birds.

The darting, timid birds with the shining greenish plumage sat stock still while they watched the party of hunters. The jet-black king had chosen a burnt patch on the side of a Roebuck, and there he clung, his colour and that of the grass-tree making him almost invisible.

Then one of the hunters spied the home of his favorite grub on the side of this grass-tree, and as he detoured to get to it the black satin thought he was discovered and sprang out. He was very fat and heavy, and the surrounding scrub was thick, so he flapped awkwardly into the entanglement of Clematis and Eugenias.

This was his mistake and proved his undoing.

Like a flash the ruffish was flung, and with a grunt of satisfaction the Aborigine rushed forward and seized his victim.

Now one of the party was the brother of the king of the group, and he, too, was of the satin-bird totem. He asked to be allowed to examine the king of the satin birds, and, without touching it, having satisfied himself that it was really the totem of his father and himself, he said that it must not again be produced so that he could see it. The man who killed it must hide it, and it must be cooked and eaten quite out of sight of any man whose totem it was.

The black bird was hidden in the bag that was worn attached to the rope of fur around the black man's waist.

The game range was still far ahead and there were many miles of this wooded country to be traversed before the party could reach the blue top that met the sky, and they pushed on until it was too dark to go further. No food was eaten that evening, and the dead satin bird remained fully feathered in the bag of the captor.

During the night he rolled in his sleep and the bag was emptied.

The black satin slipped beside the bird man.

In the morning when he awoke he saw what had happened, and because he was a bird man he was very frightened. He had been taught that he must never handle the king of the satin birds. The whole family was to him tabu, but the most tabu was the black one.

People who were less people or fewer people, or indeed of any other totem, could handle the satin bird and eat it.

However, as the custom was, he said nothing. All day he wondered what would be the ill that would come to him.

Once, in going over the deep creek by traversing one of a hundred logs that lay from bank to bank - a creek that wound along the foot of the enormous range - he slipped, and a jagged broken limb caused a deep wound in his leg and he thought that that was perhaps his punishment.

After that the real ascent, with all its difficulties and dangers, began. The men were behind a high pointed mass of mountain rocks that held a huge stone poised on its top and they were shut in by that and the surrounding steeples and by a wall of thousands of feet which was yet to be climbed, and from the summit out.

Unnoticed, the day had changed.

Buried as they were in the dense forest the sky was out of their ken. It had dulled. Deep clouds had spread over it, and now as they scaled into a higher air they found it to be raw and chill and a wind was blowing with a grim, steady persistence that foreshadowed rain in plenty.

Presently a fierce gust swept along the side, and after that the heavy rain fell. The black men huddled together and were at first undecided about what to do.

Presently, it was agreed that the best thing was to return to the shelter of the gully behind the sharp-topped mount, there to await the passing of the rain.

They lit fires and the man with the black satin bird turned his back to the rest to pluck it, and he took the furs from the little heap, and out of the sight of the others he cooked his bird.

The son of the king ran no risks. He, too, parted from the group, and did his own cooking and he ate in silence. They all had berries and pieces of wallaby flesh. Only the satin was to any of them a totem thing.

Suddenly there came a roar from the mountainside. Huge rocks were crashing down the steep. A rock had given way, and it came on, bringing others, and felling trees, and the group of blacks were right in its path.

They scrambled up and each ran, holding the cooked food in the hands, to escape.

The falling mass was almost upon them. It was coming far more swiftly than any of them could run. Though it was impeded by trees so also were they by the scrub.

The wound in the leg of the king's son prevented him from going as fast as the others, and the man with the piece of satin tied in his hand stayed to aid him.

He grasped the arm of the other and they sped on, stumbling and falling, but progressing. Then their hands slipped together and each touched the totem.

Then they were paralysed. They fell. A big tree crashed.

The rest escaped. They got out of the path of the avalanche of rocks.

When the falling debris was stilled and the rain was ceasing and the wind was lessening they retraced their strides and they found the unlucky pair.

This put an end to their adventures. All knew what was their own totem, of course, and all knew that an outraged ancestor would have a message when he saw a disrespect, whether intentional or not. The ancestors were all jealous gods and they found ways of visiting such a sin upon everyone connected with it.

They returned the way they went out. There were the usual lamentations and the usual mourning period. The wives especially were required to show great sorrow, and by painting themselves with white clay, and pulling out their hair, and by cutting themselves in various places, particularly straight down the middle of the head so that blood ran over the face and down the neck, they satisfied the onlookers that they were genuinely grieved.

No one ever went exactly to the place of the tragedy. Therefore, when, long years afterwards, white men were clambering about that steep of the great Currockbilly Range, they found the bones, and a desolate remnant of that once virile family told enough for me to write the story of the black satin.

The Danielle Berry

(The following east coast story is taken from Peck (1933, pp 99-102). The narrator was possibly Ellen Anderson)

We have given the rush with the pretty blue berries its name after the Goddess of the Woods - Dana - the hunter's deity. And it is strange but true that the Aborigines had an idea much the same. They said that the plant at one time in the alcheringa was the hair of a certain woman who lived deep in the bush.

She had some sisters, however, and they lived sometimes in forests and sometimes in the air for their home was in the great cumulus clouds that he floated above the sea.

The one who lived in the bush only, had for a husband a mighty hunter whose voice was so loud that when he spoke angrily every animal and bird and even insect and reptile fled from that part of the country and did not return for a very long time.

The woman was always most grieved when she saw the animals that she loved flying in fear, and one day when her husband had been especially angry one little bird grew too tired to fly far and it came to her for help. Her hair was at that time very luxuriant and she took the little bird and hid it in it.

After that many birds found the same sanctuary under similar circumstances and at last the number was so great that it was impossible for them all to be hidden. One bird—the woodpecker begged to be allowed to leave and to try his luck by hiding under the loose bark of a big tree. This place was not secure, and when the angry man saw him there with part of his body showing, he threw his spear. It missed, but was so close as to make the woodpecker hop sharply further up. Another spear and then another were thrown, each one causing the frightened bird to jump one more step upwards.

The man's anger waned; his arm grew tired, he lay down to sleep. The bird flew to the woman and plucked one hair from her head. This he hid, hoping that the next time that the big hunter was angry and roared the hair would be enough to cover, not one woodpecker only, but the whole woodpecker family.

It is noticed that woodpeckers to this day hop up and up the trunks of trees and the blacks say that they are looking for a place to hide from the wrath of a forest giant. They listen intently and strain their ears to catch the sound of the roaring.

We know that the birds are simply looking for food, and some of us believe that the Aborigines know this quite well, only failing to think that it is for any other purpose. Perhaps they think the tale is too pretty to lose.

Next time that the hunter was angry and threatening, the woodpecker tried his plan. He flew to the place where he had hidden the strand of hair, and he found that he could be covered with it by winding it around himself until none was left hanging. Other birds saw the plan and followed it.

The time came when the woman had but little hair left. But rain fell where the holes were put and warm sun shone on the places and the hairs grew and flowers came upon them all and afterwards berries formed.

It was no longer necessary for the birds and the animals to flee far to escape the wrath of the husband of the benefactor.

They only had to quickly haste to one cluster of growing hairs and struggle down in amongst them and they were quite hidden.

But the day came when a jealous sister came down from the cumulus cloud. She told the man he declared that he would kill every one of those duckies and destroy them. The sister gave directions to the rest of the family still up in the sky that they were to keep their clouds away from the place so that no more rain could fall and the hairs would no longer grow. She saw that the wife was now denuded of hair and she wanted to please the husband and thought that no more could ever be seen after those growing ones were destroyed.

But the berries had fallen and lay covered by the now dry soil. The clusters of hairs did die, and the earth suffered from a great drought.

Then the man grew more and more sullen and was more and more often dreadfully angry. His wife had gone away from him. The birds had hidden her and with their wings they protected her, and the cloud sister lived in her place.

She no longer spoke to those still in the sky. They heard of her treachery and they did not want to speak to her. They at last determined to no longer heed her request to keep away from that place and they came again and they brought the lightning and the thunder with them. They poured their rain down upon the earth and every little blue berry gave birth to another hair that look cool and become a plant.

The rain kept on longer than ever before and there was great flood, but not any of these hair rushes was destroyed. To-day they grow where the ground is wettest, as well as in dryer parts.

Aboriginal women of all the east coast of Australia know this story and they believe it, and because they think that the spirit of the woman who loved birds and animals is still in the dianella root they use that plant best for the weaving of baskets and mats.

Why the Waratah is Firm

[The following Georges River story is taken from Peck (1925, pp.52-5). The original narrator was Oritiana - or Coomeroudgkata - of Tarrigal]

The whole Georges River tribe were camped on the flat that lay between the boulder-strewn clefts on each side of the river. The weather had been very dry. Surely Australia had been passing through one of the droughts so well known to us.

Though the happenings I am about to describe took place many thousands of years ago, and though the story may have been altered in the telling by so many fathers right down the line, yet it is just like any other story that might be told by any of us as far as the dry weather is concerned.

The river had not been in flood for several years or moons. And fish and eels were scarce. Only the big holes had them. The holes at the rocky flat were full seventy feet deep.

Most of the tribe were lying in the shade. Only the hardest stood motionless on the rocks with spears poised, while the baiters gently scattered fine path from the cabbage palms or chewed up seeds of the macrocarpa to attract the fish and bring the rats to the surface.

Warameela, the son of the king, was the hardest of all, and Krubi, his father, was never done warning him about the risks he took at war and hunting. Even now she stood under the myrtles, and with the waratah she held in her hand she beckoned Warameela to come to her.

But Warameela took no notice. Instead he glanced to the west for away over there great thunder clouds swelled slowly but surely up, and the faint zephyr that swung softly down the ravine ceased altogether. The hot air stood still. The only movement was the tip of the spear that pierced the water and the quick kick of the impaled fish as he was suddenly lifted out and dropped in a crevice where his struggles soon ended.

Then came the roll of thunder. The clouds blotted out the sun. A shade like the blackened haze of an eclipse spread over the river. One of the baiters went back to the myrtle scrub.

But Warameela remained

Soon all but he had retired. The tribe was moving back to a huge cave they knew of, formed by the rolling together some time or other of several enormous boulders. There was shelter for every man, woman, and child.

Warmoola stood alone with poised spear. Like a million crackling whips came the next crash, and with it a lightning jagged fork of lightning. Warmoola was struck. His spear was hurled over the water and stuck quivering feet deep in a soft place on the opposite side. There was a charred mark down its whole length, and the point of bone was wrenched off.

Warmoola lay prone amongst his struggling fish. His brother rushed to him. He bore him back to the tribe. Rain poured down. Roll after roll, crash after crash of thunder shook the hills. The wind came tearing through the giant gums and swirling amongst the myrtle shrubs.

Warmoola was unconscious of it all. He heard nothing of the consternation of his tribe. His old mother rubbed his hands, while the king gazed stupidly. Krubi the beautiful, held his head on her arm.

The storm rolled off again as quickly as it came, and then Warmoola opened his eyes. But they were useless. A print of a gum tree lay across his face, and the limbs were marked over his eyes. The sight was gone. A white streak appeared in his jet black hair, and one arm hung paralysed at his side.

Next morning he tried to walk, and it was seen that he had a terrible limp.

And he was blind.

Now, Warmoola was most fond of the honey of the waratah. The great doryanites *(gigantic)* produced much honey, but the ants and gnats got most of that. Seldom did an Aborigine regale himself with the juice of that flower, because he did not like the taste of ants nor the stings of the flies.

But the waratah was different. Its honey, though less, was sweeter, and very often there were no insects in the flower at all. And though it may seem strange to us, the bloom of the waratah was very soft.

That was what the broken-hearted native whom they called Griffiths, when his real name was Geomeroudgkala, told to Mr. Murdoch out near Tanigai about sixty years ago.

Poor Warmoola! So strong he had been, so agile, so big-hearted and so high-spirited. He stumbled amid the rocks. None but Krubi would be surlier to lead him. And often Krubi had to engage herself with those things that the women did, but always before she was half way through, Warmoola called her, if she did not come at once he went off by himself.

The waratahs were blooming again, for a year had gone by, and Warmoola often put out his hand hoping to feel one. He still hated to be handled anything. He wanted to feel and fetch and carry for himself. Two flowers bothered him. The big yellow *podolepis acuminata*, and the flower of the native musk (*oleandra argophylla*) often deceived him, and once some other flower poisoned him.

One day Krubi, his beautiful wife, came upon him when his heart was sad and he was ill and depressed.

"Warmoola, what is it that ails you?" she asked.

Warmoola told her his story. "I do not know one flower from another," he answered. "I would drink of the honey of the waratah, but I cannot find it often, and I mistake others for it."

"Then," said Krubi, "we shall find a way so that you will know the feel of it from all others. Come with me, Warmoola."

Krubl led him to the place where the lightning struck. There was a mark in the rock. Krubl followed it. Why she hardly knew. Warmesla was willing to hold her hand and be led. The mark struck straight on over the flat rocks and the boulders to the eroded bank. It showed on the base root of a gum tree, and the tree was split. It was the very tree that was printed on the face of Warmesla.

Krubl sat by the gum, and there she spoke to the Great Spirit. No one knows what she said, but after a time she got up, and bidding Warmesla wait, she sped over the rocks and logs until she found a beautiful red waratah. She returned with it and held it close to the crack in the gum tree. The soft petals were drawn up. They stiffened. Krubl held the flower to Warmesla, and when he felt the difference he clasped his big hand over it. He clasped too hard. He bent the red petals, and in that moment a big light lit the sky.

A red ball descended, lighting up the day in such a way as to startle all who saw it. Some screamed and rushed hither and thither. Not so Krubl and Warmesla. They knew what no one else knew. The good bumpip had answered Krubl's prayer, and thenceforth Warmesla had no difficulty whatever in distinguishing the waratah.

And that is why our national flower today has so sure petals, and it is loved by us all.

At Low Tide

Altambee and the Great White Spirit

(The Coming of the White Man to Australia)

(The following story of coastal New South Wales - most likely Ilawarra and the South Coast - is taken from Peck (1933, pp.138-43). It tells of the eventual arrival in Australia of the white race as descendants of the Aborigine Altambee and the great white spirit.)

This is a story, in part, of the coming of the white man to Australia. Whether it is wholly true or not does not, perhaps, matter. It is true this far - that since the earliest times the Aborigines did believe that a black man was taken by a great white spirit and he became the ancestor of the great white race.

It was thought that the black man was so favoured by the god that he took him to his own realm, and that occasionally, at times remote from one another, some Aborigines really as much favoured, was allowed to penetrate after death into the country of this white race and become what like the ones there, and then come back for a time to his people.

So we have many accounts of white people being taken to the hearts of the blacks just because they thought that perhaps those white were the favoured blacks who come back.

Often a scar on the white man was the recognised mark; sometimes it was a peculiarity of hair, sometimes an uncommon walk, and sometimes there was some likeness in facial features. The blacks were all very quick to notice such things.

There are many stories of kindness done by the blacks at times when the white was powerless, and it is a fact that the traits of human character that make for benevolence and charity were pronounced in the autochthonous inhabitants of this country.

All over Australia men and women waited for the return of the man who was taken to be the ancestor of the white race. On the great plains the vantage points were trees, but if there were an

outstanding rocky eminence, periodical pilgrimages were made to it. On the highlands the places were always a cool gully with moss- and fern-grown sides, while on the coast it was always the highest of a line of sand-dunes or the top of a rock-bound promontory.

That white morning away back in the thousands of years ago that brought Alimbee from his gupnyh (he was called Alimbee because he was slow in his movements), blinking at the sun that was just crawling up from the edge of the sea, was just the same as the many white mornings that brought me out of my tent to look at the same sun steadily rising from beyond the horizon down on the New South Wales Coast somewhere in the mists of my past.

But in Alimbee's day there were different things everywhere. Whether of the animal world or the plant world or of the spirit world the Aborigines were not clear, and from what they said, I believe that it was of the spirit world, for their belief in magic from above nature, and the supernatural in all things, was patently so.

The sky became brilliant. The sea was whitey-grey with specks of flashing silver coming from the sun to a wide mark just behind the breakers. These specks danced like shaking beads.

Away to the north the sea was calm and flat and still and light blue, away to the south it was just as calm and flat but a little bluer. The horizon was level and clear and sharp. The breakers were very lazy. They just reared up and broke in white foam and fell and came on and in. When they reached the beach they slipped in lines of tiny foam and tumbled and faded out.

The beach was yellow and massed with shells and dry cuttle-fish and a few old water-soaked logs lay about on the sand. An irregular line of mesembryanthemum and marium-covered dunes stood there, and Xeroxis rush with the pebbly and spiky flowers forbade unwary tramping. Big old gnarled Banksia serrata leaned over bowing to the sea, and the underscrub was leptospermum and broken fern with a tangle of Hibbertia and ameloë and hardy boragias.

It was a clear patch that sloped to a wide rushy lagoon, and back of it all the flat-topped and sheer and dense-clad ranges.

Now, of this beauty all is gone but the sea and the sky, for white man is the despoiler of nature. The range is made bare. The lagoon is dried up. The banksias and the ferns and the bushes are all gone. The sand dunes are all torn away, and the shells are trampled and broken. The dust of civilization and the dirt of coal mines and the dizzy noise of industry - the, after all, useless industry - of white man, viti the air.

When white man came the land was as Alimbee saw it and as it had been for the ages. Whatever the difference occurred was the difference of evolution, not of revolution.

A flat patch of rock to the southwards that was edged with green mosses and sprays of seaweed caught the breakers and the mosses were sparkled and the seaweed swung with the water as it roared. When the tide was low and the waves just murmured and the seagulls swept the surface with their sharp wings there was a wide, low slope of beach.

Alimbee walked among the sleeping people and stood on the sand dunes.

He saw a strange sight. A white man sat on the sea over against the flat patch of rock. He was very big.

He had flowing hair and a big mass of beard and his eyes could be seen even at a great distance. And in his hand he held a long spear.

Alimbee had never seen such a spear before. He had never seen anything like this sight, for the man was huge and bright and white, and all about and belonging to this apparition was the same - huge and bright and white.

At first he was very frightened.

The sun came high up and the sparkling flashes became less and less and the white morning became blue and a little breeze sprang up in the north-east and came on in little pulses across the sea and stirred the leaves of the banyans.

The people moved and dogs stretched themselves and yawned.

Altambee forgot his fears and determined to go across to the rocks to see the big man who sat on the sea. He wanted to talk to him.

The great stranger said that he had come to choose a good man to go with him to the place from whence he had come, for a king was wanted there to become an ancestor and to cause a race of people to come to inhabit the land and make it grow the beautiful things that were on other parts of the coast, especially that part which we call Ilowasa.

He asked Altambee if he would go, and though Altambee thought of his wife and his children and his people, he thought, too, that it would be fine to be a king, and what is so much better, an ancestor, so he consented to go. But he must return to the camp and have just one last look at those whom he really loved.

He found his wife and his little brown baby on the sand dunes just where he had stood when he saw the big man on the water. Others of the family group were by the time ash, and were either preparing food and weapons, or were trying to decide what they would hunt during the day.

Many women were seated at fires, and watching to see the round stones become heated enough to use for baking meat and fish. Others were idly jabbing their digging sticks into the grass. The men were either pulling the dogs or just standing awaiting orders. Children were playing about - some in the lagoon and some on the sandy patches or amongst the green grass.

Some men were busy extracting the tough sinews from wallabies legs to use as tying strings and binding their stone axes in the handles. Others were applying themselves to the cooking and the fashioning of weapons, as I have written.

None had gone to the beach. Only Altambee's wife had reached the sand dunes, and there she sat awaiting her husband.

When he came he told her what had happened. She looked across to the rocks but she could see no man at all. She grew very much afraid, for she thought that if Altambee had seen any such thing he must be what the Scotch call "fey." So she said nothing, and taking her child close to her she rose slowly, but with much trepidation and inward weakness, and went back to the camp.

Altambee followed.

All the people could see that something had occurred to Altambee, and the wife whispered that it was magical and no one spoke to him. They were afraid that he perhaps possessed magic power and that he might use it to their detriment or at least disadvantage.

So Altambee silently passed from out from the people and going down to the rocks he waded into the water. Many of the family group went as far as the sand dunes and from there they watched. The principal watcher was his wife.

During many days that followed she went out there, and though other women tried to comfort her she would not be comforted. her husband was not dead, therefore she did not wear the white clay that we wear, and that, being a dress of some sort, was, even in their distress because of the loss of a husband, a source of satisfaction.

She entered into the preparation of the food just as before. She tendered her children. When the women went to the rocks either to the north or to the south to assist in the catching of crustaceans or the spearing of swimming fish or the trapping of ants, she went too. She made ropes of fur and

bags of reeds and sea-grass, and she watched the black under her baby's skin gradually spreading over his little body, but at it all - during all her days, and while she was awake at night - she waited and longed for her husband.

She believed that one day he would come back and she would know him.

Then came the time when the king ordered the people to go to another part of the coast. While they were wandering their way along the beach they came to a place where a creek spread itself out on the sand, and only a narrow bar separated it from the water of the sea.

Alambae's wife was the first to essay to pass along the bar. It was of sodden sand, and underneath that there was much soft and rotted weed.

She sank. The sand was a patch of treacherous quicksand.

Alambae's boy was left without either father or mother. He was cared for by some of his relatives, for all those people whom Alambae, by the rules of his race, might have married were considered as much mother as the real mother, and Alambae's brothers as well as those brothers of the woman he could have taken to wife were uncles, so no orphan could ever be without relatives.

When he grew up he became a priest and he thought that his father was taken by a spirit for some great work, and that his mother had joined him. This belief was shared by the people and Alambae's son was looked upon with more awe than reverence. He was under instruction for many months but the day came when he was accredited, and after this his ministrations were accepted and he grew to be of great importance.

The people had moved back and forth many times. He knew all the story of his father, and every time that the camp was back near those fat rocks he spent many mornings on the sand dunes going out to sea and hoping to find his father coming back with the great white spirit with whom he had gone away.

When again the tide was full and the rocks were covered and the breakers dashed against the cliffs and the beach was under water he did not bother to look. If the storm blew and the rain fell, and the wind battered the leaves of the banksias and twined the bushes and the steamers of mimosa that grew on the sandhills he thought it was no time to watch, for then the sea was very rough and no one, not even a spirit, could walk on it.

His day at last passed away and he went out into the beyond and his people buried him in the sand. All the rest of the people who died were buried in the shallow graves further up the beach, and after a time their bones were taken up and scattered, but a member of the immediate family took an arm bone or a shin bone (a radius or a tibia) and carried it for luck until it became uninteresting or a nuisance, when it was thrown away.

But a bone of a priest was never taken.

Each successive priest in his day watched on the sand dunes.

Then came a day just like that day on which the great spirit man appeared. The sun came up out of the sea in a white sky as before and the sparkling spots danced and spread on the water and the waves were weary.

A priest stood on the sand dunes. Away out on the ocean the great white thing appeared. It rolled with the water.

The priest ran to the slumbering people and soon the sand dunes were lined with men and women and children who watched the unknown thing out on the sea.

The tide went out. They fully expected it to turn and come in, and to see Allambee with it. The story of him was as fresh in the knowledge of the tribe as if the happening of his going was one of only the day before. The priests, one after the other, kept the story green.

There was not much work that day. And all the conversation was about Allambee and the expected coming.

The white thing was the first of many that came, and it was seen that white men came from them and sometimes white women were with the men.

These men and women were of the race that Allambee went to be the ancestor of, and to this race belong all men who go out back and return white.

The Gigantic Lily and the Waratah

(The following stories are taken from Stan Thomas's *The Town at the Crossroads - A story of Abdon Park* (Abdon Park, 1975). They have been extracted from C.W. Peck's *Australian Legends* (1925), and much abbreviated.)

The Gigantic Lily

... it is difficult to find proof that the origin of myths and legends was directly associated with the natives of New South Wales, but it has been claimed over the years that the Gigantic Lily came into being as a result of an heroic act by the son of a chief, who, with a party of Kurnell Aborigines, were trapped in a deep ravine of the Georges River by a huge fall of rock during a fierce storm when they were on their way to where we now know as Minto (near Campbelltown). The young hero was badly injured as he tried to lower food to the others and lay there exhausted and unable to move. It must have been a spirit that came up out of the glen, then took his hand and placed it on a small *Nocca*. The plant immediately grew up and up with a long thin stalk and a flower on top, the young native then drifted into a timeless sleep with the leaves wrapped around him.

The Legend of the Waratah

The Legend of the Waratah stems from the story of a beautiful young maiden named Kube, who lived in the Burrigorang Valley and made herself a red cloak from the skin of a rock wallaby. She had decorated the cloak with the red crest of a cockatoo. She fell in love with a young man, who was far enough removed in blood to satisfy tribal law, and for her to seek his affection in return. She used to stand in a sandstone cleft so that her red cloak was easily seen by the warriors when they were returning from battle. Due to the presence of another tribe in the valley, a battle ensued and as she watched from her vantage point there was no familiar figure to greet her. The story says that Kube waited for seven days, her tears kept flowing to form a small stream, then as she returned to the camp fire, bush plants began to sprout.

She willed herself to die and passed into the tract of sandstone, then up shot a firm straight, stalk. It had serrated leaves with points like a spear, a glorious red flower appeared, and the natives called it "Waratah." (It being claimed that this legend was told to an early settler by the then king of the Burrigorang tribe.)

The story of the Bunyip, a monster of peculiar shape and habits, was often associated, by the old hands, with the swamp existing over the mountain on the western side of Robertson.

Captain Cook, The First Fleet, and First Contact

1770 - 1813

The years 1770-1813 marked the period of first contact between the Aboriginal people of Illawarra and the South Coast, and whitemen, beginning with sightings of the Endeavour off Illawarra during April 1770. It is possible that Portuguese sailors had visited the east coast of Australia prior to Captain Cook, however no account of their encounters with the local natives survive.

The years between Captain Cook's visit in 1770 through to the arrival of the First Fleet at Port Jackson in January 1788 were much as prior to 1770 for the local people, with many still unaware of the existence of Europeans, though according to McAndrew (1990) a story concerning a large White Swan developed amongst the people of the South Coast, supposedly in connection with their sighting of Cook's vessel.

With the embarkation of Captain Arthur Phillip and his band of soldiers and convicts at Sydney Cove in January 1788, the whole world was to change dramatically for the original inhabitants of this land. As Keith Willey says in his 1979 book, it was a time 'when the sky fell down' upon the Aborigines of eastern Australia, such was the trauma of the white invasion.

The years 1788-1813 marked the period of first recorded contact between the Aborigines of Illawarra and the South Coast and whitemen. As in so many other parts of Australia, initially the Europeans were seen as the Aborigines' re-born ancestors - due to their pale colouring and like features - and welcomed accordingly. However this mythical aspect soon disappeared as the natives came to see the harsh realities of white civilisation.

This period saw the first massacres by whites and associated depredations, the introduction of devastating diseases such as smallpox, influenza, and the venereal diseases, and the first instances of whites living amongst the local Aboriginal population, as noted by Matthew Flinders in 1795.

These years were especially marked by initial explorations along the South Coast of New South Wales and sporadic encounters with whaling vessels and timber getters. Shipwrecks and strandings also resulted in a number of Europeans encountering the local people, though no official settlements were established along the South Coast during this period.

Unfortunately accounts from this time are generally brief, merely describing the geographical discoveries of the explorers and lacking any in-depth discussion of the customs of the local Aborigines. The journals of William Clarke (1797) and Lt. Grant at Jervis Bay (1801) are the most descriptive from this period.

Most published and manuscript accounts reveal a decided fear on the part of the Europeans with regards to the local people - they often considered them cannibals and primitive savages - and many do indeed record encounters resulting in death on both sides. These unfortunate accounts are nevertheless important in our study as they often present a view of the local people prior to the

more major disturbance of dispossession and corruption introduced by Europeans settlers after about 1815.

1770

Captain Cook and the Endeavour

22-28 April 1770/ Captain James Cook and the crew of the bark Endeavour sail north along the New South Wales coast, passing by Illawarra and the South Coast. Surprising accounts of the voyage, by both Captain Cook and Joseph Banks, contain the first European observations on the Aborigines of the region.

James Cook's Log

The following extracts are taken from the log of Captain Cook. The first reference to the local people was made when the Endeavour was off the coast near Pigeon House mountain, south of Uladulla:

Sunday, 22nd April: ... After this we steer'd along shore N N E., having a gentle breeze at S W., and were so near the shore as to distinguish several people upon the Sea beach. They appeared to be of a very dark or black Colour, but whether this was the real Colour of their skins or the Cloathes they might have on I know not.

[The next day the Endeavour was sailing along the coast between Jarvis Bay and Red Point, near Wollongong]

Wednesday, 25th April: ... In the Course of this day's run we saw the Smoke of fire in several places near the Sea beach.

[The following observations were taken off the coast near Bass Point (Shellharbour) and Red Point (Port Kembla)]

Thursday, 26th April: Saw several smokes along shore before dark, and 2 or 3 times a fire.

[The following attempted landing occurred near Collins Point, Woonona]

Saturday, 28th April: In the P.M. hoisted out the Pinnace and Yawl in order to attempt a landing, but the Pinnace took in the Water so fast that she was obliged to be hoisted in again to stop her leaks. At this time we saw several people a shore, 4 of whom were carrying a small Boat or Canoe, which we imagin'd they were going to put in to the Water in order to come off to us, but in this we were mistaken.

Being now about 2 miles from the Shore Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, Tupia, and myself put off in the Yawl, and pull'd in for the land to a place where we saw 4 or 5 of the Natives, who look to the Woods as we approached the Shore, which disappointed us in the expectation we had of getting a near View of them, if not to speak to them. But our disappointment was heighten'd when we found that we no where could effect a landing by reason of the great Surf which beat everywhere upon the shore. We saw haul'd up upon the beach 3 or 4 small Canoes, which to us appeared not much unlike the Small ones of New Zealand.

[After this unsuccessful attempt to land, the Endeavour sailed on north and arrived at Botany Bay the following day. Cook made a successful landing there, though the local Aborigines presented some opposition]

Joseph Banks's Journal

Joseph Banks, naturalist aboard the Endeavour, kept a detailed journal during the voyage (refer J. C. Beaglehole, *The Endeavour Journal of Joseph Banks, 1769-1771*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1962).

The following extracts from the journal of Joseph Banks deal with the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines as observed between 20-27 April 1770 (NB: there are some variations in dates between the Cook and Banks accounts).

[On 20 April the Endeavour was sailing north between Cape Howe and Cape Dromedary]

20. The country this morn rose in gentle sloping hills which had the appearance of the highest fertility, every hill seemed to be cloth'd with trees of no mean size, at noon a smock was seen a little way inland and in the Evening several more.

[On 21 April the Endeavour was sailing north between Cape Dromedary and Bateman's Bay]

21. In the morn the land appear'd much as it did yesterday but rather more hilly, in the even again it became flatter. Several smocks were seen from whence we concluded it to be rather more populous, at night five fires.

[On 22 April the Endeavour was off Point Upright, north of Bateman's Bay and south of Pigeon House Mountain]

22. The Country hilly but rising in gentle slopes and well wooded. A hill was in sight which much resembled those dove houses which are built four square with a small dome at the top.

In the morn we stood in with the land near enough to discern 5 people who appear'd through our glasses to be enormously black; so far did the prejudices which we had built on Dampier's account influence us that we fancied we could see their Colour when we could scarce distinguish whether or not they were men.

Since we have been on the coast we have not observed those large trees which we so frequently saw at the Islands and New Zealand made by the natives in order to clear the ground for cultivation, we thence concluded not much in favour of our future Islands.

[On 23 April the Endeavour was becalmed off the region of Pigeon House Mountain]

23. Calm today, myself in small boat but saw few or no birds. The ship was too far from the shore to see much of it, a larger fire was however seen than any we have seen before.

[On 24 April the Endeavour was sailing north in the region of Jarvis Bay]

24. The wind was unfavourable all day and the ship too far from the land for much to be seen, 2 large fires however were seen and several smaller.

[On 25 April the Endeavour was sailing north between Shoalhaven and Red Point]

25. Large fires were lighted this morn about 10 O'Clock, we supposed that the gentlemen ashore had a plentiful breakfast to prepare ... In the even it was calm. All the fires were put out about 5 O'Clock.

[On 26 April the Endeavour was off Ilawarra and to the north]

26. Land today more barren in appearance than we had before (even if it consisted chiefly of Chalky cliffs something resembling those of old England, within these it was flat and might be no doubt fertile. Fires were seen during the day the same as yesterday but none so large.

[On 27 April the Endeavour was off northern Ilawarra, in the region of Balli, and an attempt was made to land]

27. The Country today again made in slopes to the sea covered with wood of a tolerable growth tho not so large as some we have seen. At noon we were very near it, one the only was in sight ... After dinner the Captn. proposed to hoist out boats and attempt to land, which gave me no small satisfaction; it was done accordingly but the Pinnace on being lowered down into the water was found so leaky that it was impractical to attempt it.

Four men were at this time observed walking briskly along the shore, two of which carried on their shoulders a small canoe; they did not however attempt to put her in the water so we soon lost all hopes of their intending to come off to us, a thought with which we once had flattered ourselves.

To see something of them however we resolved and the Yawl, a boat just capable of carrying the Captn, Dr Solander, myself and 4 rowers was accordingly prepared. They sat on the rocks expecting us but when we came within about a quarter of a mile they ran away hastily into the country; they appear to us as well as we could judge at that distance exceedingly black. Near the place were four small canoes which they left behind. The surf was too great to permit us with a single boat and that so small to attempt to land, so we were obliged to content ourselves with gazing from the boat at the productions of nature which we so much wished to enjoy a nearer acquaintance with.

The trees were not very large and stood separate from each other without the least underwood; among them we could discern many cabbage trees but nothing else which we could call by any name. In the course of the night many fires were seen.....

[Banks and some of the crew of the Endeavour made a successful landing at Botany Bay the following day]

First Contact

[1770] Whilst sightings of the Endeavour may have been the first contact local Aborigines had with Europeans, other vessels may also have passed along the east coast of Australia prior to 1770. Prior to 1800 for an account of the first sighting of a European sailing vessel by the Aborigines of Monya:

1788

The First Fleet

January 1788: The First Fleet, under the command of Captain Arthur Phillip, arrives in Botany Bay and Port Jackson, marking the beginning of white settlement in Australia.

While we have no first hand accounts of the Illawarra Aborigines' reaction to news of the arrival of the First Fleet, or details of their first contact with Europeans, nevertheless within the 1838-40 diary of the geologist Reverend W. B. Clarke (Mitchell Library, MSS 129/7/4) we find reference to an Aboriginal song composed to describe the event, and acted out at a corroboree held near Wollongong in January of 1840. As Clarke records,

On enquiry I find the burden of the song to be "That the white man came to Sydney in ships and landed the horses in the saltwater". It is of such ridiculous subjects that the Blacks of New Holland make their songs - and any trifling event is celebrated by a song.

It is clear that news of the First Fleet's arrival at Sydney Cove would have quickly spread throughout the Colony (refer Ross, 1878), and members of the Illawarra and South Coast tribes, many of whom had visited Sydney Harbour over the years to engage in social activities such as corroborees and initiation ceremonies, would have also been aware of them, despite their geographical isolation. Escaped convicts would perhaps have been the first whitesmen to visit Illawarra shortly after January 1788.

Refer under 1840 for a fuller account of the corroboree observed by Reverend Clarke at Wollongong. See also the numerous First Fleet Journals for references to the Aborigines at Sydney in 1788.

1789

Smallpox at Port Jackson

April 1789: Smallpox ravaged the Aboriginal people of the Sydney area, killing at least half the population and leaving Sydney Harbour strewn with corpses.

Many of the local natives left the vicinity of Port Jackson for areas to the north, west, and south. In their attempt to escape the plague they unfortunately spread the disease far and wide amongst their people - to what extent is still unclear.

It is quite likely that smallpox reached Illawarra - just 60 miles south of Sydney - during this period and may have traveled further south, though the true effects are unknown.

Refer Bullin (1983) for a discussion of the effect of smallpox on the Aborigines of southeastern Australia during this period, and also during the second epidemic of 1829-31.

1791

Malinda at Jarvis Bay

November 1791. The whaling vessel *Malinda*, under Captain Matthew Weatherhead, visits Jarvis Bay - the first European vessel to do so. Whilst there, the captain sketches a plan of the Bay, and later back in England Alexander DeLampy made the following annotation upon the map (John Lee, *Early Explorers in Australia*):

.... in the *Malinda* many natives were seen and canoes on the beach; the natives were armed with spears but they could have no communication with them

1794

First Recorded Attempt to Travel Overland from Sydney to Illawarra

14-20 May 1794: A party of two soldiers and an untrained Aboriginal guide set off on an excursion south of Botany Bay in search of a fresh water river - possibly Lake Illawarra - thought to be in the vicinity of Red Point. They are unsuccessful, failing to penetrate the dense bush south of Port Hacking.

The following account of their excursion is taken from David Collins' *An Account of the Colony of New South Wales*, London, 1798, 1832 (reprint Sydney, 1975, volume 1, pp 308-309):

.... Some natives, who had observed the increasing numbers of the settlers on the banks of the Hawkesbury, and had learned that we were solicitous to discover other fresh-water rivers, for the purpose of forming settlements, assured us, that at no very great distance from Botany Bay, there was a river of fresh water which ran into the sea. As very little of the coast to the southward was known, it was determined to send a small party in that direction, with provisions for a few days, it not being improbable that, in exploring the country, a river might be found which had hitherto escaped the observation of ships running along the coast.

Two people of sufficient judgement and discretion for the purpose being found among the military, they set off from the south shore of Botany Bay on the 14th, well armed, and furnished with provisions for a week. They were accompanied by a young man, a native, as a guide, who professed a knowledge of the country, and named the place where the fresh water would be found to run. Great expectations were formed of the excursion, from the confidence with which the native repeatedly asserted the existence of a fresh-water river: on the 20th, however, the party returned, with an account, that the native had soon walked beyond his own knowledge of the country, and trusted to them to bring him safe back; that having penetrated about twenty miles to the southward of Botany Bay, they came to a large inlet of the sea, which formed a small harbour, the head of this they rounded, without discovering any river of fresh water near it. The country they described as high and rocky in the neighbourhood of the harbour, which, on afterwards looking at the chart, was supposed to be somewhere about Red Point. The native returned with the soldiers as cheerfully and as well pleased as if he had led them to the banks of the first river in the world.

1795

Gomo-book the Warrior

February 1795. (D Collins, op cit., p.342) Report on the arrival in Sydney of Gomo-book, a warrior Aborigine from far south of Botany Bay - possibly from Ilawarra or the far South Coast

About the latter end of the month the natives adjusted some affairs of honour in a convenient spot near the brick-works [Sydney]

The people who live about the south shore of Botany Bay brought with them a stranger of an extraordinary appearance and character, even his name had something extraordinary in the sound - Gomo-book. He had been several days on his journey from the place where he lived, which was far to the southward. In height he was not more than five feet two or three inches; but he was by far the most muscular, square, and well-formed native we had ever seen.

He fought well; his spears were remarkably long, and he defended himself with a shield that covered his whole body. We had the satisfaction of seeing him engaged with some of our Sydney friends, and of observing that neither their persons nor their reputations suffered any thing in the contest.

When the fighting was over, on our pressing to them the martial talents of this stranger, the strength and muscle of his arm, and the experience of his sight, they admitted the praise to be just (because when opposed to them he had not gained the slightest advantage), but, unwilling that we should think too highly of him, they assured us, with horror in their countenances, that Gomo-book was a cannibal.

Gomo-book, we learned, was afterwards killed among his own people in some affair to the southward.

(A fuller description of the fighting and implements used is given in Collins, op cit., pp 485-8)

1795

Bass and Flinders at Lake Illawarra

26-28 March 1796. George Bass, Matthew Flinders, and the boy Marlin, travel to Illawarra aboard the *Tom Thumb*, a small sailing boat, encountering Aborigines near Towradgi, Red Point and at Lake Illawarra

Bass and Flinders are the first Europeans to officially set foot in Illawarra, eight years after the arrival of the First Fleet, though as their account shows, Europeans were already living amongst the natives there.

Bass and Flinders arrived in Illawarra believing the natives to be hostile, and possibly even cannibals, as is revealed from Matthew Flinders' manuscript journal (National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, reproduced in W.G. McDonald, *Earliest Illawarra*, Wollongong, 1976)

The following extract from that journal takes up during the voyage southward, shortly after the *Tom Thumb* had been swamped near Towradgi Beach, north of Wollongong, and the whole party washed ashore:

Saturday 26 March: After viewing each other with some anxiety, we agreed it absolutely necessary to launch the boat again, immediately if possible, lest any number of natives should come down on us in this unprepared state. There were snakes within three miles, which rendered the matter of immediate consideration, and more especially, as the natives to the south-west of Botany Bay were generally believed to be cannibals.

[After re-launching the vessel they sailed south towards the Five Islands and spent the night in the small boat, all the while cold and wet from their unplanned landing at Towadea, anchored off Red Pond (Hill 63), near Port Kembla]

Sunday, 27 March: It was with no small degree of pleasure we saw the dawning which preceded the appearance of that luminary, whose warmth we were so much in need of, and not much less on hearing a voice call to us in the Port-Jackson dialect, offering us fresh water and fish. Our guns were still useless, but as there were only two natives, who had no other arms than fish-gigs, we sped towards them, and received a small quantity of water and two fish. In return, we gave them a few loose potatoes, which had been saved from the sea by sticking between the bottom boards of the boat, and two pocket handkerchiefs. Our Friends informed us that they were not natives of this place, but of Broken and Botany Bays, and from their having been at Port Jackson it was that we understood some words of their language, but other natives soon came up, and increased the number beyond what was safe to risk ourselves amongst, we therefore put off without landing under pretence of returning northward, but with the intention to land in a shallow cove off the patch of Saddle Point [Red Pond]. The sea had broken across this small cove whilst the sea breeze blew, but was now smooth.

We here got some provisions cooked, most of our clothes dried, and everything put into some little order, but it was not long before the two natives came upon the point to look after us, and spying us thus busied close under them, came down.

As this cove would not be tenable when the sea breeze should set in, we inquired concerning the places of shelter in the neighbourhood, and learned, that a small distance to the southward, was a fresh-water river. The imprudence of returning towards Port Jackson without having the banks filled with fresh water, together with the appearance of a northerly sea breeze, induced us to accept of the offer which the natives made of conducting us to the river.

The sea breeze freshened up from the northward, and we stood before it, according to the direction of our pilots, who amused us by the way with stories of some white men and two women being amongst them, who had Indian corn and potatoes growing. The women, they said, they would bring to us, as well as plenty black ones, and that we should get quantities of fish and ducks in the river.

About noon we came off the entrance of the river (Lake Hovewra). It appeared to be a small stream which had made a passage through the beach, but we could not tell how it would be possible, even for our small boat, to enter it, as the surf was breaking nearly across, however, by following their directions, in going sometimes close to the surf, sometimes to one side, and sometimes to the other, we got in with difficulty, and rowed about a mile up in little more water than the boat drew, against a very strong tide.

Our conductors had gone on shore immediately after we entered the river, and were now walking, with eight or ten strange natives, on the sand abreast of us.

The boat having touched the ground once or twice, and the rivulet still continuing shoal, we began to relinquish the hope of getting up it, and to consider, that there might not be water enough for the boat to go out again till the flood tide should make, which would leave us in the power of the natives, and even as it was, we were in their power, for the water was scarcely higher than the knees, and our guns were still full of sand and rusty; fortunately the natives were unacquainted with this latter circumstance.

Being thus situated, it became necessary for us to get away from this place as soon as possible; and having agreed upon a plan of action, we went on shore to get more water, dry our powder, get

the guns in order, and mended one of the oars, which had been broken when the boat was thrown upon the beach.

On asking the two natives for water, they told us we must go up to the lake for it, pointing to a large piece of water from which the muiri seemed to take its rise, but on being told that we could not now go, and again desired to get us water, they found some within a few yards. This circumstance made us suspect, that they had a wish, if not an intention, of detaining us, and on reflection, their previous conversation in the boat evidently tended to the same purpose.

The number having increased to nearly twenty, and others still coming, we began to repair our deficiencies with as much expedition as possible - but an employment more than we expected now arose upon our hands - the two friendly natives had gotten their hair cut, and beards clipped off - by us, when in the little cove at Saddle Point (Red Point), and were now showing themselves to the others, and persuading them to follow their example.

Whilst Mr. Bass, assisted by some of the natives, was mending the oar, and the powder was drying in the sun, I began, with a pair of scissors, to execute my new office upon the eldest of four or five chiefs presented up to me, and as great nicety was not required, got on with them to the number of eleven or twelve; which were the greatest part of our bearded company, many of the young men having not yet found the inconveniences of that part of nature's dress.

Some of the more timid were alarmed at the double-edged instrument coming so near to their noses, and could scarcely be persuaded by their shaven friends to allow the operation to be finished but when their chins were held up a second time, their fear of the instrument, the wild glare of their eyes, - the smile which they forced, - formed a compound upon the rough savage countenances, not unworthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I was almost tempted to try the effect of a snip on the nose, but our situation was too critical to admit of such experiments.

Having completed every thing, as far as the circumstances would admit of, we got our things into the boat, and prepared to go out again. But to get away peacefully, we were obliged to use deceit; for they kept continually pointing to the lagoon, and desiring, or indeed almost insisting, that we should go up into it, and the two Port-Jackson natives seemed more violent than any others.

We appeared to comply with them, but deferred it till tomorrow, and pointed to the green bank near the entrance of the river, where we would sleep, then putting on a resolute face, we shoved off the boat. Most of them followed us, the river being very shallow, and four jumped in. The rest took hold of the boat and dragged her along down the stream, shouting and singing. We shouted and sung too, though our situation was far from being pleasant.

On coming from the green bank, they brought us to the shore, and those in the boat left out, one of them with a hat on, but which he returned on being asked. Some of them still kept hold to prevent us from going further, but as we had no real intention of stopping anywhere within their reach, with a menacing countenance, we resolutely pushed away from them: one observing to the rest that we were angry, let go his hold, and the others immediately followed his example.

Whilst we got down to the entrance as fast as possible, they stood looking at each other, as if doubtful whether to detain us by force, and there is much reason to think, that they suffered us to get away, only because they had not agreed on any plan of action; assisted, perhaps, by the extreme fear they seemed to be under of our harmless fire-arms; though had they attempted anything, and our muskets been in order, we should have made little resistance to their numbers, when surrounded, as we constantly were, by them.

The sea breeze blew so strong, and the surf ran so high, that we could not possibly get out of the muiri, and therefore came to an anchor just within the surf which broke upon the bar, and not fifteen yards from the shore on either side. The water was tolerably deep in this place, the stream from the lagoon ran very rapid, so that the natives would not venture in, to come to the boat, but three or four of them kept hovering upon the point to the southward of us, amongst whom was Oliba, one of the Port-Jackson men.

This fellow - Dibbs was the principal person concerned in spearing the chief male carpenter of the ship Sydney Cove, about twelve months afterwards, for which he was sought after to be shot by Mr. Bass and others - was constantly importuning us to return and go up to the lagoon. He was as constantly answered that "When the sun went down, if the wind and surf did not abate, we would"

As the sun disappeared behind the hills, a party of five or six natives were coming towards us from the other side. At that juncture, we had gotten our guns in order, and having a little powder in one of them, I laid it off, on which the party stopped short, and each walked away; those on the point too were all retired but Dibbs, and he soon followed.

We slept by turns till ten o'clock, and the moon being then risen, - the weather calm, - and water smooth, we putted out towards Saddle Point, not a little pleased to have escaped so well. Perhaps we were considerably indebted, for the fear they entertained of us, to an old red waistcoat which Mr. Bass wore, and from which they took us to be soldiers, whom the natives are particularly afraid of, and though we did not much admire our new name "Soja" [soldier], yet thought it best not to undeceive them.

[This party spent the following two days (Monday and Tuesday, 28th and 29th March) travelling north along the Illawarra coast. They eventually reached Sydney on 2 April.]

Though this is the first recorded meeting between Europeans and Illawarra Aborigines, the indication that there were 2 white women and some men already amongst them - tanning corn and potatoes - suggests that very early in the history of the Colony runaway convicts had found their way to Illawarra and were living with the Aborigines. Unfortunately it is also likely that they brought their diseases with them, including smallpox, influenza, and venereal disease.

As Flinders distinctly notes, by 1797 the Illawarra Aborigines were aware of the red-coated British soldiers and were afraid of the musket, a sign that they had been fired upon and possibly a member, or members, of their tribe had already been killed or wounded. No details of these encounters survive. Perhaps the local people had been told horrific stories by their northern brothers at Sydney.

Flinders recorded a different version of the 1796 excursion to Illawarra in his publication *A Voyage to Terra Australis* (London, 1814, pp.xcvi-ct). The following extract describes the Tern Thumb crew's encounters with the Illawarra Aborigines...

...The sea breeze, on the 27th, still opposed our return; and learning from two Indians that no water could be procured at Red Point, we accepted their offer of piloting us to a river which, they said, lay a few miles further southward, and where not only fresh water was abundant, but also fish and wild ducks. These men were natives of Botany Bay, whence it was that we understood a little of their language, whilst that of some others was altogether unintelligible. Their river proved to be nothing more than a small stream, which descended from a lagoon under Hall Hill, and forced a passage for itself through the beach; so that we entered it with difficulty even in Tern Thumb. Our two conductors then quitted the boat to walk along the sandy shore abreast, with eight or ten strange natives in company.

After rowing a mile up the stream, and finding it to become more shallow, we began to entertain doubts of securing a retreat from these people, should they be hostiliely inclined; and they had the reputation of Port Jackson of being exceedingly ferocious, if not cannibals. Our muskets were not yet freed from rust and sand, and there was a pressing necessity to procure fresh water before attempting to return northward. Under these embarrassments, we agreed upon a plan of action, and went on shore directly to the natives. Mr. Bass employed some of them to assist in repairing an oar which had been broken in our disaster, whilst I spread the wet powder out in the sun. This met with no opposition, for they knew not what the powder was; but when we proceeded to clean the muskets, it excited so much alarm that it was necessary to desist. On enquiring of the two handy natives for water, they pointed upwards to the lagoon, but after many evasions our barica (a small cask, containing six or eight gallons) was filled at a hole not many yards distant.

The number of people had increased to near twenty, and others were still coming, so that it was necessary to use all possible expedition in getting out of their reach. But a new employment arose upon our hands: we had clipped the hair and beards of the two Botany Bay natives at Red Point, and they were showing themselves to the others, and persuading them to follow their example. Whilst, therefore, the powder was drying, I began with a large pair of scissors to excise my new office upon the eldest of four or five chins presented to me, and as great noise was not required, the shearing of a dozen of them did not occupy me long. Some of the more timid were alarmed at a formidable instrument coming so near to their noses, and would scarcely be persuaded by their shaven friends, to allow the operation to be finished. But when the chins were held up a second time, the fear of the instrument, - the wild glare of their eyes, - and the smile which they forced, formed a compound upon the rough savage countenance, not unworthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I was almost tempted to try what effect a little snip would produce, but our situation was too critical to admit of such experiments.

Every thing being prepared for a retreat, the natives became vociferous for the boat to go up the lagoon, and it was not without stratagem that we succeeded in getting down to the entrance of the stream, where the depth of water placed us out of their reach.

Our examination of the country was confined, by circumstances, to a general view. That part is called *Alouette*, by the natives, and is very low and sandy near the sides of the rivulet. About four miles up it, to the north-west, is the lagoon, and behind, stands a semi-circular range of hills, of which the highest is *Hut Hut*. The water in the lagoon was distinctly seen, and appeared to be several miles in circumference. The land round it is probably fertile, and the slopes of the back hills had certainly that appearance. The natives were nothing, except in language, different from those at Port Jackson, but their dogs, which are of the same species, seemed to be more numerous and fiercer.

[Whilst sailing north on the return voyage to Sydney, the *Tom Thumb* was forced by storms to put into an inlet near Port Hedland, on 30 March]

...we thought *Providential Cove* a well adapted name for this place: but by the natives, as we afterwards learned, it is called *Watta-Mowlee*...

[On 1 April Flinders and party put in to Port Hedland, 4 miles to the north of *Watta-Mowlee*:]

...Two natives came down to us in a friendly manner, and seemed not to be unacquainted with Europeans. Their language differed somewhat from the Port Jackson dialect, but with the assistance of signs, we were able to make ourselves understood...

[The *Tom Thumb* arrived in Port Jackson on 2 April]

1797

The Wreck of the Sydney Cove

March - May 1797: During February of 1797, the vessel *Sydney Cove* was wrecked at the Furness Islands in Bass Strait. On 27 February seventeen of the survivors set off in the ship's longboat towards Sydney for help. Unfortunately the longboat was washed ashore near Cape Howe, and the party, headed by the supercargo William Clark and the first mate Hugh Thompson, was forced to walk north along the New South Wales coast towards Sydney.

The party of 17 set out from near Cape Howe on 15 March, and after a walk of almost two months - during which posed many of the crew died from exhaustion and starvation along the way, and two

were presumed murdered by Aborigines near Wollangong - the 3 survivors eventually reached Sydney in the middle of May (refer HRA,1917, Series I, volume II, p.82).

There are various conflicting reports of the crews' adventures during their trek along the South Coast and through Ilawarra. Some state that the Aborigines encountered along the way were friendly and helpful, whilst others speak of their 'savage barbarity'.

The fullest account of the shipwrecked sailors' journey is contained in William Clarke's 'Voyage of the Sydney Cove's Longboat from Preservation Island to Port Jackson' (HMSY1887, volume II, pp.799-798) compiled later from notes taken during the overland trek, and also from memory.

This account points to the general friendliness of the South Coast Aborigines, though there was obvious suspicion on both sides and some skirmishes. Unfortunately Clarke's journal does not describe the first 15 days of the walk, during which period the survivors travelled through the Shoalhaven and Illawarra. It was also during this period that Thompson and the ship's carpenter were supposedly murdered near Red Point.

Relevant sections of Clarke's account which describe the crew's encounters with Aborigines between Cape Howe and the Shoalhaven are reproduced below.

William Clarke's Journal - Cape Howe to the Shoalhaven

18 March - 30 April, 1797

[March] 18th. - Forde several branches of rivers. We this day fell in with a party of natives, about fourteen, all of them entirely naked. They were struck with astonishment at our appearance, and were very anxious to examine every part of our clothes and body, in which we readily indulged them. They viewed us most attentively. They opened our clothes, examined our feet, hands, nails, &c., frequently expressing their surprise by laughing and loud shoutings. From their gestures during this awkward review it was easy to perceive that they considered our clothes and bodies as inseparably joined. Having made them a present of a few strips of cloth, which they appeared highly delighted with, we pursued our journey, and halted in the evening, after a march of 30 miles.

The natives on this part of the coast appear strong and muscular, with heads rather large in proportion to their bodies. The flat nose, the broad thick lips which distinguish the African, also prevail amongst the people on this coast. Their hair is long and straight, but they are wholly inattentive to it, either as to cleanliness or in any other respect. It serves them in lieu of a towel to wipe their hands as often as they are daubed with blubber or shark oil, which is their principal article of food. The frequent application of rancid grease to their heads and bodies renders their approach exceedingly offensive. Their ornaments consist chiefly of fish-bones or kangaroo-teeth, fastened with gum or glue to the hair of the temples and on the forehead. A piece of reed or bone is also worn through the septum, or cartilage, of the nose, which is placed for the admission of this ornament. Upon the whole, they present the most hideous and disgusting figures that savage life can possibly afford.

19th. - Met with a pretty large river, which we were unable to cross till low water, there being no wood from which we could construct a raft. A few natives on the opposite bank of the river ran off at our approach.

20th. - — Saw a few of the natives, who, at first sight, advanced, but on a nearer approach they fled and concealed themselves in the woods. Among the different groups of natives it is remarkable we have not yet seen a woman. Walked 16 miles this day.

29th. - On crossing a narrow but deep river one of the natives threatened to dispute our landing, but approaching with a determined appearance no actual resistance was attempted, and a reconciliation was effected by the distribution of a few strips of cloth. A good understanding being thus established, the men called to their wives and children, who were concealed behind the rocks,

and who now ventured to stare themselves. These were the first women we had seen, from their ones and laughing it is evident they were greatly astonished at our appearance. The men did not think proper to admit of our coming sufficiently near to have a full or perfect view of their legs, but we were near enough to discern that they were the most wretched objects we had ever seen - equally filthy as the men, coarse and ill-fatured, and so devoid of delicacy or any appearance of it that they seem to have nothing even human about them but the form. We pursued our way and walked about 10 miles.

30th - Crossed a small river this morning, and walked about 8 miles through a country interspersed with hills and covered with haith. We came to a pretty large river which, being too deep to ford, we began to prepare a raft, which we could not have completed till next day had not three of the native friends, from whom we parted yesterday, repassed us and assisted us over. We were much pleased with their assistance, for the act was really kind, as they knew we had the river to cross, and appear to have followed us purposely to lend their assistance. In the evening we travelled about 4 miles farther, and rested for the night.

April 2nd - Travelled 8 miles this forenoon. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we were most agreeably surprised by meeting five of the natives, our old friends, who received us in a very amiable manner, and kindly treated us with some shellfish, which formed a very acceptable meal, as our small portion of rice was nearly expended. After this little repast we proceeded 8 miles further and halted.

8th - Bent our way towards the beach this morning, and travelled along about 9 miles, when we stopped by our old impediment, a river, at which we were obliged to wait until low water before we could cross. We had scarcely surmounted this difficulty when a greater danger stared us in the face, for here we were met by about fifty armed natives. Having never before seen so large a body collected, it is natural to conclude that we were much alarmed. However, we resolved to put the best appearance on the matter, and to betray no symptoms of fear. In consequence of the steps we took, and after some preliminary signs and gestures on both sides, we came to some understanding, and the natives were apparently affable in their designs. We presented them with a few yards of calico, for they would not be satisfied with small slices, and, indeed, we were glad to get rid of them at any expense, for their looks and demeanour were not such as to invite greater intimacy.

9th - Proceeding this morning on our journey, we were again alarmed at the approach of the party who detained us yesterday, and whom we so justly suspected of inchoerous intentions. They came on with dreadful shoutings, which gave us warning to prepare for defence, and to give them a warm reception in case violence should be offered. Fortunately, however, from the particular attention we paid to these old men, whom we supposed to be their chiefs, and making them some small presents, they soon left us. This disposition gave our little party general satisfaction, as we were doubtful how the affair might have terminated. During our conference, and at their departure, several of them had placed their spears in the throwing-sticks, ready to discharge at us. We now pursued our route, and walked about 10 miles.

10th - We were overtaken by a few of the natives with whom we parted yesterday, but seeing us on our guard, with our one gun, two pistols, and two small swords, while others went armed with clubs, and perceiving our resolution not to be imposed upon, they acted with more prudence than heretofore. We did not at this meeting indulge them with any presents, but to one gave a piece of cloth, in exchange for a large kangaroo's tail, with which we endeavoured to make some soup, by adding a little of the rice we had remaining, from which we received great amusement, being much weakened by the fatigue and want which we had suffered in these inhospitable regions. Our walk of 14 miles this day was performed over a number of rugged and disagreeable heights, until we came to a river, which we crossed, and then betook ourselves to the cheerless toil until the morning.

11th - Walked 8 miles and came to a river, where we met fourteen natives, who conducted us to their miserable abodes in the wood adjoining to a large lagoon, and kindly treated us with mussels, for which unexpected civility we made them some presents. These people seemed better acquainted with the laws of hospitality than any of their countrymen whom we had yet seen, for to

their benevolent treat was added an invitation to remain with them for the night. They did not, however, lodge us in their nominal huts, but after we were seated around our sitting-place they brought their women and children to see us, and certainly, to judge from the attention with which they surveyed us, we afforded them so small share of entertainment. As far as we could understand these natives were of a different tribe from those we had seen, and were then at war with them. They possessed a hostility to which the others were strangers, and freely gave us a part of the little they had, which the others were so far from doing that they would have deprived us of the last article in our possession had they not been overawed by the sight of arms, against which they knew not how to defend themselves. We endeavoured to make our entertainers sensible by signs how nicely their neighbours had behaved to us, to compensate for which both the old and the young were anxious to give us part of their shellfish.

12th. - Met with another party of natives who did not attempt to molest us. Walked 15 miles over rising ground and along the seashore, where we found a dead skate, which, though a little tainted, would not have been unacceptable to an epicure with our appetite.

13th. - Came to a large river, where we met with a few natives, who appeared very timorous at seeing us, but in a short time we came to a better understanding, and they kindly carried us over in their canoes. This was not accomplished without several dunkings, for their rude little vehicles formed of bark, tied at both ends with twigs, and not exceeding 8 feet in length, by 3 in breadth, are precarious vessels for one unacquainted with them to embark in, though the natives, of whom they will carry three or four, paddle about in them with the greatest facility and security. After crossing the river, and receiving a few small fish at parting, we walked 10 miles.

14th. - Met with no obstruction during a walk of 18 miles.

15th. - We were joined by our last friends, who lent us over a very large deer in their canoes. Whether this meeting was the effect of chance or one of their fishing excursions, or that perceiving that we should find it difficult they had come to our assistance, we could not determine, but had it not been for their aid we must have been detained here for some time in making a raft. The greatest part of the wood of the country being very heavy will not swim, unless it has been felled for some time and exposed to the sun, a fact which we had already been taught by miserable experience. Having walked 5 miles after crossing the river, we rested for the night, and boiled a few shellfish we had picked up by the way like good economists, making them serve for both dinner and supper, for our little evening's cookery formed the only meal we could duly afford ourselves, unless we ventured to eat a few wild plants which we sometimes picked up.

16th. - Having walked about 12 miles we once more met with our friends, who, a third time, conveyed us over a large river at a shallow part, which they pointed out. On the banks of this river we remained for the night. Our poor unfortunate companions, worn out by want excessive fatigue, now began to drop behind very fast. At this place we were under the painful necessity of leaving nine of our fellow-sufferers behind, they being totally unable to proceed further, but we flattered ourselves they would be able to come up with us in a day or two, as we now often stop some time with the natives when we found them kind to us, or loitered about the rocks to pick up shellfish or collect herbs.

20th. - Got over the river and had a long walk, about 18 miles, through an immense wood, the plain of which was covered with long grass. We had the good fortune this day to have a friendly native in company, who undertook to be our guide, by whose good-natured assistance we were enabled to avoid several high points and out of a great deal of ground.

21st. - Had a pleasant walk for about 14 miles, during which we met a party of natives who gave us plenty of fishes. It seems they had met the Moor whose friendship we experienced yesterday, and were by him informed of our distress, so that we were indebted to that kind-hearted fellow for his guidance and this day's protection.

22nd. - The natives accompanied us a few miles and returned, leaving with us a plentiful supply of fish. The day we walked 12 miles.

23rd, 24th, 25th - Walked 10 or 12 miles each day, without meeting with any natives, and being wholly without nourishment almost perished for want

26th - At 9 a.m. observed several natives on the top of a high bluff, who came down to us as we approached, and remained with us for some time. When we had made signs to them that we were hungry and much exhausted, they brought us plenty of fish and treated us very kindly. After we had refreshed ourselves and put up some fish to carry with us, we were preparing to proceed, when about fifty strong natives made their appearance, of whom we soon took leave, giving them such little presents as we could afford, and with which they were apparently well satisfied. We had not parted more than twenty or thirty minutes when a hundred more approached us, shouting and hallowing in a most hideous manner, at which we were all exceedingly alarmed. In a short time a few of them began throwing their spears, upon which we made signs to them to desist, giving them some presents, and appearing no ways dismayed at their conduct - any other demeanour on our part would have been quite superfluous, having only one musket unloaded and two pistols out of repair, and at best were only so opposed to such a multitude, for our little company were daily dropping off. No sooner had we turned our backs on this savage mob than they renewed hostilities and wounded three of us, viz., Mr Hugh Thompson, myself, and my servant. Notwithstanding this disaster, we, in our painful situation, proceeded 8 miles, to get clear, if possible, of these savages, but just as we came up to a very deep bay they overtook us again. This pursuit induced us all to suppose they intended to murder us - as we were, however, to make a virtue of necessity, and to remain among them all that night, though it may be well supposed that the anguish of our wounds and the pain of our wounds prevented the possibility of sleep.

27th - Our disagreeable and treacherous companions continued with us on our journey until about 9 a.m., when they betook themselves to the woods, leaving us extremely happy at their departure. We continued our route along the extensive bay 10 miles.

28th - Met with some brackish water, which we eagerly swallowed, indeed, all the rivers we extricated were impregnated with salt-water from their connection with the sea. Walked 14 miles.

30th - We this morning reached the largest river we had met with since we came to this large bay. Its width put us entirely to a stand, and prevented our crossing over until the evening. As we were devising means to accomplish our design six natives very fortunately came to our assistance. They seemed, however, suspicious of us, for when we reached the opposite bank we made signs that we wanted water, and, under pretence of going for some, they set off, but never returned. We were not able to proceed any more than 3 miles this day.

The fifteen following days (1-15 May) of our journey were much the same as the preceding, until we very fortunately met with a fishing-boat about 14 miles to the southward of Botany Bay.

[Clarke's detailed account appears to end in the vicinity of Jarvis Bay. The party then consisted of 6 men, though 3 had been injured. Despite his alarming comments that the final fifteen days 'were much the same as the preceding', after the journey through the swamps there were only 3 survivors who reached Sydney. Upon their arrival Governor Hunter sent out a number of search parties - one led by George Bass to search for survivors in the swamps district, and another led by Matthew Flinders to recover the cargo of the Sydney Cove.

A number of contemporary accounts were compiled regarding these search parties, and the original overland trek to Sydney. The first presented here is a brief summary of Matthew Flinders's account, published in *A Voyage to Terra Australis*, 1801, 1802, and 1803 (London, 1814, pp. cx-cv).

Matthew Flinders's Account

... There was no other prospect of safety for Mr. Clarke and his companions (after coming ashore near Cape Howe), than to reach Port Jackson on foot, and they commenced their march along the sea shore, scantily furnished with ammunition, and with less provisions

Various tribes of natives were passed, some of whom were friendly, but the hostility of others, and excessive fatigue, daily lessened the number of these unfortunate people, and when the provisions and ammunition failed, the diminution became dreadfully rapid.

Their last loss was of the chief mate and carpenter, who were killed by Dibo, and other savages near Hot Hill (Mount Kembla), (this Dibo was one of the two Botany-Bay natives, who had been most strenuous for Tom Thumb to go up into the lagoon which lies under the hill) and Mr. Clarke, with a sailor and one lascar, alone remained when they reached Watts. Mowlee. They were so exhausted, as to have scarcely strength enough to make themselves observed by a boat which was fishing off the cove, but were at length conveyed in her, and brought to Port Jackson.

Reverend Palmer's Letter

A second summary account of the fate of the Sydney Cove crew is given in a letter by Reverend Thomas Palmer dated 14 August 1797, writing from Sydney to a friend in Scotland, more than three months after Clarke's arrival in Sydney. This letter also mentions the subsequent expedition by Surgeon Bass in search of survivors.

The Sydney-cove, a large ship from Bengal to this place, was wrecked on this coast in lat. 45.47. the mate and others left the wreck in the long boat unfortunately in the tempestuous winter season, and this was again wrecked on the coast. But the super-cargo and two others, after innumerable hardships, arrived safe.

— The Country (along the coast) is described as totally different from this, very rich and fertile, abounding in pine and fax, of which there is no one here. In all the intercourse of whites with the unoccupied natives of this country, they have found them, most kind humane and generous. Where the mate and super-cargo were wrecked, no civilized Europeans could expect them in kindness. They supplied them in abundance, and successive parties of fresh natives, equally kind, showed them the way.

The mate, represented to be an amiable man, walked till he could walk no longer. Unfortunately, the carpenter staid to keep him company, and the rest proceeded and arrived safe. The carpenter, churlish and avaricious, and without sense or foresight, seized their cloth, would give them nothing in return, and offended them so much, that the first mate, whom they were fond of, fell a victim of his folly, and they both perished.

My most worthy friend Mr. Bass, surgeon of the Reliance, went out on purpose to find these two. He found only their bones. He was accompanied by the most scientific people in the language, though by none more than himself, and the natives of his acquaintance told him the above. He returned only yesterday.

Governor Hunter's Account

Governor Hunter, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks dated 15 August 1797 (Banks Papers, Mitchell Library), gives the following account of the Sydney Cove sailors' journey along the coast:

Their journey was attended with so many trifling difficulties, that they were not capable of want of an even share of strength of keeping together. Many of the Number perished thro' fatigue and want of Food, whilst others struggled hard to preserve life and get Northward, but were so often Annoy'd by the Savage barbarity of the Natives that their Number decreased to five, and lately to

there, who got so far near us that a small Boat being out Catching fish a little to the Southward of Botany Bay & close in shore, saw these 3 people Crawling along the Rocky shore and frequently swaying to the boat, they went on shore & picked up these three Men, in most Wretched & Worn out Condition. One was ye Supercargo, one White Seaman, & a Lascar.

They were immediately brought higher, and properly taken care of, they gave an account of having parted Company with the first Mate & Carpenter the day before, & at no great distance from where they had found the fishing boat.....

George Bass's Search Party

August 1797: George Bass and party visit Coalcliff and Ilawarra in search of survivors of the Sydney Cove crew. They find the remains of a body, supposedly one of two left behind at Ilawarra, and attempt to capture and shoot Dibo, an Aborigine accused of murdering them. This Dibo was the same Botany Bay native who had met Bass and Flinders at Lake Ilawarra the previous year, and who had then raised suspicions in Flinders' mind regarding his intentions towards them.

Governor Hunter, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks dated 15 August 1797 (Banks Papers, Mitchell Library), gives the following account of Bass's search party.

...I ordered my own Whale Boat to be immediately dispatched with a good Crew & to take this fisher Man with them, Blankets Clothing & such kind of Nourishing food as might be necessary for people in their weakly state, were put into the boat, but when they arriv'd at the place nothing could be discovered of those helpless People except a few trifling things they had with them. part of which being covered with Blood, gave us reason to suppose they had been destroyed by the Natives; the boat was 3 days in search but in vain

[Governor Hunter later wrote of Bass's trip:

...[He was] led by a Native to the place where lay the remains of the two Men, one had his skull much fractured - no doubt Murdered by the natives.

[David Collins, in his *Account of the English Colony of New South Wales* (op cit., p 38), mentions the following with regards to Bass's search for the survivors.

...He also found in the skeletons of the mate and carpenter of the Sydney Cove, an unequivocal proof of their having unfortunately perished, as was conjectured.

...To add to the probability of this [i.e. murder by the natives] having been their end, Mr Clarke mentioned the morose, unfriendly disposition of the carpenter, who often, when some friendly natives had presented him with a few fish, growled that they had not given him all, and insisted that because they were blackfellows, it would be right to take it by force."

December 1797: During this month George Bass travelled along the New South Wales south coast from Sydney towards Bass Strait. His 'Journal of a Whaleboat trip' (HMAS/Sydney, 1887, volume III, pp 312-330) contains only a few isolated comments regarding Aborigines seen along the coastline about Ilawarra and South Coast during the voyage.

1798

Bass and Flinders at Twofold Bay

October 1798: Matthew Flinders and George Bass visit Twofold Bay en route to Van Diemen's Land, aboard the sloop *Mermaid*. Bass's brief account of the visit is reproduced in *HRP* (Sydney, 1897).

The following extract from Flinders' account (*Voyage to Terra Australis*, London, 1814, pp. cxxxix-cxli) describes a meeting with local Aborigines at Twofold Bay:

[11 October]. . . In order to make some profit of the foul wind, Mr Bass landed early next morning to examine this country, whilst I went with Mr Simpson to commence a survey of Twofold Bay. In the way from Snug Cove, through the wood, to the long northern beach, where I proposed to measure a base line, our attention was suddenly called by the screams of three women, who took up their children and ran off in great consternation.

Soon afterwards a man made his appearance. He was of middle age, unarmed, except with a **whaddie**, or wood scimitar, and came up to us seemingly with careless confidence. We made much of him, and gave him some biscuit, and he in turn presented us with a piece of gassy fat, probably of whale. This I tasted, but watching an opportunity to spit it out when he should not be looking, I perceived him doing precisely the same thing with our biscuit, whose taste was probably no more agreeable to him, than the whale was to me.

Walking onwards with us to the long beach, our new acquaintance picked up from the grass a long wooden spear, pointed with bone, but this he hid a little further on, making signs that he should take it on his return. The commencement of our trigonometrical operations was seen by him with indifference, if not contempt; and he quitted us, apparently satisfied that, from people who could thus occupy themselves so busily, there was nothing to be apprehended.

I was preparing the artificial horizon for ascertaining the latitude, when a party of seven or eight natives broke out in exclamation upon the bank above us, holding up their open hands to shew they were unarmed. We were three in number, and, besides a pocket pistol, had two muskets. These they made no objection to our bringing, and we sat down in the midst of the party. It consisted entirely of young men, who were better made, and cleaner in their persons than the natives of Port Jackson usually are, and their countenances bespoke both good will and curiosity though mixed with some degree of apprehension. Their curiosity was mostly directed to our persons and dress, and constantly drew off their attention from our little presents, which seemed to give them a momentary pleasure.

The approach of the sun to the meridian calling me down to the beach, our visitors returned to the woods, seemingly well satisfied with what they had seen. We could perceive no arms of any kind amongst them; but I knew these people too well not to be assured that their spears were lying ready, and that it was prudent to keep a good look out upon the woods, to prevent surprise whilst taking observations.

1801

Lieutenant Grant at Jarvis Bay

10-14 March 1801 The *Lady Nelson*, under the command of Lieutenant James Grant, with Ensign Barrallier and the naturalist George Gayley aboard, visits Jarvis Bay to survey that port and investigate the surrounding area.

Lt. Grant's diary (*JHRMSW*, Sydney, 1897, volume IV, pp.478-481), which was sent to Governor King shortly after the vessel's return to Port Jackson, describes their encounters with the natives at Jarvis Bay.

[Tuesday, 10 March, 1801] ... At 5 a.m. St George's Head west 8 or 9 miles, being desirous of examining what shelter Jarvis's Bay afforded, I worked into it, hoisted the boats out, and sent the chief officer to look out for a proper place to anchor, at 9 a.m. the boat returned, and one of the natives in her. The officer informed me there was good anchorage in the southernmost cove between the stands which lay in the mouth of the harbour and the main. Worked to windward and came too at 1/2 pt 10 a.m. with the best bower in 4 fms water, fine sand, and moored with the kedge.

Great numbers of the natives now came round to us in their canoes, some we allowed to come on board. They seem a harmless, inoffensive people, but much more robust than those about Sydney. They all wish to get their beads cut off. They did not thoroughly understand Yarrabee, the native I have on board, Mr Barrallier and I went on shore with the boat, armed, in order to catch some fish and see how they would receive us, taking Yarrabee with us, who, when he got on shore, shewed evident marks of fear, although one of them, an elderly man, made him a present of a wasaddee. On my enquiring into the cause of his alarm, he told me they would kill him and eat him, I therefore sent him on board in the boat directly.

We hauled the seine, which the natives voluntarily assisted us in doing very cheerfully, and seemed surprised to see the fish we caught, which were but few though excellent of their kind, being large whiting. As the inhabitants seemed to have a great desire for some of the fish we distributed the whole among them, excepting three I reserved for ourselves, they seemed much pleased, and danced and shouted by turns round us. There was now a great number about us, but what appeared to me strange there was none of them had any arms with them of any kind. They seemed to know the use of the musquet, and appeared frightened at it when pointed. They asked for blankets and bread, and made signs for something to put round their heads, which last article I gave them, and which I made out of an old white shirt torn up in strips like bands, tying the same round their foreheads, with which they seemed much pleased. They expressed much surprise at the looking-glass, searching everywhere to find if there was not someone at the back of it, dancing before it and putting themselves in all the attitudes they could. They are entirely naked, and seemed to pay homage to the oldest, there being amongst them a very elderly, stout man, his hair perfectly grey, whose advice they seemed to follow. Winds moderate and clear weather.

[Wednesday, 11 March, 1801] ... As we approached towards the ship we found a place which had evident marks of being frequented by the natives for the purpose of festivity. It was on a rising ground clear from brush, and no kennel (or habitation of theirs) near it, there were numerous bones of kangaroos, seals, fish &c., scattered on the ground, and amongst others Mr Barrallier picked up part of a human skull, it consisted of a part of the os frontis, with the cavities of the eyes and part of the bones of the nose still attached to it, a little apart from the spot where he picked the above up he also found a piece of the upper jaw, with one of the molars or back teeth attached to it, also one of the vertebrae of the back with evident marks of fire on it, all the others were free from any such marks. On the spot we counted where there had been fifteen different fires, the grass much beaten down and trod on, several seemed thicker than others, from this circumstance I presume they visit the spot occasionally.

I brought the human bones on board with me, and finding two of the natives on board I called Yernabee, and shewing him the skull part desired him to ask if that was the part of white man, and if they had eat him. Yernabee interpreted that it was a white man that had come in a small boat or canoe, and that they had eat him, adding afterwards that he had come from some ship which he said he broke down-been lost to the southward. The natives did not seem alarmed or intimidated at our questions, but pointed to the southward and the Harbour's mouth, answering very freely and without reserve. One of the people also who understands pretty well the language of the natives about Sydney agreed in the account Yernabee had given, and more than once questioned them about it, especially in regard to the colour of the person. This, however, may be thrown a great light on when the bones are submitted to the faculty.

It now blew strong from N.W. with considerable swell even here. We got on board a boatload of excellent wood, which the natives assisted in carrying into the boat, from whence it was sent very cheerfully and at their own accords. It still blowing very fresh from N.E., let go to small bower under foot. Ends as date weather.

Thursday, 12 March, 1801 - At 5 a.m. warped the ship further out into a clear birth for getting under weigh. As there was little prospect of getting out I went on shore with Mr Barrister and the usual escort to survey the cove we were in, which we completed. Saw a large native dog, of which I believe there are many, as several had been seen at different times. When about to return on board several natives came to us and showed great inclination to go off with us, also asking for bread and signifying that they were hungry. I ordered the surveying instruments and arms into the boat while I was busy observing some peculiarities about the natives. I went on board; it again blew strong from N.E. and E.N.E., which made it out of our power to start until the wind abated.

Friday, 13 March, 1801 - P.M., having dined I wished much to survey the western side of the island which lays in the mouth of the harbour, and shelter the cove from easterly winds, whither for the sake of distinction I called Ann's Island (Bowen Island). I found missing the surveying chain, and on strict investigation found it had been left on shore through the neglect of the two soldiers whose hand it was always in during the first part of the day, they being employed in carrying it to measure the distances. I sent a boat with one of them in her to look for it, but without success. On their return they were met by one of the natives in his canoe, holding up the chain in his hand, which he gave them directly and came on board with the boat. Finding the chain complete, except the brass markers, which they had pulled off and kept, but which could be easily replaced, I rewarded the native with one of my blankets, which I believe was the greatest reward I could have bestowed on him, as he seemed infinitely well pleased. Mr Murray, the first mate, gave him an old hat and shewed him the looking-glass, before which he danced at his new accoutrements with great glee, searching for somebody behind it and making many odd gestures.

We went on shore and took the native with us in the boat, towing his canoe after us. A number had assembled on the island to receive us, and seemed much pleased to find the other had got a blanket, which they seemed perfectly well to know the use of. The elderly man before mentioned came up to me and made signs that he wanted his beard cut off, which I did with a pair of scissors. For the first time we saw their women, at a distance, with their children, which the old man made come nearer and sit down. I observed one of them had fastened to the neck of her child one of the brass markers they had taken from the chain, of which, however, I judged too prudent to take no notice. They seemed to be very timorous of our approach, but on the old man's speaking to them they all composedly sat down again. When I went up to them they examined my buttons and the head of my dirk, and seemed much surprised at my watch-chain, which I began to think they had a sort of inclination for, but that I was soon relieved from on pulling out the watch. They did not seem to like it, and talked very gravely among themselves, they were all anxious to listen to the noise of the watch, yet would they pull their ear from it and look at the watch with symptoms of fear about them, and return to it again. I attempted to point out the use of it, and pointed at the sun: but from this circumstance I am led to think they believed it to be something that we worshipped. The old man particularly pointed to the sun and appeared anxious to know more of it. What leads me to imagine these were their ideas, everything else they saw of ours, after examining it a little, they broke out into a shout or exclamation expressive of wonder, and returned to examine it more minutely, but in the business of the watch they behaved very differently, they made not

exclamations, and talked much in a lower tone of voice than usual among themselves, at the same time expressing a sort of fear which they did not show towards anything else.

The women, like the men, are more robust than those about Sydney. One of the women was particularly stout. All we saw had children; and many, both men and women, had evident marks of the smallpox, and knew when I pointed to one of my people whose face was much marked what I meant, expressing it was the same disorder had marked them. The women are very ordinary in features; the men in general are otherwise, and very stout made.

Having finished the survey of Ann's Island on the western side, and found there was plenty of fresh water on it, we returned on board and got all clear for getting under weigh at daylight. At 5, weighed, light airs and variable; at 8 got the boat ahead to tow, and at 10 got clear out, at 11 a moderate breeze from N.E.; set steering sails. It may be worthy of remark that Jarvis's Bay or Sound is much larger and more commodious than strangers are aware of, and that shelter may be had in it from all winds. The Sound itself is capable of containing two hundred sail of shipping and upwards, with plenty of wood and water at hand. During our excursions here we saw no snakes, and observed that many of the men, instead of having one tooth pulled out, as about Sydney, had two, and those in front. They are tattooed and paint their noses and faces, as at Sydney.

A second version of the above account of the Lady Nelson's visit to Jarvis Bay was contained in U. Grant's 1803 publication *The Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery performed in His Majesty's Frigate The Lady Nelson* ... in the years 1800, 1801, and 1802 to New South Wales (G. Rowarth, London, 1803, pp.104-120).

There are substantial differences between the two accounts, with this later (1803) version containing more detailed descriptions of encounters with the local natives, as will be seen from the following extracts.

[Monday, 10 March, 1801] ... At 4 p.m. of the 10th, the north head of Jarvis's Bay bore W.S.W. eight or nine miles distant.... The weather getting clear, we worked into Jarvis's Bay, or (from the greatness of its extent, more properly to be called, Sound. At seven p.m. I sent my first-mate in the boat to look out for a proper place to anchor in, which would afford us good shelter. At nine the mate returned with one of the natives, and informed me there was good anchorage in the southernmost Cove, between an island and the main, the former sheltering a very extensive harbour lying between the two heads of it...

The native which came on board in the boat appeared to be a middle-aged man, more stout and muscular than those I had seen about Sydney. He entered the vessel without any symptoms of fear, and altogether with that confidence, which showed he had had frequent communications with our countrymen before. He often repeated the words, *blanket, blanket, and woman, woman*, probably from the latter, which some of these visitors had procured in lieu of the seamen's bedding. He testified much surprise at several articles on board, particularly the compasses in the barack. On my conducting him down into the cabin, and placing him before a looking-glass, he expressed more wonder than I am able to describe by innumerable gestures, attitudes and grimaces. He narrowly examined it to see if any one was behind it, and did not seem satisfied of the contrary, till I undrewed it from the place it was fastened to. The sound of a small bugle-horn had a very great effect on him, and he endeavored, by applying it to his own mouth, to make it sound but without effect, which surprised him very much.

I forgot to mention that I had on board two natives of Sydney, called Tunanabe, and Worogan his wife. These people were also objects of his notice. It is a remarkable circumstance, and as yet has not been accounted for, that the natives of New Holland, be they on ever such good terms together, when they meet after a separation, take little or no notice of each other, perhaps for half an hour or more, making a sign for sitting down with their hands only, if a stranger enters the

house. This stranger, whom I had placed near the natives of Sydney, sat by them without saying a word for above half an hour, soon after the expiration of which time, great familiarity took place between them.

It appeared evident to me that during the absence the stranger's attention was directed to the woman, though like the rest of her countrywomen she was, according to our notions, far from being possessed of any beauty, however, not only this man, but many other natives, who visited us in this place, thought her very handsome, nor was I surprised at this when I saw some of the females here.

Not understanding the language I could not learn the subjects of their conversation, but it appeared as if they did not readily understand each other. From this, and what I discovered in my intercourse with other parties of natives, I am inclined to think the language of New Holland has its different dialects.

The men showed each other the wounds they had received in war or reprisals; Eurastable had several which were but lately healed up. The stranger, as already mentioned, appeared unarmoured as the woman, made overtures to her husband for her, which were rejected. The latter told me he was apprehensive that the people of this part of the island would carry her off, but I assured him they should not be suffered to do so.

Before we got to an anchor several canoes came round us. In one of which was an old man, whose hair had become perfectly white with age, which joined to a long beard of the same colour made him a very interesting figure. The natives appeared to pay this old man great respect and obedience, of which I saw more afterwards. When we had brought the vessel to an anchor and had furled our sails, I admitted some of the natives on board, but the old man could not be prevailed on to be of the party. They all testified much surprise at what they saw.

All the natives of this part of New Holland are more muscular and robust than those I had seen at Sydney. In the management of their canoes, and some things belonging to them, they differed much from whatever I had seen elsewhere, particularly in paddling, sometimes making use of an oval piece of bark, and at others of their hands, making the canoe go very swiftly by oar means. When paddling with the hand they were apt, from it being immersed in the water, to throw more or less water in the canoe, which with a small calabash they dexterously threw out by a backward motion of the other hand without turning their heads. At the heads of their canoes I observed two or three wooden pins, which I supposed were designed to steady their left-grips, or to receive the heads of their spears when they carry them from one place to another, or to serve in the same manner as a crutch for a harpoon or lance in one of our whale-boats.

From observing the smoothness of our skins, they all expressed a desire to have theirs the same, which some of my people instantly sat about, clipping them close with scissors. Not seeing any of these people painted, as is the custom of the Sydney natives, I was desirous of knowing if they were addicted to it, I accordingly got some red paint, which as soon as one of them saw, he immediately made signs for me to rub his nose with it. About our Settlements they are often seen with their noses painted with a red gum, which is plenty thereabouts; and they likewise form a circle nearly round their eyes with a whitish clay. The latter it is said is customary to be used by way of mourning for the death of a friend. They likewise paint themselves when they go out to fight. The women also paint their noses red, and their breasts with a streak of red and white alternately.

Having occasion to leave the deck for a while, on my return I observed one of my young men, (who had continued to get hold of some of the vessel's paint-pots), very deliberately painting the man whose nose I had rubbed with red paint, with different colour from head to foot, while he grinned his approbation at the molten appearance he made. His comrades seemed to enjoy it as much as he did, and they quitted the vessel in great glee. The circumstances may by some be thought unworthy of notice, but I relate it merely to show their disposition and customs, of which I shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

The place we came to anchor abreast of, being a fine sandy beach, favourable for hauling the seine, Mr. Barendse accompanied me on shore armed. We took Eurastable, the Sydney native, with

us. On our landing the natives gathered round us, appearing to have no fear of us. They began a conversation with Remondie, using many words which seemed to resemble the Sydney dialect, such as *Ball*, signifying *Ho*, and *Maua*, to take away, or carry off. An elderly man made Remondie a present of a waddie, or club, which I supposed was done to show a particular regard. To my great surprise he soon afterwards came up to me with evident marks of fear depicted in his countenance. On being asked the cause of his alarm, he solicited permission to go on board the vessel, as these natives would kill and poison, that it, said him. I confess I rather doubted the assertion, for I had not the slightest idea of the New Hollanders being cannibals; nor can I even now take it upon me to say they are, though some circumstances, which I shall presently mention, make it appear possible. To relieve the poor fellow from his apprehensions, I immediately sent him on board. This conduct surprised me not a little, for he had been anxious to come on shore with me; but I observed from this time, as long as he remained here, he never again offered to accompany me, though like all the countrymen he was fond of rambling.

We hauled the seine, in doing which the natives, who were very numerous, assisted us unasked. We caught a few large whittings, differing in no particular from those we have in our seas, excepting their superior size. I distributed them amongst the natives, reserving only three for our own dinner. Many more having joined us who seemed anxious to get some fish also, I hauled the seine again, and having caught more whittings and small snappers, I gave up the whole without division, not wishing to excite any jealousy, and this found put an end to all clamour.

There number was so considerable, and had by this time increased, that I began to think that many were concealed amongst the bushes, but as they seemed pleased, and began dancing and shouting, I had no fear of their proceeding to hostilities. They were all perfectly naked, except one young fellow, who had a bunch of grass fastened round his waist, which came up behind like the tail of a kangaroo. He was active, and as far as I could judge from his gestures had a degree of humour; he would throw himself into a thousand antic shapes, and afforded no small entertainment. Whether he was selected for this purpose, or did it spontaneously, I could not determine.

Having sent the boat on board with the seine, I was anxious to get some kangaroos, which from the appearance of the shore, being of a moderate height, covered with brush and large trees, I made no doubt were to be found in plenty. I made signs to the natives for that purpose, and one of them stepped forward and offered his services. We walked towards the end of the beach we were then on, and entered the woods. . .

[Grant and his party were unsuccessful in locating any kangaroos, however they eventually obtained specimens of the Black Cockatoo and King Parrot, amongst other birds. During the afternoon the party set off on another journey into the bush:

...We found the track of the natives, and fell in with several of their gunnies, or habitations. They are constructed with a few boughs stuck up to screen them from the wind, several bones of beasts, birds and fish were lying about them. . .

[The following day - Tuesday, 11 March - during an excursion in the bush about Jervis Bay, Grant and his party came upon an Aboriginal ceremonial ground, described as follows:

— On our return to the boat we fell in with a spot of ground very pleasantly situated, which appeared to have been selected by the natives for the purposes of festivity. It was a small eminence free from brush, having no habitation near it. We counted the marks of fifteen different fires, they had been employed in cooking fish and other eatables, the bones of which were strewn about. Among them we picked up part of a human skull, being the *Occipitals*, with sockets of the eyes, and part of the bone of the nose still attached to it. A little distant from where we found this, we discovered a part of the upper jaw with one of the molars or back teeth in it, also one of the vertebrae of the back, having marks of fire, which the others had not. The grass was much trodden down, and many of the bones of the animals appeared fresh. From these circumstances I concluded that the natives occasionally meet at this place for festivity.

I brought off the human bones, and on getting on board showed them to Euranobie. Finding two of the natives from the shore in the vessel, I desired him to ask them, whether those bones had belonged to a white man or not, and if they had killed and eaten him. I was anxious to have this cleared up, as the ship Sydney Cove, from India to Port Jackson, had been wrecked about twelve months before to the southward, and it was reported that some of the crew were killed by the natives near this place. Euranobie accordingly made the enquiries; and [from] what I could learn, both by means of a soldier who understood the Sydney dialect, and through Euranobie, who comprehended and spoke English tolerably well, I found the bones were those of a white man that had come in a canoe from the southward, where the ship lumbered down, the expression he made use of for being wrecked. Although the two natives were repeatedly questioned on this subject, they never deviated in the least from their first account.

I also interrogated Worogan, the wife of Euranobie, who spoke English, on this point; and if I was inclined to credit it, I should certainly do it more on account of what she told me than what I heard from the two natives of this place. From her I learned that the Bush Natives, (who appear to be a different tribe of people from those that live by the sea-side), sometimes eat human flesh. At my request, she showed me in what manner they dispatched their victims, which is done by striking them in the pole of the neck with the waddie, or club, after which with the women, or instrument they throw the spear with, being armed with a shell at one end, they make an incision from the throat down the breast to the lower part of the belly, and another across the chest. This she showed me by putting her hand in the pole of my neck, and making me stretch myself on the deck, when she went through the whole process with the very instrument before described. Seeing her so well acquainted with the subject, I was in doubt whether she had not been present on such an occasion. But as far as I could judge from her appearance, she must have been too young to have any such knowledge previous to our first settling in the country, so from what I could learn, she had always lived in the neighbourhood of Sydney, where such customs are not practised, and I am convinced that she only spoke from information. However, from these circumstances, my crew implicitly believed they were all cannibals, and the first male entered the following words in the log-book - and without doubt they are cannibals.

The natives on board did not show any symptoms of fear at our interrogations at different times, nor were they at all anxious to conceal anything from us, but answered freely and without hesitation.

It perhaps may not be improper to mention in this place, that as Lieutenant-Colonel Collins's Account of the Settlement of New South Wales, he says, that the natives are in the habits of occasionally burning their dead, but whether this extends farther than to their friends or relatives we are yet to learn. After repeated enquiries, I never could find out from any of the natives, Euranobie and others of little note excepted, that they were cannibals; though their relative situation to New Zealand might seem to warrant such conjecture, the question must therefore remain undetermined till we become better acquainted with their manners and customs.

[The human bones Grant found at Jones Bay were investigated in England by the anatomist W.L. Thomas, however he was unable to determine if they were Australian or European]

... On the 12th, we got into a clear berth for getting under way, but in the morning the wind being very variable and light we were prevented sailing. I went on shore with Mr. Bennell and our usual escort, in order to make a survey of the Cove we were lying in. When preparing to return to the vessel we were joined by several natives, who appeared anxious to go on board with us. Two of these were stringers, who signified they had come a long way to see us, and that they were very hungry. They were both young stout men, with longer hair than the natives generally have, most of those I saw, either here or elsewhere, having short curled hair, but not at all resembling the wool of the African negroes.

In the afternoon the wind blew strong from the N.E. and E.N.E. but it was needless to attempt sailing until the wind abated, I therefore proposed after our dining to go and survey the western side of the island which lies in the mouth of the harbour, and shelters the Cove from easterly winds. This island I named Ann's Island, in compliment to Mrs. King, the wife of the Governor, as it had not received any name from its former visitors.

In putting the surveying instruments into the boat, the chain was found missing; on making the necessary enquiries about it, we were of the opinion that it had been left on shore by the soldiers who carried it in measuring the distances. A boat with one of them was sent on shore, but after a fruitless search they were returning, when a canoe put off from the island, on which a number of the natives then were, with a man in it who held up the chain in his hand. The boat's crew brought him on board to me.

On looking at the chain it was made up in the usual way we did, and tied with a piece of string, but in undoing it I found that the natives had untwisted every bend of the wire, which contained the brass-markers, and after taking them off, bent the wires back into their original form, with this difference, that they placed the end which is clamped in the hand in the middle. This was the first instance I had experienced of their pilfering any thing, and as I did not choose to proceed to extremes, I gave the native a blanket and some biscuit, and the mate gave him an old hat, with which he appeared to be highly pleased. The recovery of the chain was gratifying to me, as I knew there would be much clamour if it was lost.

We immediately got into the boat to prosecute the intention of surveying the island, and I took the native with us, towing his canoe astern. On landing, we were joined by a great number of the natives, who seemed glad that the man had been rewarded for carrying back the chain. The blanket attracted their notice much, the use of which they appeared to know. The old man whom I formerly mentioned was among them; on seeing me he made signs for me to sit down at a distance from the rest, and by pointing to his white beard, signified a wish to have it cut off, which I immediately did with a pair of scissors, and he expressed much satisfaction at being rid of it.

Observing some of their women at a distance, I made signs to the old man that I wished them to come near. He accordingly called to them, upon which they came and sat down near us. These women were much stouter than I had seen about Sydney. I observed one of the brass marks of the surveying chain fastened round the neck of one of their children hanging down behind. I did not take any notice of it as I judged it of more consequence to obtain their confidence and good will, not only for the benefit of my expedition, but for that of the Settlement in general.

All the women we saw had children. A little acquaintance made them lay aside the timidity which they discovered at first. They examined the buttons of my coat, and the head of my dirk, with great signs of surprise, but what appeared to please them most was my watch and its ticking noise. By the assistance of some of our party, who could speak the Sydney language, I explained its use to them; but though both the men as well as the women expressed their satisfaction at other things they saw by loud exclamations and laughing, yet with respect to the watch they talked in a low voice amongst themselves. From what I could judge of their behaviour, they seemed to think it was an object of our adoration and worship.

Among the young people I observed a boy, about twelve years of age, who was a little deformed. He had a sharp pointed stick in his hand, the only weapon of defence I had seen amongst them here, but I found they had weapons not far distant, as will soon appear. Wishing to get some fresh water, I made signs to the Old Chief for that purpose; he readily understood me, and getting up, made me follow him to the side of a hill where some water had settled, but it not appearing to be from a spring, and too trifling for a vessel, I expressed my desire to be taken to a much or constant stream. A native stooped forward, as I supposed, to show me, but on my following him at a short distance, he turned back and left us. Thinking from the direction we were in, that water was not far distant, I took one of my men with me, to whom I gave my towing-piece to carry. While going on we saw another native a little way before us, to whom I signified what I wanted. As I approached near to him, by a sudden jerk of his foot he raised and caught up in his hand a spear, which was much longer than any I had seen in New Holland. From the weapon rising within six inches of my face, and the sudden impulse of the moment, I seized the piece from the hands of my attendant. The native put the spear on his shoulder, walked leisurely towards a cliff, over which he looked to the sea, and shortly afterwards joined his companions. I do not suppose that any thing hostile was meant, but as by the direction I was taking, I might have found the spear and kept it, he thought it best to get it himself. This incident may by many be deemed of little use to be inserted

hairs, but as it shews they have weapons concealed, it ought to put us upon our guard to prevent a surprise.

Many of the men and women I saw here were, in all appearance, marked with the small-pox, and on my pointing to some of the ones that had marks of that order, the natives made signs that they proceeded from the same disease. From many inquiries I made, I learned that they had a disorder in this country, which left marks behind it, but whether it is similar to the small-pox of Europe, I cannot determine, as I never saw any one of them at the time they were afflicted with it. I have, however, every reason to believe it to be the same disorder, and I am the more confirmed in it, by the evidence of Mr. Sharp, late Surgeon to the extra East India ship *Comesallo*, who while in New South Wales, collected a great deal of useful information respecting the natives. Since his return to England, he has most obligingly favoured me with many of his observations, among others, those he made on the small-pox, which had attracted his notice. Whether it is an original disease of the island, or introduced by Captain Cook, or some former navigators, remains yet to be ascertained.

Having completed our survey, and found plenty of good water on this island, we returned on board.

[The *Lady Nelson* weighed anchor at 5 a.m. on 13 March, and left Jarvis Bay for the southerly passage along the coast towards Bass Strait]

1802

Ensign Barrallier at Cowpastures

8 November - 18 December, 1802. 'Journal of a Tour to the Cowpastures and Mangrove' by Ensign P. Barrallier (HMASWSydney, 1897, volume V, Appendix A, pp 749-825).

Ensign Barrallier was accompanied in the journey by a number of local Aborigines, including the well-known Gagy. The party travelled south west from Parramatta to the Wollondilly River, via Mangrove, the Cowpastures, and Kaitia.

Barrallier's journal is full of references to the Aborigines of this area which live to the west of Ilwarrna, and their customs.

See also M. Blackman (1990) for a discussion of this expedition.

1804

Jarvis Bay Natives at Sydney

18 March 1804. (*Sydney Gazette*) Report on the visit to Woolloomooloo, Sydney, of Aborigines from south of Jarvis Bay.

On Thursday a number of Natives assembled in the neighbourhood of Woolloomooloo for the purpose of deciding amicitias, four of whom were from the Southward of Jarvis's Bay, & had never before done us the honour of a visit: they were of a hideous Aspect, wore frightful beards, &

Indians were estranged to every race but their own & if the report of their civilized countrymen be true, they still adhere to their primitive cannibal habits.

Native Killed at Jervis Bay

22 July 1864. The sloop Contest arrives in Sydney from Jervis Bay on this date, with a report that the crew and a detachment of soldiers had been involved in a skirmish with the local Aborigines. One native was killed, as the following account from the Sydney Gazette reveals:

On Monday last arrived the Sloop Contest, from the Southward, with the Detachment on board all well.

In Two-fold Bay Mr. Druffin went on shore, accompanied by the Master of the vessel, attended by Mongout, a native of Sydney. Shortly after landing they were surrounded by a numerous body of the natives of that quarter, who were particularly odd to the small party, and especially to the Mongout.

In the evening he was left on shore at his own request, two soldiers remaining also among the natives, who had formed an encampment near the beach; but shortly after, owing to some sudden misunderstanding, three spears were darted at Mongout, but were dexterously avoided. The soldiers in order to intimidate them, fired over their heads, and induced them to retreat precipitately. They re-appeared next morning, and renewed their courtesy, but with much caution, and as if intent upon some mischievous design. The first opportunity that offered they found means to carry off a knapsack with its whole contents, and immediately all disappeared. They were pursued, however, with every expedition, and followed by their tracks thro' the Brush to the distance of 12 to 14 miles before they were overtaken, when being discovered dressed in the clothing taken from the knapsack, and dancing, they were instantly closed with, but taking to their spears and other offensive weapons rendered it necessary to fire upon them - one was killed, the others followed the party back to their boats annoying them with spears at every opportunity, which they continued to do until the whole were embarked.

1865

Lt. Kent & G.W. Evans at Jervis Bay & Shoalhaven

16 March 1865. [Sydney Gazette] Report on an expedition to Jervis Bay and the Shoalhaven River by Lieutenant Kent and surveyor G.W. Evans, aboard the vessel Buffalo:

On Sunday last, Lieut. Kent of His Majesty's ship 'Buffalo' came overland from Botany Bay where he left the Anna Cullen, having returned from examining the coast about Shoal's Haven, upon which service he was five weeks employed. The weather was so excessively unfavourable as frequently to render the situation of Lieutenant Kent and his people perilous, which obliged them to put into Jervis Bay from whence Lieutenant Kent went to examine the opening and country about Shoal's Haven.

After walking 18 miles they were so fortunate as to find a small boat lost in a gale of wind, hauled up by the Natives and covered with bark exactly at the place where they wanted to make use of it, they traced the river 18 miles up, when it became impassable. The banks of this river bear a great resemblance to those of the Humberbury, but the portions of ground are much less than at the

latter place. Unfortunately the entrance to the river is closed by a bar on which there is a constant surf.

Wreck of the Nancy near Jervis Bay

5 May 1805. (Sydney Gazette) Report on the tale of the crew of the cutter Nancy, which was wrecked to the south of Jervis Bay on 18 April. Eleven survivors reached that bay on the 20th, and, guided by an Aborigine, later travelled overland to Sydney, whence they arrived on 1 May.

Loss of the Nancy

In addition to the losses recently sustained to the Colony in its small craft, we have to regret that of the above fine cutter on the 18th ultimo, a few miles to the southward of Jervis's Bay

On the 17th appearances strongly indicating an approaching gale, she hauled off shoes, and in the evening a dreadful hurricane set in, accompanied with very vivid lightning, and awful peals of thunder that rolled without intermission, together with an incessant storm of rain.

The rage of the elements increasing, split the mizenmast, which was close-reefed, the vessel still driving at the rate of 4 or 5 knots, and at the same time making much lee way. At midnight the gale became furiously violent, not a sail was left, and the sea making a fair breach over her, prevented the possibility of keeping a light in the binnacle.

The gale blowing dead on the shore, at about two in the morning the man at the helm gave notice of land to the foremast, which was discernible by the lightning; and such was its appearance, being a chain of perpendicular cliffs against which the sea dashed with unconquerable violence, as to fill with horror and consternation the minds of those already hopeless of escaping a destiny presented in a variety of dismal shapes, all above-board was by this time washed away, and to avoid grounding in a situation where every person on board must have eventually perished, all that remained to determined perseverance was effected, and by keeping her as much to the wind as her helpless condition would permit, she happily changed her ground, and striking on a small sand-beach between two bluff heads, unning her side at the first blow. To this interposition of providence alone is to attributed the rescue of the people from a melancholy fate, one of whom, Richard Wall, a native of Exeter, was unfortunately lost.

The same morning the hull parted, and shortly after went to pieces, the continued violence and rapidity of the surf preventing any part of the cargo from being saved, and such few articles as were washed ashore were carried off by the natives, who, though they offered no personal violence, had become too numerous to resist.

One of these people, whose conduct Mr. Demara, the master of the vessel, notices as being in all respects opposite to that of his brethren, cheerfully undertook to conduct his distressed party round to Jervis's Bay, for which place they set out the morning of the 20th, and reached it the same evening; and next morning perceiving that the natives, possibly with no other design than the gratification of curiosity, were clustering round them from all directions, it was considered most advantageous to commit themselves to the Providence that had thus far bountifully preserved them, and make the best of their way for Sydney by pedestrian travel.

Destitute of provisions, without a musket, except one that was useless and only borne to intimidate the natives, the proposal was readily concurred in, and after a tedious journey of eleven days, lengthened much by the lamentable state of the country, they attained the much desired object on Wednesday night, lost, crippled by fatigue, and reduced to the last extremity by actual want.

Near the Five Islands Mr. Demana mentions his having experienced a portion of civility from the natives which would do credit to a more polished race of men, as it even extended to the liberal portion of their scanty fare among his little party when they were much exhausted.

On the other hand, a Sydney native who had accompanied the trip, and received every favour and indulgence, forsook his fellow travellers the day after the wreck, and went over to his kinred with every trifling necessary that might have softened in some measure the rigours of a painful leave.

Among the items stolen by this perfidious merchant was a small axe, the loss of which added much to their calamity, as the travellers had not then any edged implement whatever, and were in consequence deprived of the means of procuring the cabbage tree, upon which they had placed much reliance.

The cargo of the Nancy consisted of 3167 skins; she was the largest vessel ever built at Hawkesbury, from whence she was about two years launched by Mr. Thompson, and sold to Messrs. Kable and Company, in whose service she remained to the moment of her dissolution.

Spearing of Europeans at Jervis Bay

27 October 1805. [Sydney Gazette] Report on the spearing of Mr Murrell at Jervis Bay, and the killing of 2 natives there:

On Thursday three persons who left the Cove with three others in a whale boat about three weeks ago for Kings Island, under the direction of Mr Joseph Murrell, came in over-land from Botany Bay with the unpleasant information of the crew being assaulted by the natives at Jervis Bay, and Mr Murrell dangerously wounded in the back by a spear.

The account given by these people is as follows. - That every where along the coast the natives were a menacing appearance, and manifested a wish to attack them; that upon making Two-fold Bay they perceived a small group round a fire, who greeted them in a very blandly tone, trusting in which they landed, and proceeded with buckets towards a watering place, but before they reached which, a light of spears was thrown without success, but being speedily succeeded by a second, one of the weapons, most dangerously barbed, lodged in Mr Murrell's side, which was intercepted, and as the whole of the barb appeared, it was broken off and readily extracted.

They made to the boat, leaving their inhuman assailants to express their joy of the barbarous event by re-echoed peals of mirth, were soon out of their reach.

The travellers next let down on a small neighbouring island. The morning following, four natives visited them, and having begged a jacket or two, left four boys as hostages of their return with tails; but regardless of its consequences, these wretches soon returned accompanied by a vast number of others armed in their canoes, and determination was fortified to resist their landing. - The blacks in consequence commenced a new assault with their spears, which were answered with muskets, and at length retreated with the loss of two killed, besides several being wounded. They returned the same day from the back of the island unperceived, and in increased numbers taking the little party by surprise, they were obliged to take precipitately to their boat as the only means of preservation, but leaving their provision and necessaries, upon which they left their adversaries visibly repining. Unable to proceed for their destination they reversed their course, but could only reach Botany Bay, on account of contrary wind, and have there received from the owner every comfort and assistance.

Conflict at Jarvis Bay

8 December 1805 (Sydney Gazette) Report on Mr Rushworth, master of the *Fly*, who was speared at Jarvis Bay, and of Thomas Evans who was killed

Information has lately been received of an attack made by a party of the natives at Port Jarvis upon Mr Rushworth, master of the *Fly* colonial vessel, who received several spear wounds, from which he was recovering. Thomas Evans, one of the people who accompanied him, was unfortunately killed on the spot, and so determined did the assailants appear in the prosecution of their barbarous inclinations, that every possible exertion was requisite to the preservation of the vessel, the capture of which was supposed their only inducement to the outrage. We have heretofore repeatedly had occasion to caution our coasting craft against the treachery and wanton inhumanity of the natives of that particular part, where the Contest was attacked with surprising hardness, and one of her people on shore for water dangerously speared at the very moment that their friendly aspect and demeanor had thrown the boat's crew off their guard, and where, but a few weeks since, Mr. Murrell was also attacked and wounded, and opposed by multitudes with the utmost difficulty did every one of his people escape massacre, with the loss of their whole stock of provisions. After so many instances of ferocity, it is wonderful that people who have given themselves from testimony, as most of our boatmen often times have, of their natural aversion to strangers, should so inconsiderately expose themselves to hazard by an unguarded intercourse of which the savages are ever ready to take advantage, either from a hope of plunder, however inconsiderable the promised spoil, or from a natural propensity to acts of cruelty to mankind in their unaccountable perceptions of one another.

Prodigious numbers of natives have flocked into Sydney and its environs, for the purpose of instructing punishment on a tribe from the southward, by one of whom it was the fate of young Baker to be wounded. Some of our Sydney and Parramatta inmates already brandish their malicious weapons in temper, and testify their entire approbation of the impeachment by tightly barbing and preparing their spears for invariable execution.

1806

Wreck of the George at Twofold Bay

January 1806 (Sydney Gazette, 16 February 1806, C Bateson, *Australian Shipwrecks*, pp 41-42) The ship *George* is wrecked at Twofold Bay late in January. When the vessel is beached a large party of Aborigines set the nearby grass on fire and throw spears, however they are dispersed when Captain Birbeck and his men open fire, killing several of them.

A section of the crew later sail to Sydney, whilst the remainder walk overland from Jarvis Bay. Further accounts of the fate of the crew of the *George* are reproduced below

Sealers Kill Natives at Twofold Bay

15 March 1806: Governor King reports on an encounter between stranded sealers - members of the crew of the *George* - and natives at Twofold Bay, in which a number of Aborigines are killed (HNSW Sydney, 1802, volume 3, p 42):

...Returning to my recent communication respecting the behaviour of the natives, I have the pleasure to inform your Lordship that about these settlements we continue on the most amiable

looking upon their last misconduct, nor is there a doubt that the banishment of two of the principals to Norfolk Island, as stated in a former letter, has had a great effect, and occasions the present good understanding that prevails between them and the white men. But I am sorry to observe that a small private Colonial vessel laden with sealskins was stranded at Twofold Bay, near the south part of the coast. The natives in great numbers surrounded the few men belonging to the vessel, commencing their attack by setting the grass on the surrounding ground on fire, and throwing spears, which, according to report, rendered it necessary to fire on them, when some of the natives were killed.

However much the white men may be justified on the principle of self-defence, yet I have cause to think the natives have suffered some wrong from the worthless characters who are passing and repassing the different places on the coast, nor would they escape the punishment such conduct deserves if it could be proved.

I have to honor, Sir,
to be Your humble & obedient Servant
Philip Dixley King

Natives Massacred at Twofold Bay

6 April 1806 [Sydney-Gazette] Report on 9 Aborigines shot and killed, and their bodies hung from trees, by a gang of seamen at Twofold Bay, members of the crew of the *George*.

The hull of the *George* private colonial schooner, some time since wrecked at Two-fold Bay, has been consumed, as no hopes of getting her off remained, and her iron-work brought up in the Venus.

Disagreeable accounts were last week received by the Venus private colonial vessel of the inimical disposition of the natives at Two-fold Bay. The sealers employed there were for many weeks past obliged to act with the greatest caution, two men with muskets being obliged to accompany the water bearers to and fro for fear of assassination, and carbines being set at night, who were frequently compelled to alarm their companions, from the appearance of the natives near their huts.

About five weeks ago a whole body shewed themselves, with a determined resolution to attack the gang empage. They advanced with shouts and menaces until within reach of a spear, several of which were thrown, and then the gang, eleven in number, in self defence commenced a fire, by which nine of their assailants were slain instantly, whereupon all the rest made off.

To intimidate them it was thought advisable to suspend those that fell, on the limbs of trees, but before daylight the next morning they were taken down, and carried off.

Skirmish at Jervis Bay

16 May 1806 [Sydney-Gazette] Report on the fate of some of the survivors of the *George*, wrecked at Twofold Bay in January, who travelled overland from Jervis Bay and were involved in a skirmish with the natives there.

On Tuesday came in after a fatiguing travel from the northward of Jervis's Bay, five men who were left at Two-fold Bay with the wreck of the *George* private colonial vessel.

About the middle of April they had reason to suspect treachery from the natives, those upon that part of the coast having given frequent testimony of their animosity to strangers. About the 20th

they missed one of their party, known here chiefly by the name of Yankee Campbell, whom they conclude to have taken a victim to native barbarity. The same day a number of canoes landed from various directions, the natives that were in them making their rendezvous on an eminence commanding that part of the beach which the white men occupied.

In the course of the day their numbers much increased, and they actually commenced an attack by several flights of spears, thrown from thickets, and were answered by muskets, but with what effect was unknown, as those by whom the spears were thrown were not visible. The last fire produced a general engagement, in which one white man was wounded, but not dangerously, and a number of the aggressors retreated wounded into the woods. They maintained the fight against the fire of musketry until 27 rounds of ammunition were expended, but in the end rushed like a torrent upon the intended victims of their animosity, who fled precipitately to their boat of only 7 feet keel, which they reached with extreme difficulty. Withers beyond the reach of their missile weapons, they saw every thing destroyed by their assailants, and the stock they were forced to leave behind massacred, yet thankful for their deliverance determined to coast it up in their little boat, but from the look of the weather were forced to relinquish this project, and on Monday the 5th launched their boat at Jervis's Bay, subsisting entirely upon the shell fish along the coast—a precarious diet, but sparingly afforded.

From two Sydney natives—one of whom a young man by the name of Potter, they received such human assistance when labouring with fatigue, as enabled them to complete their tedious and distressing travel in eight days from their departure from the boat.

1858

George Coley's Letter

14 April 1858: Letter from George Coley to Sir Joseph Banks, commenting on the habit of the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines of visiting the mountain and highland tribes (Banks Papers, Mitchell Library)

Sea coast natives were said to visit the country near the hill (the Mt of Sorrow).

Three Sailors Murdered at Botemans Bay

Sunday, 15 May 1838: (Sydney Gazette) Report that 3 of the crew of the Fly were murdered by Aborigines at Botemans Bay.

On Tuesday the Resource government vessel came in with coals and cedar from Hunter's River. She brought accounts of the arrival there of the Fly colonial vessel, on Monday 2d instant, with the loss of three of her crew out of five, who were murdered by the coast natives at Botemans bay a few days before.

The Fly sailed from hence for Kangaroo Island some weeks since, but being overtaken by bad weather and contrary winds, was obliged to take shelter at Botemans bay, and to send on shore for water. The three unfortunate persons whose late it was to fall under the barbarity of the natives, were sent on shore with a cask, having previously arranged a mode of giving an alarm from the vessel, in case of obvious danger, by the discharge of a musket. Shortly after they landed, a body of natives assembled about the boat, and a musket was accordingly discharged from the vessel—the unfortunate men returned precipitately to their boat, without any obstruction from the natives,

but had no sooner put off from the shore than a flight of spears was thrown, which was continued until all the three fell from their oars. The savages immediately took and maned the boat, and with a number of canoes prepared to attack the vessel, which narrowly escaped their fury by cutting the cable, and standing out to sea. The names of the murdered men were, Charles Freeman, Thomas Bly, and Robert Goodlet.

1809

Young Bundle

3 September 1809 (Sydney Gazette) Report on young Bundle (possibly a native of Ilwarru - see Blanket Returns of 1833-42) fraternising with Tedbury, son of the slain Aboriginal warrior Pemulway, and attacking settlers to the south and south-west of Sydney and at Parramatta:

Some of the distant settlers have had recent occasion to complain of the conduct of the natives, a few among whom have manifested a disposition to mischievous acts.

A man of the name of Tanks in company with another was attacked near Parramatta by three blacks, among whom was young **Bundle** and **Tedbury**, the son of Pemulway, who was shot some years since (1803) on account of his murders, and the horrible barbarities he had committed on many solitary travellers. The son appears to have inherited the ferocity and vices of his father.

Upon the above occasion he pointed his spear to the head and breast of Tanks, and repeatedly threatened to plunge the weapon into him, but other persons fortunately appearing in sight the assailants retreated to the woods.

Several other such attacks have been made, but as Tedbury is stated to have always been of the party, which consisted but of two or three, it may be inferred that a spirit of malvolence is far from general, and under this belief, it may be hoped the settlers will not permit their servants or families to practice the unnecessary severities which may irritate, and provoke those who are at present peaceably disposed, to join in the atrocities of a few miscreants, whom their own tribe, if not dissuaded by ill treatment, would no doubt as they have frequently done before, betray into our hands, and avowedly assist in apprehending.

1810

Governor Macquarie's Tour of the Cowpastures

November 1810: Governor Macquarie and party tour the Cowpastures and Appin districts, south west of Sydney, visiting also Camden and the Warragamba River.

The following extracts from Macquarie's journal refer to the local Aborigines met with (Lachlan Macquarie - *Journal of His Tours* - 1810-1822, Public Library of NSW, Sydney, 1958, pp 4, 9).

[Friday, 18 November] We passed through Mr McArthur's first farm, called by the natives Bankumilla, and arrived at our halting place, called Bundle, at half past 1 o'clock in the afternoon, being six miles in a south west direction from the last. We came in the cartage all the way, through a very fine rich country and open forest, and on the way to our ground we met two or three small parties of the Cow Pastures natives, the Chief of whom in this part is named Koggie;

who with his wife Nantz, and his friends Booburnie, Young Bungle, Billy, and their respective wives, came to visit us immediately on our arrival at Bungle...

[Sunday, 18 November]... In the evening Kogge, the Native Chief of the Cowpasture Tribe, and his wife and half a dozen more natives, favoured us with an extraordinary sort of dance after their own manner, and with which we were all very much pleased. They were invited a glass of spirits each before they began the dance, with which they were much pleased and which had a wonderful effect on their spirits in performing their dance.

The following are the names of the natives (not including some children) who honoured us with their company and attendance during our stay at Bungle: viz. Kogge and his two wives Nantz and Mary, Booburnie & his wife Mary, Young Bungle, Mandagerry, Jocko and Bill: total 9 grown up persons, besides 4 or 5 children of different ages.

During this day's excursion we were attended by some of the natives, one of whom amused us very much by climbing up a high tree to catch a quana, which he did in a very dextrous manner.

[Thursday, 29 November]... One of the natives born near this part of the country, and who made one of our party on this day's excursion, tells us that the real and proper native name of this newly discovered river that we are now exploring is the Warragombie, by which name I have directed it be called in the future. The immense high hill directly opposite to the terrace we breakfasted on, is called Cheenbar, and is well known to the natives...

1815

Governor Macquarie at Jervis Bay

5-7 November 1815: The *Lady Nelson*, with Governor Macquarie and party aboard, shelters at Jervis Bay, where the Governor makes a brief tour.

The following brief account of the visit was given by James Jervis in 'Jervis Bay: its Settlement and Discovery' (JMH&S Sydney, 1936, volume 22, p. 122)

... The *Lady Nelson* anchored under the lee of Bowen Island on 5 November to await a change of wind. The Governor went ashore on the island, on which he remained for about an hour, then crossed to the south shore, where he noticed the absence of runs, or springs of fresh water, but concluded there must be some further inland, as the native population was numerous. The natives went off in dances with fish, which they bartered for tobacco and biscuits. "They were", remarks Macquarie, "very stout, well made and good looking men, and seemed perfectly at their ease and void of fear."

On the following day, Mr Overland, one of the party, made a survey of the bay and took soundings, when his sketch was finished it was presented to the Governor. His Excellency and Mrs Macquarie went ashore at the head of the inlet in the afternoon, where they saw two native huts close to the beach constructed in a very inferior manner.

A more detailed account is contained in Macquarie's own journal (*Lachlan Macquarie - Journals of His Tour... 1810-1822*, Public Library of NSW, Sydney, 1956, pp.47-48), with the following extract referring to the local natives:

[Tuesday, 5 November]... Here we saw nothing like runs or springs of fresh water, altho' we concluded there must be some further inland, as a great number of natives inhabit this part of the bay, having seen many of them at a distance in the course of the day.

The first we saw were three men on Bowen Island as we were passing in through the entrance into the bay, they then hailed to us, and afterwards when anchored, came off to us in their canoes with fish, which they willingly bartered for biscuit and tobacco. They were very stout well-made good-looking men, and seemed perfectly at ease and void of fear....

1812

First Cedar from Shoalhaven

4 January 1812. (Sydney Gazette) Report on the arrival of the vessel Speedwell from Shoalhaven with the first official load of cedar:

On Monday last arrived the Speedwell colonial vessel from a place called Shoal's Haven which lies about midway between Jarvis's Bay and the Five Islands, whereto she procured a cargo of Cedar said to be of good quality. The above place was first found to produce Cedar by occasional travellers in pursuit of Pheasants and other birds, and was about 8 or 7 years ago visited by Lieut. Coley of the Navy in the open pinnace from whose report it has not since been ceased.

The people belonging to the Speedwell affirm that they have discovered a river or very considerable inlet not before known, and within the entrance of which they proceeded from 15 to 20 miles. As often as they were obliged to land, they found the most active vigilance necessary to their protection against the natives who appeared to be numerous and hostile. The place appears to have been very properly named Shoal's Haven, as the above small vessel, being only 15 tons, grounded several times and found the utmost difficulty in getting in and out at high water.

G.W.Evans and Bundle

Overland from Jarvis Bay to Appin

26 March - 17 April 1812. Surveyor George William Evans travels overland from Jarvis Bay to Appin, via Wollongong, accompanied by the Aborigine Bundle, who later assisted Charles Throsby in his South Coast and Illawarra travels (prior under 1818 and 1821).

Evans's diary - reproduced in W.G. McDonald, *Earliest Illawarra* (Illawarra Historical Society, 1979) - is sparse, with no real descriptions of the local Aboriginal people. However Evans mentions that he sketched along the way - producing the first European drawings of the Illawarra landscape (apart from Sidney Parkinson's coastal profile of 1770). He was an amateur, though skilled, artist, however these early Illawarra works have not survived.

The following extract refers to their crossing of the Shoalhaven River:

Monday 6th [April 1812]

It was dusk last evening before we crossed the [Shoalhaven] River. I ventured to Swim but tell the Camp coming on I returned to shore. Two of the men could not swim which Bundle conveyed over in the Canoe. I remained till last, fearful if I had used it last, my weight might swamp her, as it was very low and leaked much.

I slipped myself and sent my Cloths over, it rained hard, and was in that situation nearly an hour, at last it came my turn. I ventured into the Canoe and brought it down within two fathoms of Water.

Thank God I landed safe, we were 6 Hours making this Bark and conveying ourselves and Baggage over.

1813

Wrecks of the Mercury & Endeavour

Saturday, 20 March 1813 - (Sydney Gazette) Report on the arrival in Sydney of the survivors of the wrecks of Mary Pelly's vessels the Mercury and Endeavour at Shoal Haven, whence they had foundered late in February:

The crew of the Mercury and Endeavour have come in from Shoal Haven, some over-land, and others as a vessel sent down for their relief. The Cumberland arrived from thence yesterday, after much risk in working out.

The Endeavour was wrecked about half an hour before the Mercury, which latter vessel first lost her rudder on a sand-bank extending across the mouth of the Haven, and becoming unmanageable in a rough sea, she struck upon a rock, and broke her keel.

From the previous loss of her only boat, her crew had some difficulty in reaching the shore, which with assistance from the other vessels at the place was nevertheless happily effected. The party who came in by land consisted of Mr. Chase, master of the Endeavour, and four others, who seeing no prospect of relief on account of unfavourable winds, determined on a land travel, without a native guide, a pocket compass, or any knowledge of the trackless wild they were to pass.

On Sunday morning last they left their companions and set out on their journey, with no other dependence than a couple of muskets and a pistol, either for their protection and having already subsisted 14 days on the cabbage tree.

On the night of their departure, and after a 12 hours fatiguing travel, they met with three natives, from whom by dint of menace and intimacy they obtained 2 or 3 pounds of bark. Next morning they had to cross a wide river, and one of the party not being able to swim, a raft was constructed, on which the others floated him to the opposite side. On the evening of the second day another deep river obstructed their progress, and they were too much exhausted immediately to attempt a passage, having eaten nothing but grass during the day. They became hopeless of ever reaching these settlements, and were in the deepest despondency, when the appearance of a native dog once more aroused them into action. They killed and were obliged to eat part of the animal giving the remainder to the three natives they had been with before, and who now re-appeared, but neither offered to molest or to assist them.

Thus miserably regaled, they crossed this river as they had done the former and on the third morning proceeded forward with pain and anxiety, & mostly bare-footed. The day they crossed another river, and found themselves within a few miles of the Five Islands, but could obtain no assistance from the natives, and never broke their fast of all.

Thursday passed over in the same dreadful way, and on Friday morning nothing but the hope that they were within a few miles of Botany Bay could have induced them to proceed a step further. At night, disappointed in their expectation, they abandoned themselves to despair - but Providence still inclining to their preservation they perceived a few days at hand which some natives had killed, and by its side were 8 or 9 small fish. Thus encouraged, hope once more returned, and yesterday evening they reached Botany Bay.

The Outbreak of Hostilities and First Settlement at Illawarra

1814 - 1815

After more than 10 years of 'official' peace between the Aborigines of New South Wales and the white settlement at Port Jackson following the death of the Aboriginal warrior Pemulway in 1802 (prior Willmot, 1987) conflict arose during 1814 in areas on the limits of settlement to the north, west and south of Sydney, especially around Appin and the Cowpastures near Camden to the south-west.

The Blue Mountains had been crossed by Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth in 1813, and coupled with Governor Macquarie's expansionist ideals the frontiers of white settlement subsequently began spreading in earnest, with the Governor freely dispensing land grants throughout the Colony.

The period 1814-18 was also one of drought in New South Wales, causing the Aborigines of areas close to new settlements to seek sustenance from the settlers' crops, stock, and waterholes. During April 1814 the Mountain tribes 'attacked' settlers' farms along the Nepean River between Appin and Mudgea, in search of food.

The initial conflicts of 1814 would culminate in the war of 1816, with numerous deaths to both whites and blacks (though there were at least 18 Aborigines killed for every white person) and stern measures imposed upon the Aborigines by Governor Macquarie later that year.

In most cases it is revealed that hostilities initially arose due to abuses and atrocities (such as indiscriminate shooting, murder and rape) carried out by white settlers who took umbrage at the Aborigines 'stealing' their corn and crops. The Aborigines simply regarded their actions as a continuation of their constant struggle to live off the provisions of the land, as they had done for thousands of years. The whites, in their greed, ignorance, and arrogance, retaliated with guns and swords, and attempted to remove all trace of the original inhabitants from their farms and grazing areas. They viewed the Aborigines as 'pests'.

Such conflicts were subsequently aggravated by the Aborigines seeking of revenge for the murder of their people - which had included men, women, and children - as the local police and government officials did not punish the whites for murdering blacks. British justice did not apply to the Aborigines, despite Governor Macquarie's shallow words to the effect: 'Aborigines could not give evidence in Court or defend themselves until later in the century, as they were considered heathens and unable to swear upon the Bible. They were also forbidden to own land, except if specially granted by the Governor and under close supervision by whites.

It was not until 1838 that the first Europeans in New South Wales were brought to trial, found guilty and hung for barbaries committed against the Aborigines, despite many blatant cases both before and after that date for which the authorities took no action.

A concise summary of the 1814 skirmishes about Appin and Camden and the similar outbreak in 1816 is contained in Carol Lister's *A Bicentennial History of Campbelltown* (Campbelltown, 1988, pp 19-23). As there were many contacts and social ties between the Illawarra and South Coast Aborigines and those from areas such as Appin and the Cowpastures (refer E. Collahan Papers, Appendix 4), these incidents are relevant to our study and therefore included.

The following documents are mostly reproductions of contemporary accounts of the 1814-16 conflicts which ultimately resulted in the decimation of the Aboriginal people of the Campbelltown and Cowpastures districts.

1814

Native Attack Farm at Mulgoa

7 May 1814. [Sydney Gazette] Report on troublesome natives west of Sydney - a portent of things to come

The mountain natives have lately become troublesome to the occupiers of remote grounds. Mr Cox's people at Mulgoa have been several times attacked within the last month, and compelled to defend themselves with their muskets, which the assailants seemed less in dread of than could possibly have been expected.

On Saturday last Mr Campbell's servants at Shencomore were attacked by nearly 400, the overseer was speared through the shoulder, several pigs were killed, one of which, a very large one, was taken away, together with a quantity of corn, and other provisions, the overseer's wearing apparel, and cooking utensils.

Similar outrages have been committed in other places, which it is to be hoped will cease without a necessity of our resorting to measures equally violent to suppress these outrages.

[The 'outrages' referred to the natives stealing, not to shootings by whites]

Veteran Corps Soldiers & Settlers Shoot Natives Near Appin Four Aborigines & Three Whites Killed

14 May 1814. [Sydney Gazette] Report on warfare between whites and blacks in the Appin district, including the murder of an Aboriginal woman and three children, plus the death of a soldier - Isaac Eustace - during an attack on a native camp.

Our public duty once more lays us under the painful necessity of reporting violence between the natives and ourselves, which from the tranquility and good understanding that for the last 5 or 6 years has subsisted we had entertained the flattering expectation were not again likely to occur.

It appears from information received, that on Saturday last three privates of the Veterans Corps, in the district of Appin, fired on a large body of natives who were plundering the corn fields of a settler, and refused to desist, at the same time making use of every term of provocation and defiance, and in token of a determined spirit, menacing with their spears.

A native boy was unfortunately killed, and the small party was immediately attacked with the promptitude that put it out of their power to reload. They were compelled to fly and two escaped, but the third, whose name was Isaac Eustace, was killed on the spot.

This unhappy rencontre took place on the grounds of one Mithouse, contiguous to which lay the farm of a settler of the name of Bucher, which also being reported to be attacked, a party of 14 went thither to prevent injury, if possible, to the persons residing on it.

The mangled body of the deceased Eastace had been previously found, stripped, and one of the hands taken from the wrist.

The party fell in with a group of the natives, and fired upon them - they fled, leaving a woman and two children behind them, dead.

[Of this barbaric reprisal action Linton (op. cit., p. 18) writes "Seeking vengeance they murdered Bitupally's wife and two children while they slept - the woman's arm was cut off and her head scalped, the skull of one child was smashed with the butt of a musket, and their bodies were left unburied for the families to find" Roder also Charles Thosday's letter of 5 April 1818]

The next day they made an attack on a storekeeper's hut belonging to Mrs. M'Arthur, when the storekeeper, Wm. Baker, and a woman named Mary Sullivan, generally called Harbur, were both killed.

Some other atrocities have this day been reported, but we have no present notion to treat them with any degree of confidence.

Without offering an opinion as to which side the first act of aggression may justly be attributed, we feel confident in asserting that every effort will be used by Government in ascertaining the fact, and we have every hope that the measures judiciously acted upon will put a speedy termination to those evils to which the lonely settler is exposed from the predatory incursions of an enemy whose haunts are inaccessible, distant, and unknown, and who by surprise or stratagem accomplish every project they devise in a wild temperment of fury natural to the savage state of Man. The care of Government, and the general disposition of the inhabitants to preserve a friendly intercourse with them had in former years seldom been disturbed but at this identical time of the year, when the fields of ripened maize were open to the pillage.

Without property, or a wish to obtain anything by industry, they respected it not in others, and the slightest opposition they returned with the bitterest hostility - which we may at least venture to affirm, was until within the last 8 or 7 years, periodically repeated. Repulsive measures we have had frequent necessity of resorting to, as the only means of self defence, and we have always found a temporary banishment effected a speedy reconciliation, as those accustomed to live among us derived benefits from the intercourse which the woods of the interior could not replace.

Those of the latter description, whose small tribes struggle about this part of the coast, are already coming in, as an evidence of their taking no part in the excesses of their brethren of the mountains, who, on the other hand, are reported to have wholly disappeared from the settlements of the interior which they visited, but whether with a view to their own security, or for the purpose of alarming the yet more distant inhabitants, seems doubtful.

In the present state of things with them, it would be advisable for the settlers and travellers to be well upon their guard, to be ready to give assistance in every case of alarm, and to be cautious at the same time not to provoke or irritate them by ill treatment, but endeavour on the contrary to soothe them into a better disposition than their present state seems to be.

Travellers, and more especially those who are but little acquainted with their manners, should in the mean time be very wary, as they are liable in a moment to be surprised and surrounded from the sides of the roads, and subjected to very ill, most likely barbarous treatment.

Aborigines Threaten to Kill All White Settlers

4 June 1814: (Sydney Gazette) Report that local Aborigines threaten to kill all white settlers in the Appin & Cowpastures region.

The hordes of Natives that show themselves at a distance in the environs of the Cow Pasture Settlement, excite considerable alarm among the Settlers. Many of their wives and children have forsaken their dwellings, and sought shelter in securer places. The natives of Jarvis's Bay are reported in good authority to have coalesced with the mountain tribes, they commit no depredations on the corn fields, but have declared a determination, that when the Moon shall become as large as the Sun, they will commence a work of desolation, and kill all the whites before them.

The full of the moon, which yesterday took place, was clearly understood to be the fixed period alluded to, and the settlers, in self defence, had formed a resolution to watch their respective turns by night, and by voice or gun communicating to each other any immediate danger of attack, in case of which all within the Settlement were to repair to the place of danger: But by the advice of Mr Moore, the worthy Magistrate of Liverpool, this plan, however meritorious or excellently designed, underwent an alteration which seems to promise greater security. This was the constituting a regular corps-de-garde at the farm of Mr Hume, which is nearest the Nepean in Appin, comprising 8 or 10 settlers of the district, who alternately keep a night watch, and are intent on making the best defence practicable, in case of attack, and if hard pressed by their assailants, who appear to have less dread of fire arms than formerly, they retire upon the district of Ards, which being more numerously settled, will be capable of affording them a shelter.

The natives of Jarvis's Bay have never been otherwise than inimical to us; for small vessels have never touched there without experiencing their hostility in some degree or other. Small crews have been obliged to fire upon them (we should hope in self defence alone), and these skirmishes may have strengthened their aversion, in which they have ever appeared determined. The mountaineers are a much more athletic and hardy race than those of this part of the sea coast. They are taller, lighter coloured, much more comely in their persons and features, and wear their hair tied in a bunch behind: but one circumstance is observable in their present encampment which seems to prognosticate that their designs are not so hostile as might have been feared (not by a body of armed men), but by the remote families who are most exposed to their attack: This is, knowledge we have gained that the mountain natives, unlike those of the coast, go to war unattended by their women and children - who are now along with them. Their chief, whose name is Coogya, has wholly abandoned them, and gone to Broken Bay, from a personal vow to maintain a friendly footing with us. He calls the mountain tribes cannibals, but that they are so has never yet been known to us. As soon as the whole of the tribes have gathered, we may hope they will retire, but we cannot expect it, although it is certain they have not for the last fortnight committed any act of depredation whatever. We are happy to learn that the settlers have adopted the best possible measures for their own security, and the best calculated to prevent any further mischief.

Governor Macquarie Orders an Official Investigation into the Murder of an Aboriginal Woman & 5 Children at Appin

11 June 1814: The Colonial Secretary (Thomas Campbell) writes to the Judge Advocate (Ellis Bent) on behalf of Governor Lachlan Macquarie, calling on him to investigate the murder of an Aboriginal woman and some children at Appin (ACNSW, Reel 8004, p.187).

Secretary's Office
Saturday 11th June 1814

Sir

Information having reached the Governor that a Native Woman and five Children were lately put to Death in a Wanton and unprovoked manner by a Soldier of the 73rd Regt. and it having been further represented to Him that Henry McDudding a Constable in the District of Georges River was in company with the Soldier when these Murders were committed, His Excellency has considered it due to Justice to have the Circumstances of the Affair fully and legally investigated and for this purpose He has directed Mr Moon the Magistrate of Liverpool to send all the Persons supposed to be concerned in these alleged Murders (together with such other persons as may be enabled to give Information on that subject) to Sydney in order to their being examined this present day before a full Bench of Magistrates.

Mr Moon has been also instructed to attend personally to give such information as may be within his own knowledge.

It is His Excellency the Govt. request that you and the Magistrates of Sydney when assembled today will minutely investigate this business and commit for Trial any Person who shall appear to have been concerned in the Murder of the black Woman and five Children before alluded to.

Gogo a Native Chief accompanied by a few other Natives and also John Wimbey & Jno. Jackson are instructed to attend the Bench for examination touching this business.

I have the honor to be Sir
Yr. Ob. Felt. Servant

Ellis Bent Esqr
Judge Advocate &c. &c.

Signed Mr Thos. Campbell

[The proceedings of this meeting have not been located]

Two Convicts Murdered at Appin

18 June 1814. (Sydney Gazette) Report on the murder of John Price and Dennis Newingham by Aborigines at Appin, in retaliation for past atrocities by the whites.

A body of natives on Wednesday last in the forenoon attacked and killed two of Mr. Broughton's servants, at his farm in the district of Appin. The unfortunate men, whose names were John Price and Dennis Newingham, were not apprised of the attack until the assailants were within 20 yards of them. They were first seen by a little boy, who exclaimed that the natives were at hand, and miraculously attached his sash. One of the unhappy sufferers fell instantly, covered with spear wounds, and the other defended himself to the last extremity - but unavailing was the effort to preserve his life. As soon as both were killed the assailants set up a loud shout, which alarmed the other people in and about the farm, who were distributed by their various employment at different places, and were equally unacquainted with their approach. A shepherd has been reported missing, but we hope may be in safety.

Governor Macquarie Admonishes the White Settlers

18 June 1814. (Sydney Gazette) Governor Macquarie issues a General Order admonishing settlers in the Appin and Copmanshurst areas for instigating conflicts with the Aborigines there, specifically referring to the murder of an Aboriginal woman and some children in cold-blood:

Government and General Orders
Civil Department

Government House, Sydney
Saturday, 18th June, 1814

The Governor and Commander in Chief feels much Regret in having to advert to the unhappy Conflicts which have lately taken place between the Settlers in the remote Districts of Singelly, Airds, and Appin, and the Natives of the Mountains adjoining those Districts, and he sincerely laments that any Cause should have been given on either Side for the sanguinary and cruel Acts which have been reciprocally perpetrated by each Party.

The Number of Lives sacrificed, as well by the Settlers as by the natives, in Retaliation for real or supposed injuries, but without due Regard either to previous Aggression on the part of the unfortunate Settlers, or to the Dictates of Humanity, have already given rise to a Legal Investigation before a Bench of Magistrates, and although it was not sufficiently clear and satisfactory to warrant the Institution of Criminal Prosecution, it was enough so to convict any unprejudiced Man that **the first personal attacks were made on the Part of the Settlers, and of their Servants**

It appears, however, that the Natives have lately shewn a Disposition to help themselves to a Portion of the Mails and other Grain belonging to the Settlers in these Districts, in a Manner very different from their former Habits, and the latter have of course just Grounds of Complaint for the Depredations committed upon them.

But whilst it is to be regretted that the Natives have thus violated the Property of the Settlers, it has not appeared in the Examination of Witnesses that they have carried their Depredations to any alarming Extent, or even to the serious Prejudice of any one individual Settler.

From this Review of the past Occurrences, the Governor desires to admonish the Settlers from taking the Law into their own Hands for the future, and to beware of wanton acts of Oppression and Cruelty against the Natives, who are, in like Manner with themselves, under, and entitled to the Protection of the British Laws, so long as they conduct themselves conformably to them: And it is a Duty which the Governor will be always prompt in the Performance of, mutually to restrain the Aggressions of one and other Party, and to punish in the most exemplary Manner every Person, whether Settler or Native, who shall promiscuously violate those Laws.

When it is taken into Consideration that several Years have elapsed since a feeling like a Principle of Hostility has been acted upon, or even in the slightest Degree exhibited in the Conduct of the Natives, it must be evident that no deep rooted Prejudice exists in their Minds against British Subjects or white Men: indeed, the free and kindly Intercourses that have subsisted between them from the Foundation of the Colony (now upwards of 26 Years ago) to the present Time, with the Exception of a few slight Interruptions, prove beyond a Doubt that the Natives have no other Principle of Hostility to the Settlers than what arises from such casual Circumstances as the present may be attributed to.

In such circumstances it will be highly becoming and praiseworthy in the British Settlers to exercise their Patience and Forbearance, and therein to shew the Superiority they possess over these unenlightened Natives by adopting a conciliatory Line of Conduct towards them, and returning to the Performance of those friendly Offices by which they have so long preserved a good Understanding with them: In acting thus, they will reflect Credit on themselves, and most effectually secure their own personal Safety: but should Outrages be then further committed by the Natives, on Information being given to the Magistrates of the District, the most active Measures will be taken for the Apprehension and Punishment of the Aggressors, in like manner as under similar Circumstances would have been the Case when British Subjects only were concerned.

The Governor has lately taken much personal Pains to impress these Circumstances on the Minds of several of the Commanders and other Natives of the Interior, and to point out to them the absolute Necessity for their desisting from all Acts of Depredation or Violence on the Property of

Persons of the Settlers, and He has had strong assurances from them, that should they be shot at, or wantonly attacked (as in the Case which occurred lately in Apple, wherein a Native Woman and two Children were in the dead Hour of Night, and whilst sleeping, infamously put to death), they will conduct themselves in the same peaceable Manner as they have done previous to the present Conflict; they have at the same Time the fullest Assurance from the Governor, that any Complaints they may be disposed to make to him will be duly attended to; and any Person who may be found to have treated them with Infamy or Cruelty, will be punished according to the Measures of their Offences therein.

Some few Sacrifices may be required; and it is hoped they will be cheerfully made by the Settler, towards the Restoration of Peace; but should the Governor be disappointed in his ardent Wish for the Re-establishment of good Will between the Settlers and the Natives, minute Enquiries will be made into the Motives and Conduct of each Party, and the Aggrieved will receive the fullest Protection, whilst the Tormentors of those Hostilities will meet the most exemplary Punishment.

The Order requiring the earliest and greatest Publicity, His Excellency the Governor desires that it shall be read on Sunday the 28th instant, and Sunday the 3rd of July next, during the Time of Divine Service, by the Chaplain, at their respective Churches or Places of Worship throughout the Colony; and the Magistrates are also directed to assemble the Settlers with all convenient Expedition in their respective Districts, and to impress fully on their Minds the Necessity for their prompt and applied Obedience to this order.

By Command of His Excellency
The Governor
J. T. Campbell, Secretary

Governor Macquarie Reports to England

July 1814 Governor Macquarie reports to Earl Bathurst (HRA, Sydney, 1817, series I, volume VII, pp.250-1):

—Some hostilities have been lately exhibited in the remote parts of the settlement by the Natives, who have killed one Soldier and three other Europeans. In consequence of this aggression, I despatched a small military Party to the disturbed district, on whose approach the Natives retired without being attacked or suffering in any degree for their torments. In the course of this business, I have caused enquiry to be made into the motives that might have produced it, and from thence I have learned that some idle and ill disposed Europeans had taken liberties with their women, and had also treacherously attacked and killed a woman and her two children whilst sleeping, and thus unprovoked cruelly produced that retaliation whereby persons perfectly innocent of the crime lost their lives. Having had their revenge in the way they always seek for it, I am not at all apprehensive of their making any further attacks on the Settlers unless provoked, as before, by insults and offences.

Lechlan Macquarie

White Children Murdered

July 1814. The Aborigines near Bringelly retaliate against white atrocities (C. Listen, op cit, p.20):

—The children of James Daley were murdered at Bringelly. [Governor] Macquarie held the mountain Aborigines responsible - Goondel, who had met Barrallier in 1804, Baulgaly (Bottagallo), Mureh, Yalcoming and Walsh.

It is possible that James Daisey was involved in the murder of the Aboriginal women and children in May, and the Aboriginal men were taking revenge.

Governor Macquarie's Punitive Expedition

21 July 1814: Governor Macquarie orders the despatch of a punitive Military expedition to investigate Native atrocities in the areas west and south-west of Sydney, and to apprehend accused perpetrators. He also issues orders to the Deputy Commissary General, David Allan, to supply his punitive expedition with supplies and ammunition (ADNSW, Reel 6044, 4/1730):

Supplies for the Expedition

Govt. House
Sydney 21st July 1814

To D Allan Esqr
By Comy Genl

Sr

If being deemed necessary to send out a Party of twelve armed Soldiers with four friendly Natives as Guides, for the apprehension of some of the Hostile natives who have lately committed proved barbarities against certain Peaceable Settlers and their Families, you are hereby ordered and directed to furnish twenty one days provisions from the Kings Store for the said sixteen men, according to the undermentioned scale of weekly ration, giving charge thereof to John Warbey and John Jackson, to whom the execution of this service is entrusted, viz

10 1/2 lbs of Bread
3 lbs of Rice
1 1/2 lbs of Sugar
1/4 lbs of Tea
2 Cuncos of Tobacco
8 lbs of Pork

For each man per
One Week.

You will also issue from His Majesty's Store for the use of the Party herein alluded to, the undermentioned arms and ammunition, which are to be delivered in charge to John Warbey and John Jackson, to be by them returned into the Kings Store after the present service has been executed, viz

12 Good Musquets
144 Rounds of Ball Cartridge
24 lbs of Buck Shot
24 Good Hints
2 lbs of Gun Powder

Besides the foregoing provisions, and ammunition, you are to issue pairs of shoes in charge of Warbey and Jackson, for themselves and the other ten Soldiers. The whole of the foregoing articles to be prepared immediately and delivered in the course of tomorrow to Warbey and Jackson

I am, Sir, Your most Obedt Servt
L M

20 July 1814: Commissary Allan sends the following note to Governor Macquarie re supplies and ammunition for punitive Party (AGNSW, Reel 6044, 4/1730)

Sydney 20th July 1814

Received into His Majesty's Stores from John Warbey six stand of Fire Arms issued to the Party in pursuit of the Natives.

William Sutton
Store Keeper

**Governor Macquarie's instructions
to Warby and Jackson**

22 July 1814: Governor Macquarie issues instructions to John Warbey and John Jackson, leaders of the punitive expedition against the hostile Natives (AGNSW, Reel 6044, 4/1735).

22 July 1814

To John Warbey and John Jackson

Some of the Wild Mountain Natives having lately committed most cruel and wanton acts of Hostility and Barbarity against the Persons and Property of several of the European Peaceable Settlers, their wives and children, particularly in recent instances in the District of Brimgilly, and near the South Creek, having in the former District barbarously murdered two Infant children, on a farm belonging to a man named Daley, and there being good reason to suppose that the five following Natives have been the principal actors in, and perpetrators of all the late acts of Hostility and Murders committed on the European Settlers, and their Families, namely Goondel, Bodegalie, Murreh, Yaitamien, and Wallah, you are hereby authorised and directed, together with the ten armed Europeans and four friendly Native Guides, placed under your orders, to proceed forthwith in quest of the said Five Hostile Natives, and endeavour, if practicable, to take them alive, and bring them in Prisoners to Sydney, in order that they may suffer the Punishment due to their Crimes.

In case, however, you may not find it practicable to seize the said Five Natives alive, by surprise or stratagem, you are authorised to use force in taking, or compelling them to surrender at discretion, without making terms with them, or holding out to them any promise of Pardon or indemnity for the various Crimes they have committed; observing at the same time every possible precaution not to molest, kill, or destroy any of the innocent Natives who may happen to be in company with those hostile ones when you come up with them. Much, however, must be left to your own discretion and humanity, and I confidently trust and hope that the authority you are both thus invested with will not be abused, and I feel confident you will both act with mutual cordiality and unanimity, and to the best of your respective Judgements in the execution of the very important Service you are now engaged in and entrusted with, as the two principal conductors.

Given under my hand at Government House
Sydney, New South Wales, this Friday
the 22nd day of July 1814

L. Macquarie

Memorandum

Yourselves and Party - is all 16 Persons - are supplied with a plentiful supply of Provisions (according to the undermentioned scale) for twenty one days; also with Arms and ammunition, and with a blanket and pair of shoes, for each man, from the King's Store at Sydney

Scale of Ration for each Man per week, viz.

Six pounds of Salt Pork
10 1/2 lbs of Biscuit
3 lbs of Rice
1 1/8 lbs of Tea
20 Cunces of Tobacco

L M

General Order re Punitive Expedition

22 July 1814: Governor Macquarie issues a General Order re the punitive expedition to be launched against the Hostile Natives in the Cowpastures and Appin regions, under the command of John Warbey and John Jackson, and assisted by native guides (ACONSW, Reel 6044, 4/1730, pp 224-231).

Government Orders

To All Persons
Whom it may concern

It being deemed necessary to send out an Armed party of Europeans, with four friendly Natives as Guides, under the direction of John Warbey and John Jackson, as Principal Conductors of this Expedition, and it being their particular wish that the undermentioned Ten Europeans should accompany them on their present Services, the Masters to whom these men are now Servants, are hereby required and directed to permit them to proceed immediately under the said John Warbey and John Jackson, in quest of certain Hostile Natives who have lately committed great cruelties and barbaries on the Persons and Properties of the European Settlers and their Families, and whom Hostile Natives it is the object of the present Expedition to seize and bring in Prisoners to Sydney for the purpose of being punished in a legal manner for their crimes

The Settlers are therefore required not to make any objection to parting with their servants, as they are so immediately required for this Important Service; as they will again soon be returned to them, or replaced by others, viz.

- 1 Joseph Thompson
- 2 James Neale
- 3 William Prior
- 4 Joseph Bridges
- 5 Patrick Bourke
- 6 Robert Brier
- 7 William Clayton
- 8 Robert Green
- 9 — Jackson
- 10 — White

N.B. These men are to be provided with arms and ammunition, some slops, and twenty one day's provisions from the Government Stores at Sydney

Friendly Natives

- 1 Mary Mary
- 2 Budbury
- 3 Quipit
- 4 Kanyong

The above four men are to go as guides with Warbey and Jackson

Given under my hand at Government House
Sydney, New South Wales, this Friday
the 22nd day of July 1814

L. Macquarie
Govr. in Chief

Return of the Punitive Expedition

15 August 1815: Commissary Allan writes to Governor Macquarie re the return of muskets issued to the punitive Party (ACNSW, Pexel 6044, 4/1730)

Sydney 15th August 1814

Received from John Warbey Twelve Muskets returned after pursuing the Natives.

William Sutton
Store-Keeper

Macquarie Reports to England

8 October 1814: Governor Macquarie reports to Earl Bathurst on recent actions against the Aborigines (HRA, Sydney, 1816, series I, volume VI, pp 367-376).

Government House, Sydney, New South Wales
8th October 1814

My Lord,

I feel peculiar pleasure in submitting to Your Lordship's consideration some reflections, which, in course of My Government, have occurred in my mind in regard to the character and general habits of the Natives of this Country, by a communication of which, I trust I shall be enabled to interest Your Lordship's humane and liberal feelings in behalf of this uncultivated Race.

Scarcely emerged from the remotest state of rude and uncivilized Nature, these People appear to possess some qualities, which, if properly cultivated and encouraged, might render them not only less wretched and destitute by reason of their wild wanderings and unsettled habits, but progressively useful to the Country according to their capabilities either as labourers in agricultural employ or among the lower class of mechanics.

These Natives, who resort to the cultivated districts of this settlement, altho' prone like other savages to great indolence and indifference as to their future means of subsistence, yet in general, are of free open and favorable dispositions, honestly inclined, and perfectly devoid of that trick and

treachery, which characterise the Natives of New Zealand and those in the generality of the Islands of the South Seas. The Natives of New South Wales have never been Cannibals. In fact they seem to have a great abhorrence of practices of that kind as if they had been reared in a civilized state. The principal part of their lives is wasted in wandering thro' their native woods, in small tribes of between 20 and 50, in quest of the immediate means of subsistence, making opossums, kangaroos, grub worms, and such animals and fish, as the country and its coasts afford, the objects of their chase.

Those Natives, who dwell near Sydney or the other principal settlements, live in a state of perfect peace, friendliness, and sociability with the settlers, and even show a willingness to assist them occasionally in their labours, and it seems only to require the fostering hand of time, gentle means, and conciliatory manners, to bring these poor un-enlightened people into an important degree of civilization, and to lead into their minds, as they gradually open to reason and reflection, a sense of the duties they owe their fellow kindred and society in general (to which they will then become united), and taught to reckon upon that sense of duty as the best and happiest advance to a state of comfort and security.

From whatever motives or causes some of these Natives have been induced to commit acts of hostility against the Settlers, it seems to bear a reasonable inference that provocation or aggression from some undiscovered or unacknowledged cause may have given rise to them, under an impression of temporary revenge; but when once induced to forego the vindictive spirit, which kindness and encouragement and social intercourse together would soothe or later bring about, their next step towards Civilization would be rapid and easy, and they would learn to appreciate that degree of importance to which they had thus progressively attained.

1815

First White Settlement at Illawarra

[1815] Charles Throsby and party move cattle into Illawarra and establish a stockyard and stockmen's hut at Wollongong, creating the first official white settlement in Illawarra.

The following reference to this event is taken from the 1863 reminiscences of Charles Throsby Smith, Dr Throsby's nephew.

... In the year 1815 the County of Cumberland was suffering from the effects of drought... and the cattle were dying daily for want of food and water. My late uncle, Dr Throsby, was then residing at a place called Gladfield a few miles south of Liverpool, and, as he was of an enterprising disposition and fond of rambling, he, in one of his rambles about Liverpool, met with some of the Aborigines who told him there was plenty of grass and water at the Five Islands. From their representations of the area he at once made up his mind to proceed thither and see for himself - and so, accompanied by a couple of men, two native blacks, and a pack-horse carrying provisions, he started on his journey...

The two natives referred to were possibly Bunle and Broughton, who later accompanied Throsby to Shoalhaven in 1816. He was also most likely accompanied by Joseph Wild, his stockman and longtime friend who had possibly visited Illawarra as early as 1805 to collect birds with Robert Brown, and who was made District Constable at Illawarra in December 1815.

See also under 1823 for further extracts from this account, and the *Illawarra Historical Society Bulletin* (June-July 1990) for an expanded version.

Cedar Getters Lost at Shoalhaven

18 February 1815 (Sydney Gazette) Report on fears for George Wood and his party, overdue from a cedar getting excursion at Shoal Haven. They had left Sydney the previous December and were now missing for nearly three months.

Much apprehension has for some weeks been entertained for the safety of George Wood, of Clarence-street, and two men who accompanied him to Shoal Haven, for the purpose of procuring cedar.

They went from Sydney nearly a fortnight before Christmas, and a boat went from hence on Thursday the 9th inst. in quest of them, but without any very flattering prospect of restoring them to the society of their friends and families.

The boat which went in search of them was formerly the launch of the Three Bays, fitted for the purpose of assisting in procuring cedar. The persons who went in her were G Phillips, trimmer, and son, and Thos. Brady, a fisherman, accompanied, as is supposed, by a native who joined them after leaving the harbour: and who has since returned to Sydney with a confused account, intimating, as some who have conversed with him suppose, the loss of the launch also, at the same time making out that the people who navigated her were saved. Too implicit a belief of this report has passed it off as a matter of fact, whereas it should rather be presumed upon the contrary, that if this native did accompany the launch down, and she had been wrecked, he would have been prevailed upon to stand by the people as a guide, and not have abandoned them, particularly to come to Sydney, from which very circumstance it might even almost yet be hoped, that he had been dispatched hither by Phillips with intelligence of Wood and his party losing their boats, with a possibility of their yet living though the messenger might be incapable of rendering himself sufficiently intelligible after he arrived.

That there was a heavy squall from the southwest about 12 hours after the launch's sailing is perfectly recollected, but had she been wrecked it must have been somewhere about Port Allen, from whence the people would in a few days have walked in. All respecting them is therefore doubt and uncertainty at present, from which it is ardently to be hoped we may shortly be agreeably relieved.

Fears for George Wood's Party at Shoalhaven

25 February 1815 (Sydney Gazette) Report on the supposed outrages by Aborigines at Shoalhaven upon the party of missing cedar getters led by George Wood.

The late that has unhappily attended the late George Wood and his associates, Jones and Dawson, who had proceeded towards Shoal Haven to procure cedar, is now placed beyond all doubt, by the return of Messrs. Batty and Howell, who went in quest of them over-land.

Wood and his companions had proceeded from hence [Sydney] a fortnight before Christmas, in the employ of Mr Blackall, with a fine launch, well found in necessaries best suited to their purpose. As soon as the length of time they were provided for expired, their return was of course looked for, as there was no probability of their augmenting their resources, by fishing, towing, or tanning, as they had gone provisioned for a certain time to be employed in labour only, and could therefore only depend upon their prudent calculation for their supplies: lasting them back to Sydney, whether their return was to be expected the latter end of January. February arrived, however, and no intelligence concerning them; a few days passed over without any very alarming conjectures; but when an entire week, their families and friends became hourly the more anxious; and their

employer, sparing no time in ascertaining the cause of their delay, despatched a party by water, comprising Messrs. Philips, son, and Brady, as mentioned in the Gazette of last week, and another party by land, consisting of Messrs. Barty & Howell, who returned last Tuesday with reliefs sufficient to demonstrate that Wood and his companions are no more - while their most ardent enquires failing in ascertaining the precise cause of their death.

On Thursday the 9th ult. both parties set out, and the launch, the loss of which was also reported, returned last Sunday, without information, but without experiencing any accident. Barty and Howell, however, loading themselves with sufficient provisions and other necessities which travellers accustomed to the woods know to be the best adapted, persevered in one of the most toilsome pursuits that could possibly have been embarked in, until they arrived at the spot where they found the launch that had conveyed Wood and his associated father, out of the reach of the tide and the surf. Here they also discovered the mutilated remains of a human body, which some friendly natives who had joined them as conductors, pronounced to be poor Wood's, whom they had well known during his lifetime.

This was indeed a dismal spectacle - the face was gone, but the hinder parts of the head were yet a good deal undecayed, as were also the legs, thighs, and arms, from which the hands were absent. They took a look of her from the head, and the bone of the lower jaw, which was loose from the decay of the tendons that had united it, and these melancholy evidence of the performance of their engagement they have brought in with them, together with a powder horn, some palm, handicraft, and part of a pocket, recognized to have been taken hence by one or other of the three distant men.

The bodies of Jones and Dawson were not found, nor were any of their muskets, but there remained on the beach a cask with a quantity of salt pork in it, the hoops of which had been taken off, and a box that had contained their apparel and other necessaries was stripped of its fringes.

Their guides, who were now eight in number, advised them not to delay at the fatal place, which was from 25 to 30 miles from the Five Islands, and estimated at upwards of 100 miles from Sydney, as they were in momentary apprehension of being assailed by numbers that were possibly in concealment around them, by whom they were as likely to be killed and eaten as themselves, and to strengthen their persuasions, they attributed the total absence of Jones and Dawson, as well as the loss of the hands from the body under view, to a cannibal propensity in the natives in that part of the Coast; but as this suggestion is utterly inconsistent to the observations hitherto made on the manners and inclinations of any of the native tribes we have occasionally met with, we are inclined to treat it as a fiction resorted to with a view of magnifying the terrors of their situation, and thereby the more readily prevailing on the two pilgrims under their guidance to abandon a spot that exhibited a picture of horror, and was then equally unsafe to all.

The natives of the cultivated districts, to whom our knowledge is almost wholly confined, frequently represent the mountain tribes as particularly barbarous and ferocious, extending the charge even to the imputation of a cannibal propensity. But of this we have never had an evidence, from a long experience, on the contrary, we are justified in a very opposite belief. That two of the bodies should be undiscovered is not in itself surprising, when the accompanying circumstances are literally considered. By the appearance of the place where they had made their fire, and the small quantity of ashes produced, it was concluded they had been killed a day or two after their landing, and this supposition was altogether justified by the very decayed state of the body that had been found, the others might have been surprised at some telling distance, and remained concealed by intervening thickets, which it would have been as dangerous as unprofitable to explore. - It was summer, the natives were on the coast, and could procure abundance of fish, which soon hampers they prefer to any other edible whatever, and could be in no necessity to resort to so horrible a means. - Nor does the severing of the hands from the more evident victim to their barbarity warrant the abominable idea which the guides had artfully and no doubt sagaciously endeavoured to inspire, for we had had a similar instance among the nearer and less estranged tribes, in the case of the unfortunate Isaac Eustace, who was killed the 7th of May last in the district of Applin (for the account of which, together with the connected particulars, which were extremely tragical, we beg to refer the Reader to the Gazette of that month).

That the natives of all parts which have hitherto been explored of this country have an innate feeling towards strangers, experience has sufficiently manifested, but it has also been found, that after a short correspondence they were capable of exchanging civilities, and by their unassuming manner appear to evince a capacity of judging between themselves and a civilized society with a sensibility that may have operated against their own emendation, by at once confounding them with the idea that their obstacles would be insuperable, while it was also to be considered, that they had no assistance, no encouragement, or method pointed out whereby they might hope eventually to enjoy the comforts of civilized Society.

It is not impossible, however, that the measures recently adopted for their benefit, though necessarily limited in the origin, may in a short time reward the exertion by giving security to the ship-wrecked mariner upon our coasts, while the property of the untaught savage shall lift their eyes to Heaven with a zealous fervour, and bless the day that a free Christian came among them.

[The cutting off of the hands suggests a form of retribution - that Wood had killed two natives]

The Continuing Search for George Wood's Party

11 March 1815 (Sydney Gazette) Further report on the search for George Wood and his party, missing from Shoalhaven since early January 1815, and now feared murdered by local Aborigines.

In the late excursion made by Messrs. Giffy and Howell towards Shoal-Haven in search of the late G. Wood and his unfortunate companions, they proceeded (within 14 miles of that place) to the spot where they found the launch beached, and the dead body said by the natives to be Wood's.

This was a distance exceeding 100 miles, which they performed with extreme difficulty and occasional danger, in the space of five days and a half. They reached the Five Islands on the 4th day of their travel, and there finding several friendly natives, remained with them a night, and the next morning set out, accompanied by two men, as guides, who readily undertook to conduct them to the launch, which was on a beach about 30 miles off. On their way thither they were met by six others, who also faithfully attended them, and considerably alleviated the fatigue of travel by conducting them through less intricate and difficult parts. At a place called Watermoolly, which the travellers could not have passed without making a considerable circuit round the head of a capacious inlet from the sea, the guides conducted them to a spot which was fordable to the tallest of the two travellers, who could not swim, and passable to the other, who could swim, and was frequently out of his depth in crossing it.

On their return they accidentally fell in with a party of about 40 in number, from whose alarming shrieks and gesticulations they had little room to congratulate themselves on their safety. The guides were themselves intimidated, not upon their own account, but appeared hopeless of appeasing a wrath which threatened their proteges with certain death. They remonstrated, exerted, supplicated - but unavailing was their solitude, till at length those who were the objects of the contest, throwing aside all fear, went in amongst the group, and partly by persuasion, partly by manœuvring them with the vengeance that would fall upon them from the white people, should their return be long delayed, they became less violent, and at length were tranquilized. Several of the friendly natives accompanied the travellers into Sydney; and experienced from His excellency the Governor marks of favor and liberality with which they were highly gratified, and departed with a promise to repeat their good offices on all occasions that should demand their aid.

Sealers and Aborigines clash near Twofold Bay

7 October 1815. (Sydney Gazette) Report of an encounter between sealers and Aborigines at Green Cape, just south of Twofold Bay.

We last week mentioned the arrival of the Goody schooner, Mr McCarthy owner, from Hobart Town, which she left the 1st of September, and owing to the prevalence of contrary winds was obliged to take shelter in Cygnet Bay [Tasmania], where she found a party sealing and swanning, under the direction of Mr Charles Feen, the black swan being at the time very abundant.

Shortly after leaving the Bay a northerly wind obliged her to make for the land. Thirty miles south of Cape Horn an opening presented itself, which proved to be a very fine river, and was of so inviting an appearance as to induce Mr McCarthy to take the vessel up 5 miles, where she anchored.

The following morning Mr M. penetrated 25 miles further in the vessel's boat, and found immense numbers of swans, the boat's crew caught a great many, and after dining upon them during the remaining of the passage, Mr M. landed six pair of these fine birds in Sydney. After leaving the river she was driven by adverse winds as far as Port Phillip. She wanted wood and water, and it was determined to procure a supply at the first place that appeared favorable to the purpose.

She accordingly came to anchor off Green Cape, and landed the boat's crew, four in number, at a small cove a little southward of the former. Here an immense crowd of natives made their appearance, and invited them on shore - one, who appeared their chief, at first requesting, but soon after demanding, that Mr M. should leave his gun (which was the only one they had) in the boat.

Becoming very importunate for presents from the strangers, the latter gave them their handkerchiefs from off their necks; but this was not sufficient, they soon assumed a more turbulent, and at length a desperate manner, and as all but Mr M. was unarmed, at one instant all were seized upon, and had no other expectation than that of being immediately overpowered and destroyed.

The chief seemed to have reserved the attack on Mr M. personally for himself, he accordingly seized upon his musket with one hand, while with the other he held him by the arm; they both stood on a rock which was of considerable depth on one of its sides, which circumstance tended not a little to the rescue of the assailed party, for Mr M. still keeping a firm hold of the musket, threw himself off the rock, which loosd him from his adversary's grasp.

Collecting himself as soon as he found himself upon his legs, he had the mortification to see that all his companions were captive. - At such crisis one only alternative remained - a determination to oppose force to force. - He fired, the chief, who had made him his particular object, fell, and in a paroxysm of dread which pervaded the assailants, but which in fact was only momentary, all his companions escaped, and made towards their boat.

As soon as the whites had separated themselves from the blacks, the missile war commenced. The whaling spear whistled about their ears in all directions from three or four hundred savages, and one solitary musket was their only impediment to a closer manner of attack, for which it would have been impossible for any to have escaped. The retreat towards the boat was nevertheless so well managed that only one received a spear wound, which was in the arm. One of the spears split a plank of the boat, and after a necessity of answering the attack with seven discharges, Mr M. got into the vehicle, and was soon out of reach of further danger, leaving behind his water casks and axes, the latter of which might have possibly stimulated the native to the desperate aggression.

This instance adds to the numerous previous accounts of the same natives, and some of which have been truly tragical in their catastrophe, that should serve as a caution to our crews against trusting themselves among the natives of these coasts without being sufficiently prepared against attack, which experience has acquainted us is almost certain, when the difference of number, an

unguarded confidence, or any other circumstance affords the prospect of a successful issue to the contest.

Governor Macquarie's War Against the Aborigines

1816

The hostilities between the Aborigines and white settlers of the Cowpasture and Appin districts during 1814 were a portent of things to come. The bloody encounters were repeated - only on a much larger scale - during 1816, with Governor Macquarie openly proclaiming his intention of 'fortifying' the natives to the south and south-west of Sydney with military parties, and declaring any people captured 'prisoners of war.'

By the end of 1816 the original inhabitants of these areas had either been murdered or forced off their lands into the mountains to the west and south, thus leaving the rich agricultural and grazing lands near Camden and Campbelltown free for exploitation by white settlers. Some settlers such as Charles Thrasher and the Macarthur family continued to provide assistance to the local Aborigines.

The central Illawarra (Five Islands) natives were considered friendly during this period of conflict, though newspaper reports state that the Aborigines from Jervis Bay were partially responsible for inciting the Mountain tribes to violence.

While Governor Macquarie had partially blamed the white settlers for the 1814 incidents, by 1816 his attitude was harder towards the Aborigines. He now saw them as a threat to the agricultural and economic development of the Colony and acted accordingly.

Following reports of native actions against white settlers during March 1816, Macquarie swiftly retaliated by sending out three detachments of the 49th Regiment to capture all Aborigines encountered and terminate them to such a degree that they would not shrink back against the whites, despite the most extreme provocation.

Many Aborigines were killed or taken prisoners of war by Macquarie's punitive expeditions of April-May 1816, and the Aboriginal children collected were placed in the Governor's 'Native Institution' at Parramatta, isolated from their families. By the end of 1816 the Appin and Cowpasture regions were largely cleared of the scattered Aboriginal families who - it was stated in one of the official reports - 'infested' the area.

This episode in Australia's history has largely been ignored, and is seldom referred to in published histories of Australia despite the fact that it was this country's first official war - at least in the eyes of the British such as Governor Macquarie and his soldiers - and fought as such.

Macquarie failed to realise that due to the prevailing drought and destruction of their traditional resources, the Aborigines in the vicinity of Sydney were facing starvation, thereby forcing them to 'impose' upon the new settlers and their crops. Blame for the subsequent slaughter of Aboriginal people rested with many levels of white society, from the Governor - who failed to prosecute European marauders, or promote humanitarian treatment of the natives - through to settlers and convicts who often indiscriminately shot at and abused the local people.

Four Whites Killed at Bringelly

9 March 1818: (Sydney Gazette) Report on native attacks near Captain Fowler's farm at Bringelly, and the killing of 4 whitemen.

Unpleasant accounts are received from the farm of Captain Fowler, in the district of Bringelly, of the murder of several persons by the natives requesting that quarter.

The above farm was occupied by Mr. Edmund Wright, whose account of the transaction states, that on Saturday last, the servants' dwellings of G.T. Palmer, Esq. at the Napier, were plundered by a group of 20 or 30 of the natives. On Sunday four of Mr Palmer's men, namely Edw Mackoy, Patrick McHugh, John Lewis, and - Panel, accompanied by John Murray, servant of John Hagan, Dennis Hagan, stockkeeper to Captain Brooks, and William Brazil, a youth in the employ of Mr Edmund Wright, crossed the Napier in the hope of recovering the property that had been taken away the day before, and getting into a marshy flat ground nearly opposite Mr Fowler's farm, about 200 yards distant from the bank of the river, they were perceived and immediately encircled by a large body of natives, who closing rapidly upon them, disarmed those who carried muskets, and commenced a terrible attack, as well by the discharge of arms they had captured, as by an innumerable shower of spears.

McHugh, Dennis Hagan, John Lewis, and John Murray, fell in an instant, either from shot, or by the spear, and William Brazil received a spear in the back between the shoulders, which it is hoped and believed will not be fatal.

Some of the natives crossed the river over to Captain Fowler's farm, and pursued the remaining white men up to the farm residence, but being few in number they retired, and re-crossing the river, kept away until the day following (Monday last) when at about ten o'clock in the forenoon a large number, sixty it was thought, crossed again, and commenced a work of desolation and atrocity by beginning to destroy the residences of the various yards.

The house they completely stripped, and Mrs Wright, with one of the farm labourers, having secreted herself in the lot in the hope of escaping the cruelty of the assailants, their concealment was suspected, and every possible endeavour made to murder them. Spears were darted through the roof from without and through sheets of bark which were laid as a temporary ceiling, from which the two persons had repeated hair breadth escapes.

William Bagnell, who was the person in the lot with Mrs Wright, finding that their destruction was determined upon, at length threw open a window in the roof, and seeing a native known by the name of Daniel Budbury, begged their lives, and received for answer, that "they should not be killed this time."

After completely plundering the house, they recrossed the river, very dispassionately bidding Mrs Wright and Bagnell a good bye! Mr Wright's standing corn has been carried away in great quantity, and all provisions whatever were carried off.

Reignants by White Settlers

16 March 1818: Letter from Samuel Hassell, of Macquarie Grove near Camden, to Reverend Thomas Hassell, re attacks by Aborigines in the Camden and Appin areas, to the south and

south-west of Sydney, and the resultant vigilante actions by the local settlers [Reproduced in Revised James G. Hainsford in *Old Australia*, Sydney, 1902]

...The departure of all my family — took place on Monday last, with no small pleasure to some of them, as I have reason to believe they were very much alarmed on account of the desperate outrages of the natives, which are really awful.

On last Lord's Day, as I was in my little room, composing and committing to paper a Morning Prayer, about five in the afternoon, a messenger arrived with news that two natives had just informed him that the whole body of Gundorah natives intended to attack Mr Macarthur's farm, to plunder and murder all before them, and from thence to proceed down to Mr Osley's, to act with them in the same manner, and from thence to our farm, which you must judge gave me a severe alarm, on account of the little ones.

I immediately proceeded to Mr Lowe for protection, whom I found ready to afford every relief to assist. He immediately sent off the guard of soldiers stationed at his farm, also all the arms, with men, that he could spare, leaving his own farm unprotected. He also sent and pressed all the arms and ammunition in the district, with men to use them. When we assembled at this place on Monday morning, four or five women came with dreadful tellings, saying that three of Mr Macarthur's servants were fallen victims to the dreadful hostilities of the savage natives at the Upper Camden, and that they were on their way to the Lower Camden, when we all fell in and distributed our ammunition ... but a small proportion to each man. We marched to Lower Camden, where we were joined by another party of men ... We mustered about forty armed men, some with muskets, some with pistols, some with pitchforks, some with pikes, and others with nothing, from the Upper Camden, with an intent only to act on the defensive and if possible to take them prisoners, that being the Government Orders.

On our arrival there, we found that the most malicious party of the natives were moved to the N.W. of that place, with an intent as before mentioned. We took from thence a small company of the more treacherous natives, who informed us they could take our party to the camp of these natives, at the same time telling us that they would show fight whatever attacked, which proved to be the case. We had not gone far before our guides told us that they were there, when Mr Lowe dressed Buddarah to interpret to them our intent. They would not adhere to what he had said but immediately began to dance, in a manner during our approach.

We immediately advanced towards them, when they threw a shower of spears amongst us. We commenced a fire, but to little effect, owing to the disorder of our men and the bad and dangerous situation we were in.

The enemy were posted on a high perpendicular rock and we underneath, where the spears and stones came in great abundance, which caused us to retreat, but ... in such a manner that I wonder a great many of us were not killed. Some even threw off their shoes to enable them to run fast, others, weak and feeble, rolled down the hill, the natives still pressing hard...

They continued their retreat to the top of another very high hill, which my horse was scarcely able to ascend, but had scarce reached the top when they turned down again, and I could scarce keep up with some of them.

At the same time, I must not forget to tell you, some of the party appeared to be too bold in their following them and firing, when the natives would fall down as soon as the men would present their muskets at them, and then get up and dance. In a short time they disappeared, when we thought it most expedient to march to the stockyard, to save the lives of three men that had the care of Mr Macarthur's sheep there, as we had every reason to believe they had gone thither.

Scott stated his fears of his wife and family's coming home, that the natives might go and kill them all, and asked for one to go with him. I mentioned it to Mr L., he objected, saying we had better not separate, lest we should be speared by natives. Feeling for the poor women and children, I rode with him myself, the distance being about four miles, more or less.

When we came to the place all was very quiet and still, the women and children just coming home from our farm. We told them they must return, that the natives had obliged us to retreat. They appeared quite distressed. One said she would not go till her husband went with her, or she would do with him. The others turned to the settlement.

Our party soon arrived with the men, leaving their flocks behind in the mercy of the storm. Part of the men remained at Scott's for the protection of his place and the remainder of the party went to Macquarie Grove, where we took quarters for the night, quite fatigued.

The next morning we were all under arms, Mr Lowe and his men just returning home, when Crookson came running to inform us that the natives were at their yard and, he feared, had killed one or more of the Government stockmen. We immediately collected all we could of the men just gone, and sent off a messenger to Mr Lowe. He came immediately and brought all he could muster again, and lent me his horse to take Mather to his farm for the night.

I returned about ten o'clock in the night, when, to my very agreeable surprise, I found a reinforcement, Henry Bymes, and ammunition.

We kept watch all night, expecting an attack, my watch, with H.B., coming on at four o'clock in the morning, which gave us but three hours to rest. Nothing took place but marching to and from Mr Odley's farm, Mr B. being our commander, which I am sure would make you laugh, were you there to see the fun, provided you could face yourself, as I am persuaded you would rather hide than fight — We are in daily expectation of their paying us another visit.

[Mr Henry Bymes, who is referred to in the preceding letter, wrote the following undated letter to Mr Hassall from Macquarie Grove, — which place he seems to be in charge of for the time. He informs him of the murder of Doon Bromley, a shepherd at Appin, around the same period.]

Macquarie Grove
Monday Morning

Dear Friend

With much regret I have to inform you of the Natives return to this quarter and the awful Death of poor Bromley (one of your shepherds) who was cruelly murdered by them on Friday between four and five o'clock in the evening.

About an hour before the murder Abraham Heem came up on horseback to inform us that the Natives were then at the Shepherds' Huts. We sent him to Mr Odley's in order to get the Soldiers which he did and in the meantime Mr Bradley and I prepared to go & assist them, but before we had time to get off, Geo. Ambridge arrived stating that they had cast five spears at him, I gave him a musket & ammunition and he ran back.

Mr Bradley & I rode over as soon as possible and on our arrival there we found Mr Odley & a few soldiers together with a native guide who was there searching for the tracks of the Murderers, but in vain.

Mr O. told us that they had found a flock of sheep without a keeper and wanted some persons to search for him. Accordingly Mr Bradley & I accompanied by G. Ambridge went round the Gut hills in quest of the Body but to no purpose, we at length got to the top of the hill where we discovered a smoke in two places, one bearing about a mile & the other about two miles to the west of us, but as the sun was then down Mr B. thought it useless for him & I to go over without the Soldiers.

On our return from the Hill we met Heem & his men who informed us that they had found the body of Bromley. We then took them up the Hill, but as it was too dark to see the smoke we could only describe the place, upon which Heem said he had no doubt of its being the Natives and promised to take the Soldiers to the place that night, provided they would go with him.

We then went to where the Body lay and there I saw an awful sight indeed, but Alas my dear friend, I know not how soon I myself may be numbered with the dead for ... having and never to say that in the ... of life we are in death, it therefore becomes us to be watchful and constant in praying to God for his protection.

After we had extended the limbs and placed the Body as regular as we could, Mr B & I then returned home it being too dark to remove the Body before morning. We went over to inform Mr Coley of what we had seen and what Hearn said respecting the smoke. Mr C then requested the Soldiers to go on with him that night in search of the offenders, but when they came to where we saw the smoke they could see no Natives, but their Native Guide soon got into their track and, it being then Daylight, they followed the track until they came to a very high rock on top of which sits a black Bush, where they soon discovered a Camp, as they supposed of Women & Children, and got so near under them as to hear a woman tell a child not to cry, for that his father was gone to kill white men.

The party found that before they could get at the Camp they must go around of three miles (by rear of the very high rock upon which the Natives had encamped). They therefore went round but before they even reached the place the Natives had fled nor could they find their tracks for upwards of an hour, but at length they found the track and soon discovered the natives a short distance before them along the descent, but in travelling over some rocks they again lost the track as well as sight of the Natives. Mr Coley and his party being both weary & hungry were obliged to return without doing any execution re the natives.

On Saturday one of Mr McArthurs shepherds was chased from his flocks over to the Government Stockyard by (as he said) upwards of two hundred natives who retreated when they found the Miss getting quite close to the Hills.

Finding the natives so near us, I rode over to inform Mr Lowe, lest he should be suddenly attacked. He informed me that on Thursday one of his men was going through the Bush from Mr Coley's and met five natives within a mile of the house, one of them wishing good morning passed on without taking further notice. Mr L. kindly offered to send his party to our assistance at any hour we chose to send for them.

If you can send us a little powder it will be very acceptable as Mr Saml. left us rather short when he went away. Please give my loving respects to your Sister & Brother. Waiting your answer

I remain Sir yours very sincerely

H. Symes

Try ... haste

Governor Macquarie Reports Concerns to England

18 March 1818: Governor Macquarie reports to Earl Bathurst re the outbreak of Native hostilities (HRA, series I, volume IX, Sydney, 1917, pp. 53-54)

I am much concerned to be under the necessity of reporting to Your Lordship that the Native Blacks of this Country, inhabiting the distant interior parts, have lately broke out in open hostility against the British Settlers residing on the banks of the River Macquarie near the Cow Pastures, and have committed most daring acts of violence on their persons and depredations on their property, in defending which no less than five White Men have been lately killed by the Natives, who have not been known to act in such a ferocious sanguinary manner for many years past.

I have uniformly made it my study since my first arrival in the Colony to do everything in my power to civilize the Native Tribes by shewing them on all occasions much kindness and frequently supplying them with provisions and cloths. Indeed I had entertained very sanguine hopes of being enabled to civilize a great proportion of them in a few years by the establishment of the Native

institution and School at Parramatta for their children, and settling some few grown men and women on lands in the neighbourhood of Sydney, but I begin to entertain a fear that I shall find this a more arduous task than I at first imagined, tho' I am still determined to persevere my original plan of endeavouring to domesticate and civilize these wild rude people. In the mean time it will be absolutely necessary to inflict exemplary and severe punishments on the Mountain Tribes who have lately exhibited so sanguinary a spirit against the Settlers.

With this view it is my intention, as soon as I have ascertained what Tribes committed the late murders and depredations, to send a strong Detachment of Troops to drive them to a distance from the settlements of the White Man, and to endeavour to take some of them prisoners in order to be punished for their late atrocious conduct, so as to strike them with terror against committing similar acts of violence in future. Many of the Settlers have entirely abandoned their farms in consequence of the late alarming outrages. In order, however, to induce them to return to their farms, I have sent some small Parties of Troops as Guards or Protection for those farms which are most exposed to the incursions of the Natives, but these have of late become so very serious that nothing short of some signal and severe examples being made will prevent their frequent recurrence. However painful, this measure is now become absolutely necessary.

Two Whites Killed at Nepean

30 March 1816: [Sydney Gazette] Report on attack by natives on Lewis's farm at the Nepean

At the beginning of the week an attack was made by a body of natives upon the farm of - Lewis, at the Nepean, whose wife and man servant were cruelly murdered. The head of the unfortunate woman was severed from the body, and the man was dreadfully mangled with a tomahawk. The furious wretches afterwards plundered the house, and wantonly speared a number of pigs, the property of Lewis.

A number of the natives, supposed 60 or 80 at the least, a few days since made their appearance at Lane Cove, and committed depredations on several farms. As these hordes are known to be long, mostly, if not all, to the more retired tribes, it is difficult to propose a remedy to their mischievous and truly horrible incursions, for while they attack in sufficient number to overpower any force that a single settler can bring against them, they have the advantage of security by the distance of their accustomed places of resort, whether they may retire without the possibility of being pursued. - The necessity of settlers and others travelling in company as much as circumstances will permit has become generally obvious, and affords an efficient protection against the attacks of bush-sangers, as well as the natives, who are known never to attack a force capable of resisting or punishing their ferocity.

As soon as the maize is off the farms it is likely the present hordes of offenders will retire, but not before, as this is the only grain they can make use of, and it affords so strong a temptation to them that the plunder of the corn fields has in every instance furnished a prelude to their barbarities.

Charles Throsby Defends the Aborigines

5 April 1816: Charles Throsby writes a letter to Dr Arty Wentworth, chief magistrate at Sydney, expressing concern about forthcoming retaliatory action against the Aborigines planned by the Governor, and commenting on the servants of William Broughton at Appin farm who had savagely murdered a native woman and two of her children in June 1814.

Threby is one of the few white defenders of the Aborigines during this period, though his plea for understanding goes unanswered by the local administrators (Mitchell Library, D'Arcy Wentworth Correspondence, MLA752, CY168, pp. 193-4).

Glentfield Farm
April 5th 1816

Dear Wentworth

Having been informed this morning that His Excellency the Governor is about taking some steps to punish the natives, I feel it necessary in consequence of my former information and having been at your farm with your son when we heard some of the most absurd assertions and obstinate threats of vengeance against several of the natives, whom I have every reason to suppose are perfectly innocent of any of the murders that have recently taken place, those I allude to are Bitagully, Duell, Yedooming, and some others, natives of the place where Mr Caley's stock are, for I am convinced had they been inclined to have committed such crimes they would most certainly have murdered some of that Gentleman's men, not that I mean to assert they were not assisting in the murders of the men on Mr Croughton's farm last year, but when the cause is considered it cannot be so much wondered that savage ferocity should seek revenge for the barbarity practised by our own countrymen on the persons of the wife and two children of the former and a child of the latter, which perhaps is not sufficiently known, that the people not content at shooting at them in the most treacherous manner in the dark, but actually cut the woman's arm off and stripped the scalp of her head over her eyes, and on going up to them and finding one of the children only wounded one of the others deliberately beat the infant's brains out with the butt end of his musket, the whole of the bodies then left in that state by the (brave) party unburied as an example for the savages to view the following morning, therefore under these circumstances I hope I may be pardoned asserting that I do not wonder at the savages then seeking revenge in retaliation.

The whole of these men I have seen since that time, have been in the woods with some of them and have had much conversation with them, and as far as I can judge by the manners and dispositions of these natives I firmly believe they are now perfectly friendly towards the white people. With respect to Gogee and his family with Highings and his family, they have within my own knowledge been in this neighbourhood and to and fro about the house for the last three months. Booby, young Bunde, with their families and several others are now here - the whole of whom I also have heard threatened

I have yesterday, the day before, and this morning, had much conversation with them, particularly as to the substance of the information I before gave you, who all, both collectively, and separately, confirm that statement, (which was given me by a native who is not with them) as fully and clearly as I can possibly understand them and further add they have come here for protection and that all the friendly natives have quitted those now collected on, and about the flat on the other side (of) the river, from your farm, who are composed of the tribes I before mentioned, and if I understand them right are determined to be troublesome, from their information, as well as what I have heard from various of the white people, I am of opinion, under the circumstance of a party having run from them, that they would attack any party if not in appearance too formidable that might cross the river after them, provided they were not dressed as soldiers where they might be provided as they deserve, without the danger of injuring any friendly native for I am assured all those have left them, yet the spot they have chosen is situated, as to afford so many retreats into the rocks, &c that any party ought to act with caution, those natives who have been brought up amongst the white people being extremely cunning.

I am well aware that the fears and aversions of the ignorant part of white people will lead them to accuse the whole, indiscriminately, therefore it is to be hoped, steps will as much [as] possible be taken to prevent any friendly native being injured, lest the lives of some of our stockmen or others in remote unprotected situations may fall a sacrifice in retaliation.

Worby and Bush Jackson whom you knew well were here the other day in search of Gogee, and I understand from Mr Moore went afterwards to him stating they had been looking after him &c and

had been at our place a quarter of an hour sooner they would have been enabled to have got him &c &c. The fact is he and several others was in my Boat having gone down the river the day before with your Son fishing and which I told them, they was here again yesterday and took Boodburry and several others with them out of my yard. Boodburry and the others returned shortly afterwards, apparently under a considerable impression of fear, which I have as much as possible endeavoured to dissipate as has also Mr Moore by a communication through me. I have no doubt they will remain in this neighbourhood some time, and will I am confident give every information in their power when ever required

	I remain	
To B Wentworth	Dear Wentworth	
&c &c	Yours Truly	
Sydney	Chas. Thorpy	

Governor Macquarie's War Against The 'Hostile Natives'

The Punitive Expeditions of 1816

On 9 April 1816 Governor Macquarie declared an unofficial war against the Aborigines to the west and south-west of Sydney. He issued instructions to three detachments of the 40th Regiment, under the command of Captain Shaw, to seek out the named 'Hostile Natives' and take all others encountered as 'Prisoners of War', shooting them if they attempted to escape.

Any male Aborigines killed during these operations were to be hung up from prominent trees near where they fell, to strike fear and terror into their surviving families and friends.

The military expeditions were largely unsuccessful as the regiments were in most cases out manoeuvred by the Aborigines' superior tactics and local knowledge of the land. However by early May about four Aboriginal males and more than twenty women and children had officially been killed, whilst a number had been taken to the jail in Sydney to await their 'future disposal' by the Governor. One of them - Duell of the Cowpastures - was eventually coiled to a Tasmanian prison.

Governor Macquarie's war had nevertheless proven a success in clearing the Cowpastures, Bringilly, Andis, and Apple districts of its native tribes - whether hostile or not. Their numbers were always small, and such an action therefore had catastrophic consequences upon the surviving population. Many innocent Aborigines took refuge in the Blue Mountains and in areas along the coast at Illawarra or further to the south, forever forced from their traditional homelands.

Despite evidence of extreme aggression by the whites, Macquarie nevertheless came down hard against the Aborigines, and took the most extreme action, aiming to clear these people from the coastal plain west of Sydney as far as the Blue Mountains.

The hands of Governor Macquarie - favourably remembered in white history as the most enlightened of our earliest governors - were now stained with the blood of this country's original inhabitants.

Over the following pages the official instructions and reports of Macquarie's punitive expeditions are reproduced.

Instructions for Captain Schaw

9 April 1816: Governor Macquarie issues instructions to Captain Schaw of the 48th Regiment to lead a punitive expedition against the 'Hostile Natives' in the regions of the Nepean, Grose, and Hawkesbury rivers (AGNSW, Hs1/6045, 4/1734, pp 149-80)

Instructions for Capt. W.G.B. Schaw 48th Regt. Commanding a detachment of that Corps ordered on a particular service

52-

1. The Aborigines, or Black Natives of this Country, having for the last two years manifested a strong spirit of hostility against the Settlers and other White Inhabitants residing in the Interior and remote parts of the Colony, and having recently been guilty of the most cruel and wanton outrages on the Persons and Properties of several of the Settlers and other White Inhabitants residing on and near the banks of the Rivers Nepean, Grose, and Hawkesbury, by committing many cruel and barbarous murders, and Robberies, to the great terror of the surviving Inhabitants residing on the said Rivers, it now becomes indispensably necessary for the protection of the lives and properties of His Majesty's Subjects residing in this Colony, to adopt such measures as may prevent a recurrence of such daring and sanguinary atrocities on the part of the Black Natives

2. I have accordingly deemed it advisable to order out a detachment of Troops under your command, into the Interior, for the purpose of apprehending and inflicting exemplary Punishments on such of the guilty Natives as you may be able to take alive, the names of those Natives who have committed the late atrocious murders, outrages and Robberies, being pretty well known, you will herewith receive a List of them for your guidance and information, which guilty Natives will be pointed out to you, in case you should be able to apprehend them, by the friendly Native Guides who will accompany you.

In the execution of the Service you are thus ordered upon, you will be generally governed in your conduct by the following instructions, leaving you, however, at liberty to act according to your own discretion and judgement in all cases and matters not particularly specified in these Instructions

3. The great objects in view being to Punish the guilty with as little injury as possible to the innocent Natives, Secrecy and Dispatch must be particularly attended to, so as if possible to surprise and surround them in their lurking Places, before they have any information of your approach. You will therefore do everything in your power to prevent any information of your approach and designs being made known to the Natives; and with this view it will be necessary to make Prisoners of all the Natives of both sexes whom you may see or fall in with on your route after you march from Sydney, and carry them with you to be lodged in places of security at Parramatta and Windsor respectively, until after the present Service is over, delivering them over in charge of the Magistrate at those two places.

4. You will march with the Detachment under your command from Sydney or Parramatta tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock, attended by the Guides specified in the margin

- +1 Wm Postum
- +2 Creek Jimmy
- 3 Badger Badger
- 4 Harry

(NB: ++ These two Guides are to join Capt. Schaw's detachment at Windsor.)

and a light two Horse Cart for conveying the Breed and other extra Baggage of yourself and Party; it being intended that the Detachment shall be served with common Food at the several stations you have occasion to halt at, to save baggage, and orders to this effect have been given to the Commissariat Department.

You are to halt at Parramatta tomorrow night, and set out from thence early the following morning for Windsor, where you will halt that night and also the whole of the day following, in order to afford you sufficient time to consult with the Magistrates at that station, and the Guides they are to furnish you with, relative to your future operations in the Districts of the Hawkesbury River.

5 After consulting with the Magistrates at Windsor, and being supplied with the necessary Guides, you will cross the Hawkesbury and commence your operations in that part of the Country called the Kurr-Jong-Brush, scouring the whole of it and Country adjacent as far as the Second Ridge of the Blue Mountains, and taking all such Natives as you may meet or fall in with in your route Prisoners.

On any occasion of seeing or falling in with the Natives, either in bodies or singly, they are to be called on, by your friendly Native Guides, to surrender themselves to you as Prisoners of War. If they refuse to do so, make the least show of resistance, or attempt to run away from you, you will fire upon and compell them to surrender, breaking and destroying the spears, clubs, and waddies of all those you take Prisoners.

Such Natives as happen to be killed on such occasions, if grown up men, are to be hanged up on trees in conspicuous situations, to strike the Survivors with the greater terror.

On all occasions of your being obliged to have recourse to offensive and coercive measures, you will use every possible precaution to save the lives of the Native Women and Children, but taking as many of them as you can Prisoners.

After scouring the Kurr-Jong-Brush you will proceed by Level Bell's Farm to the River Grose to examine the Country along the right and left banks of it, as far as the Second Ridge of Mountains, taking all such Natives as you meet with in that march Prisoners, or destroying them if they run away or refuse to surrender.

Having completely explored the Kurr-Jong-Brush and all the suspected parts of the Country to the Northward of the Hawkesbury and Grose Rivers, you will recross the former at Richmond, halting there a sufficient time to enable you to send such Prisoners as you may have taken to Windsor, where they are to be delivered to the Magistrates and kept in a place of security till they receive my orders respecting their future disposal.

6 Having refreshed your Party at Richmond and received such supplies of Provisions as you may require for your men from the King's Stores at Windsor, you will set out from the former by such route as your Guides will point out, along the River Nepean, to Mr Secretary Campbell's Farm in the Bingley District, traveling through Mulgoa and the other intermediate Districts, between the Nepean and South Creek, generally frequented by the Natives, taking all such as you may meet with on your march Prisoners.

In case of resistance or running away, you are to fire on them and compell them to surrender, as is herein before directed, hanging up such men as are killed on trees in the most open parts of the Forest, near the River Nepean or South Creek.

7 In your arrival at Mr Secretary Campbell's Farm (called Shankmoren) in the Bingley District you will be so good as to consult with that Gentleman and Mr Lowe the resident Magistrate of the same District, as to your future operations, and obtain from them every information you can relative to the hostile Natives generally frequenting that part of the Country, and where they first commenced their recent ravages and Depredations.

In the event of you having any Prisoners on your arrival at Bingley, you are to send them to Parramatta under a small Escort of a couple of Soldiers and some of the neighbouring Settlers, to be delivered over to the Magistrates, and kept in a place of security till they receive my orders relative to the future disposal. The Native Prisoners are always to be hand-cuffed, or tied two and two together with ropes, on all these occasions to prevent their running away.

After you have consulted with Messrs. Campbell and Lowe and explored all the suspected parts of the Brangelly and Cook Districts, you will cross the Napier to the Cow-Pasture side of it, as near the Western or Wanagebble River as may be found practicable. Having once crossed the Napier, you must be entirely governed by the information of your Guides in your future operations in the Cow Pastures, the whole of which however, from the Wanagebble to the Mountains of Naloi, including the tracts of Country called Wingo-Wingo-Kamabee, Bargo, Namajan or Minkas (in which last place Mr Coley has his cattle grazing at present) and the whole of the Country in the vicinity of the Stone-Quarry-Creek, and southern parts of the banks of the River Napier towards the District of Appin and the Five Islands.

As however it does not appear that any of the Five Islands Natives were concerned in the recent murders and outrages committed by the Cow Pasture and Mountain Natives, I do not wish them to be molested or injured in any way whatever, but, in case any of the guilty Hostile Natives should have taken refuge amongst those of the Five Islands, they must be called on to surrender and deliver them up to you.

It being my intention to detach Lieut. Dawe and Ten Privates of your Company to reinforce the Party of the 46th Regt. at present stationed in the Cow Pastures at Mrs McArthur's Farm, he will be instructed to co-operate with you on your arrival in the Cow Pastures, of which you are to apprise him immediately as soon as you have crossed the River Napier, at the same time instructing him as to the measures he is to pursue in co-operating with you in the Operations to be carried on in the Cow Pastures, so as, if possible, to prevent the Hostile Natives rescuing therefrom making their escape to the Southward or across the Napier to the Eastward of it, which may be prevented by a timely and judicious movement of Lieut. Dawe's Detachment, in a south easterly direction from Mrs McArthur's Farm, thereby cutting off the retreat of the Natives of the several Passes of the Napier and Stone-Quarry-Creek, but such movements must be made with the greatest secrecy and caution to insure their having the desired effect.

As the great Body of the Hostile Natives are known to reside chiefly in the Cow Pastures, the whole of that part of the Country between the Western River on the north, and the Bargo branch of the Napier River on the south, must be completely explored and scoured, making Prisoners of all Natives, young and old, whom you may see and be able to apprehend in the course of your march through that Country.

In case they make the smallest resistance or attempt to run away after being ordered by the friendly Native Guides to surrender themselves as Prisoners, you are to fire upon them, saving the Women and Children if possible.

All such grown up men as may happen to be killed you will direct to be hanged on the highest trees and in the darkest parts of the Forest where they fall. Such Women and Children as may happen to be killed are to be interred wherever they may happen to fall.

The Prisoners taken - young and old - are to be brought in with you to Parramatta and delivered over there to the Magistrates, to be secured at that station till they receive my instructions respecting their future disposal.

Being desirous to procure Twelve Boys and Six Girls - from between four and six years of age - for the Native Institution at Parramatta, you will select and secure that number of fine healthy good-looking children from the whole of the Native Prisoners of War taken in the course of your operations, and direct them to be delivered to the Super. of the Native Institution at Parramatta immediately on their arrival there.

80 Having completely explored the whole of the Districts herein named, and all other parts of the Country in which you may be informed there is a probability of apprehending any of the Hostile Natives, you will return with your Detachment and Prisoners to Parramatta and from thence to Sydney, leaving only a Corporal and three men of the 46th Regt. as a Guard of Protection at Mrs McArthur's Farm in the Cow Pastures, after your operations in that part of the Country have terminated. Lieut. Dawe, and the rest of the Party under his immediate orders, returning with you to Sydney, and also bringing back the European and Native Guides with you to Head-Quarters.

On your arrival at Sydney you will be pleased to make a written Report to me of your Proceedings, and of the measures you pursued in the execution of my Instructions as herein detailed.

In all difficult or unforeseen exigencies, I have only once more to repeat that I leave you entirely at liberty to act according to your own discretion and judgement, in which I have the fullest confidence.

The Magistrates at Parramatta, Windsor, Brinsford, and Liverpool, will be directed to afford every possible assistance in their power, in respect to information and Guides to enable you the more promptly to carry these Instructions into execution, and you will therefore call upon them for any assistance you may stand in need of, as often as you may find occasion for so doing.

The Deputy Comr. Genl. has received instructions to furnish you with the necessary orders for travelling your detachment at your different Halting Places, whilst employed on this Service, and a quantity of Biscuit and Salt Pork will be sent along with the Detachment.

I have the honor to be,

Sr,

Your most obedt. Servt

L.M.

Governr in Chief of
N.S.Wales.

Government House
Sydney, N.S. Wales
Tuesday 9th April
1818

P.S.

It having been deemed advisable to send another detachment of the 48th Regt. commanded by Capt. Wallis into the Districts of Airds and Appin (where the Hostile Natives have recently assembled in considerable Force) for the purpose of protecting the Settlers and other Inhabitants residing in those Districts from the Incursions of the Hostile Natives, and clearing the Country of them, by making Prisoners of them or destroying them in the event of resistance, Capt. Wallis has been instructed to co-operate with you and to afford you such support and assistance as you may have occasion to call for from him after your arrival in the Cow Pastures, of which you will of course give him the earliest possible intimation on commencing your operations in that quarter.

Sydney
9 April 1818

L.M.

List of 'Hostile' Natives

[1818] List of Hostile Natives supplied to Governor Macquarie by Mr McArthur of Camden (ACN856, Reel 6063, 4/1798, p.44)

Names of Hostile bad Natives, as per Mr McArthur

1	Munah	very bad	x
2	Wallah	do	
3	Yellaman	do	
4	Dowell		
5	Bellagallo - Bajeeagurry		
6	Daniel	All	
7	Gogge	suspected	
8	Mary-Mary		

x This is the same man who speared Mr McArthur's oxen, and who throw spears at the Soldiers at Coal's River some time since

Instructions for Captain Wallis

9 April 1816. Governor Macquarie issues instructions to Captain James Wallis of the 40th Regiment, to lead a punitive expedition against the 'Hostile Natives' in the Airds and Appin Districts.

Wallis's expedition is to prove the most successful and the most bloody, despite his complaint of being given native guides who acted as spies in order to protect their countrymen (AGNSW, PMS 6045, 4/1735, pp 7-13).

Govt House, Sydney
9th April 1816

Sir

1 In consequence of accounts received last night and this morning from Liverpool, stating that large Bodies of Hostile Natives have assembled in the Districts of Airds and Appin, and are now committing all sorts of outrages and depredations on the Persons and Properties of the Settlers residing in those Districts: I have deemed it expedient to order a Military Force to proceed under your command early tomorrow morning to Liverpool, and from thence into those Districts infected by the Natives for the purpose of subduing them and protecting the inhabitants from their further incursions and outrages, in the execution of which duty you will be pleased to be governed by the following Instructions.

2 After refreshing yourself and Party at Liverpool tomorrow, you will set out on your march early the following morning, accompanied by the Guides specified in the margin,

- 1 Jno. Warbey
- 2 Floodbury
- 3 Bundell

for the Districts of Airds and Appin, taking Prisoners all such Natives as you may fall in with on your march thither, and sending them to Liverpool to be confined by the Magistrate there in some place of security until he shall receive my orders respecting their final disposal.

In case you meet or fall in with any considerable Body of Natives, you will desire your Native Guide to summon them to surrender themselves as Prisoners to you, and in the event of their refusing so to do, making any show of assistance, or running away, you are to fall upon them, and compel them to surrender.

Such Native men as may be killed on such occasions, you are to cause to be hanged on trees in conspicuous parts of the County where they fall.

3 You are to explore the principal settled parts of the Districts of Airds and Appin, and all places where it is supposed the Natives are most likely to be found or met with, acting towards them as is herein already directed, and after having completely cleared these two Districts of the Hostile Natives, you will take up and occupy a central position with your Detachment at Mr George Woodhouse's Farm, at the southern extremity of the District of Airds, where you will remain until you hear of the arrival of Capt. Shaw's Detachment in the Cow Pastures in order to cooperate with him should there be occasion for your so doing, of which you will be able to judge from the information you may receive from Captain Shaw.

Herewith you will receive a List of the Names of the Hostile Natives who are supposed to have been principally concerned in the recent murders, outrages, and Depredations, committed on the European Settlers; and these guilty Natives you are to do every thing in your power to apprehend and bring back to Sydney.

Not having now time to enter into a fuller detail, I beg leave to refer you to my instructions to Captain Schaw, which you will be so good as to peruse and be generally governed by them in the execution of the Duty you are now ordered upon.

4 Having communicated with Captain Schaw, after his arrival in the Cove Pasture, and that you find there is no ... chance of apprehending any of the guilty Natives, you are to return to Sydney with your detachment, reporting to me on your arrival in writing, the result of your operations during your absence.

I have the honor to be,

Sr,

Your most obedt Servt

L M

Governor in Chief of

N.S. Wales

To
Capt. James Wallis
Comm. a Detachment
of the 48th Regt
ordered on a Particular Service

P.S

You will march from Sydney for Liverpool with your detachment at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. On your arrival at Liverpool you will communicate with Mr Thomas Moses Esq. the Magistrate of that District, and receive from him such information respecting the Hostile Natives as he may be able to afford you, particularly relative to those who a few days since made an incursion into the Districts of Ards and Appin and who committed depredations in those parts of the Country.

Sydney
9 April 1816

L.M.

List of White and Black Guides

[1816] List of white and black guides to accompany the punitive expeditions (ACNSW, Reel 6085, 4/1798, pp 45, 46)

List of names of White and Black Guides employed with Capts. Schaw & Wallis viz.

1	John Warbey	}	White or European Guides
2	John Jackson		
3	William Parson		
4	Thomas Simpson		
5	Joseph McLoughlin		
6	Thomas Nobles	}	White or European Guides
7	Henry McKudding		
8	Tyson		
9	Bridges Bidges		
10	Harry		
11	Burdell	}	Black Guides
12	Creek Jeremy		
13	aka. Mungingy		
14	Colobee		
15	Tindall		

Instructions for Lt. Dawe

9 April 1816. Governor Macquarie issues instructions to Lt. Charles Dawe of the 48th Regiment, to lead a Detachment against the 'Hostile Natives' in the Cow Pastures district (AGNSW, Reel 6045, 4/1735, pp.1-6).

Govt. House, Sydney
9th Apr 1816

Sir

1 Having nominated you to command the detachment of the 48th Regt. proceeding tomorrow to the Cow Pastures, you will be governed by the following Instructions in the execution of the Duty you are thus ordered upon.

2 You will march tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock from Sydney for Liverpool with your Detachment, along with that of Capt. Wallis, and on your arrival there you will communicate with Mr Moore the Magistrate, and obtain all the information you can from him relative to the Hostile Natives and the parts of the Country they are most likely to be taken in with. Having obtained this intelligence, and rested your Detachment at Liverpool tomorrow night, you will set out on your march early the following morning for the Cow Pastures, crossing from the River Nepean near the Government Hut, and proceeding direct to Mrs McArthur's Farm, where you will find and take under your command the small Party of the 48th Regt. at present stationed there.

3 On your march from Liverpool to the Cow Pastures, you are to apprehend all the Natives you fall in with and make Prisoners of them. If they refuse to surrender, or make any show of resistance, or attempt to run away, you are to fire upon them, until compelled to surrender.

Such Prisoners as you take are to be sent back to Liverpool to be confined there, and such adult male Natives as may be killed you are to cause to be hanged on trees in conspicuous parts of the Country they fall in.

You are to spare all Women and Children, and not kill any of them if you can possibly avoid it. If however any should be killed, they are to be buried where they may happen to fall.

You are to remain stationed at Mrs McArthur's Farm at the Cow Pastures until you hear from Capt. Schaw after he has crossed with his Party to that side of the River, and then act in cooperation with him according to circumstances. But in case you should learn that any number of natives are lurking within a few miles of your station, or are likely to be cut off by your making a movement, you are immediately to march with your whole Detachment against them, and take them Prisoners, as is herein already directed.

It is very probable that the Natives who may be driven from their lurking places by Capt. Schaw may attempt to escape by some of the Pastures near your station, and it may be in your power to intercept them by making a timely and judicious movement towards such Pastures, which your Guides will lead you to. I have inserted in the margin the names of the Guides who are to attend you to the Cow Pastures and to remain with you there.

Jno Jackson
&
Tindal

I also enclose herewith a List of the Names of such Natives as are known to be hostile, and whom you will do every thing in your power to apprehend and bring Prisoners to Sydney.

4 After Capt. Schaw has completed the Service he is now sent on, he will apprise you there and you will then join him and return with him to Sydney, by way of Parramatta, reporting to me in writing on your arrival at Sydney the result of your particular operations during your absence

I have the honor to be,

Sr,

Your most obedt. Servt.

L M

Goven. in Chief of
N-S Wales

To
Lieut. Charles Dene
Comd. a Detachment
of the 40th Regt.
ordered on a Particular Service

10 April 1816: Note re troopers dispatched to keep Governor Macquarie informed of the actions of his punitive expeditions (AONSW, Reel 8665, 461736, p.48)

Monday/Wed 10th Apr 1816

Henry Newman Trooper is gone with Capt. Wallis; and Thos. Humphreys Trooper is gone with Capt. Schaw, in order to convey intelligence to and from them during the present service

L M

Macquarie's Reasons for His Actions

10 April 1816: Governor Macquarie records his personal reasons for the punitive expeditions in his Journal (Mitchell Library, A773, p 1):

... I therefore, tho' very unwillingly, felt myself compelled, from a paramount sense of Public Duty, to come to the painful resolution of chastening these hostile Tribes, and to inflict terrible and exemplary Punishments upon them without further loss of time, as they might construe any further forbearance or lenity on the part of the Government into fear and cowardice.

10-20 April 1816: Governor Macquarie's punitive expeditions against the natives are carried out by the three detachments of the 40th Regiment, in the areas both the Grose Valley in the north, to Appin and Bargo in the south. The whole campaign is rather secretive, and not openly reported in the local newspapers.

On 30 April Governor Macquarie recalls the expeditions, and they returned to Sydney on 4 May. In the following week the various commanders present reports to the Governor of their action during the previous month.

Captain Schaw's Report

8 May 1816: Report of Captain Schaw to Governor Macquarie, concerning the expedition under his command against the 'Hostile Nations' [AGNSW, Reel 6045, 4/1725, pp.33-41]

Sydney 8th May 1816

Sir

In obedience to Your Excellency's commands I have the honour to Report the proceedings of the Detachment of the 46th Regt. under my command, ordered on a particular service, and enclose for Your Excellency's information some extracts from the Journal. In addition to which I beg leave to state that every individual composing this Service evinced the utmost good and anxiety to forward the same as far as lay in their power, and underwent the fatigue and privations necessarily attendant and without uttering the least complaint.

It would be an act of injustice on my part were I to omit to mention on this occasion the very marked attention and assistance we experienced from the Windsor Magistrates while we remained in their District, as also from Mr Secretary Campbell and Mr Coley at their respective farms. The latter gentleman accompanied the Detachment several days and rendered the most particular services.

I beg leave to observe that I have omitted in the Journal to mention the particular services on which Captain Wallis and Lieut. Dawe were employed in cooperation with my Detachment. I am being in possession of the Reports of those officers.

It [only] remains for me to express my regret that it was not in my power to carry the instructions more fully into effect.

I have the honour to be,

Sr,

Your most obedt Servt

W Schaw

Capt. 46th Regt

Extracts

From the Journal of the Detachment of the 46th Regt
under my Command on a particular Service

Wednesday 10th April

Marched from Sydney to Parramatta according to Orders, and halted for the night.

Thursday 11th

Marched for Windsor, and arrived there at 2 o'clock, communicated with the Magistrates according to instructions, and not receiving any information of importance, halted for that night.

Friday 12th

In pursuance of a plan of cooperation arranged by the Magistrates, with some constables and Settlers, marched to Lieut. Bell's Farm with additional Guards and two Constables. Halted for the night.

Saturday 13th

Marched from Lieut. Bell's Farm to the River Cross, and through the second ridge of Mountains, and Kany Gong Beach. The Black Guides discovered the track of natives, which we followed to a Camp, that appeared to have been slept in the night before, left the tracks in the deep ravines, between the second and higher ridges, and proceeded to Singleton's Mill. Halted for the night.

Sunday 14th

Detach'd Lieut. Grant, with ten men to Flying Fox Valley, being informed that it was a likely place to find some natives. Proceeded with the rest of the Detachment along the Colo Ridge, and detached a Serjt. and two men to the left. The whole arrived at Mr Hower's Farm in the evening, without having discovered any tracks of Natives, and halted for the night.

Monday 15th

Returned to Windsor & communicated with the Magistrates, who could not obtain any information. After refitting the men, proceeded on the route pointed out in the instructions, but being followed by an express with a letter from Doctor Arundel, requesting immediate assistance, counter-marched and arrived at Gaddy's, at nine o'clock that night.

Tuesday 16th

Marched at 3 o'clock in the morning to a place where it was supposed the Natives had retired after plundering some neighbouring Farms. At 7 o'clock fell in with their tracks, a party of about 15 men were seen at some distance, which we followed until 1/2 past 12, without being able to come up with them. Halted to refresh the men and again proceeded on the same track, when we came to a Farm belonging to a man of the name of Douglas where we were informed that the same Party had a short time before plundered a small Farm adjoining, and had made their escape. Returned to Dr Arundel's to wait for further information.

Wednesday 17th

Received information of an Encampment and detached Lieut. Grant, who was accompanied by Asst. Surgeon Bush, with a Party to surprise it at day light. They marched at 1/2 past 2 o'clock in the morning under the guidance of White Stock Men, and after marching nine miles, arrived at a place where the natives were said to be encamped, but the Guide thro' fear or some other reason, declined leading the Party to the spot, affecting to be ignorant of that part of the Country, in consequence of which the Detachment were unable to find the Encampment, and after a fruitless search of many hours, returned, and joined me at Windsor, where we halted for the night.

Thursday 18th

Receiving no further information, marched to Col. O'Connell's Farm, near the Western Road, & halted for the night.

Friday 19th

Marched from Col. O'Connell's Farm to Badgers's Farm, halted for two hours and proceeded to Secretary Campbell's Farm, having sent to all the neighbouring Farms to endeavour to gain information, and halted for the night.

Saturday 20th

Stationed a Corp'l. and six men at Secretary Campbell's farm and marched thence to Mr Orley's farm, being unable to cross the River lower down, sent an express to Capt'n. Wallis and Lieut. Davis. Halted for the night.

Sunday 21st

Capt. Walls and Lieut. Dawe joined me at Mr Oxley's and having settled my future plan of operation with the former, ordered Lieut. Dawe to proceed down the western bank of the River, as far as the nature of the Country would permit. He returned to Mrs McArthur at six o'clock in the evening without success, crossed the River with my Detachment, and halted for the night at Mrs McArthur's Farm.

Monday 22nd

Halted the whole of the day to wait for Capt. Walls, who was to join me with part of his Detachment, and was informed by Mr Oxley's Stockmen, that a large Body of Natives had driven them from their Huts in Winge Winge Charabia and plundered them of every article they possessed. Capt. Walls's Detachment arrived about six o'clock in the evening.

Tuesday 23rd

My Detachment together with Captain Walls's proceeded on their route to Winge Charabia, but were obliged to halt at the Stone Quarry Creek to wait for the Carts. Detached Lieut. Dawe to the right by the pass of the Natta Mountains. He joined me at Bargo the following day.

Wednesday 24th

Marched to Bargo, and were obliged to halt, the Carts finding it almost impossible to proceed.

Thursday 25th

Marched to Callumbigles Plains, leaving a Detachment with Provisions and one of the Carts. Halted for the night.

Friday 26th

The Detachment remained at Callumbigles Plains, whilst Mr Oxley and his Stock Keepers went forward to Winge Charabia, to observe if any of the Natives were in that neighbourhood, but returned without discovering any. At Sunset sent parties to the adjoining Hills to look out for fires, which returned without success.

Saturday 27th

Marched to Winge Charabia thro' a very difficult Country. The Cart with provisions broke down, and as it was impossible to repair it, Mr Oxley's Cart was sent to bring forward such articles as were absolutely necessary. Halted for the night at the Hut near the Stockyard.

Sunday 28th

Capt. Walls with the Grenadiers proceeded with two days provisions to the eastward, to endeavour if possible to make the Five Islands. Detached Lieut. Dawe with two days provisions to the westward. Went with a small party some distance down the banks of the River, to try to discover the Natives' tracks. Returned without success and halted for the night. Sent Parties to the heights at Sunset to look out for fires.

Monday 29th

At eleven o'clock Lieut. Dawe returned with his Party, having fallen in with a Native Camp, where he found part of the things stolen from Mr Oxley's Stock Keepers, but did not see any of the Natives. Capt. Walls returned at 4 o'clock in consequence of the want of provisions. Halted for the night.

Tuesday 30th

March'd from Wingo Chariba on our return to Head Quarters. Halted at Callumbigles Plains for the night. Found great difficulty in getting the broken Cart forward.

Wednesday 1st May

March'd from Callumbigles Plains to the Stone Quarry Creek, left the Carts behind to come on when they could with a guard. Halted for the night.

Thursday 2nd

Stationed a Corp'l. and three Men at Mrs McArthur's Farm, and march'd to Mr Ooley's Farm. There issued Orders to return through Parramatta. Halted for the night.

Friday 3rd

March'd from Mr Ooley's Farm to Liverpool. Halted for the night.

Saturday 4th

March'd to Sydney, through Parramatta. Joined the Grenadiers under the command of Capt'n Walks, at the junction of the Road. Reached Sydney at 3 o'clock.

W Shaw
Captain 46th Regt.

Captain Wallis's Report

9 May 1818: Report of Captain James Wallis of the 46th Regiment, to Governor Macquarie, concerning his operations against the 'Hostile Natives' in the Ando and Appin Districts (AJNSW, Reel C045, 4/1735_pp 59-69)

Sydney May 9th 1818

Sir

Accompanying I have the honor to transmit the copy of a Journal I kept while employed on the service in the station you entrusted me with. I hope it may prove to your Excellency my wish to perform that duty according to the best of my abilities, and your instructions.

I have also the honor to forward Lieut. Parker's report from the date of his quitting me till his arrival in Sydney, and I feel much indebted to him for his attention and assistance on every occasion.

To Capt. Shaw's Journal I beg leave to refer your Excellency for my movements from 22nd to 28th April and from 30th April to my arrival in Sydney.

On such a service I must have depended a good deal on information and assistance from the magistrates, constables and Settlers. To Mr Moore for his anxious wish to prosecute the good of the service I feel much indebted and to your Excellency's notice I beg leave to recommend Tyson, a constable who was of the greatest services to me and Thos. Noble, a prisoner.

I have only one circumstance to lament, the loss of my native guides. It had an appearance of want of attention on my part, from which I trust your Excellency will acquit me.

My Detachment, from their steadiness, and patient endurance of long marches & privations of every kind, merit my warmest approbations. While they remained at Mr Woodhouse's farm he was very attentive to their comforts, supplying them with fresh provisions, vegetables, stores, and every thing else in his power.

I have the honor to be

Sir

your most obedt

Hble Servt

James Wolfe

Captain 40th Regt

[Journal of Captain Wolfe]

10th April

Marched my detachment to Liverpool, received information of a large party of natives being near Cunningham's farm, in the Botany Bay district. Warby my European Guide informed me they were friendly. As Cogee was with them I would have sent a detachment to secure him but decided it started they would give information of my approach to the more hostile tribes, which would be against my wishes and instructions. I was surprised at Warby's telling me in Mr Moore's presence that he would take no charge of my native guides.

11th

A very heavy fall of rain prevented my leaving Liverpool till eight o'clock a.m. Did not arrive at Woodhouse's farm till near sunset, having received much detention in getting our Cart forward from the horses being quite jaded, and the badness of the latter part of the road. The men being very wet and fatigued I gave them an extra ration of fresh meat. I had all day carefully watched my black guides, and given them privately in charge to my two Sergeants, my dragoon, and Lt. Parker. After my arrival I brought them into Mr Woodhouse's dwelling house. I did not judge it prudent to mount a sentry on them, and conceived they are safe in a small kitchen opening to the road. I was in with Warby and McCudden with them. Frequently saw them lying by the fire.

About two hours after our arrival I was a good deal surprised at Warby's asking me where I had given my black guides in charge to, as they had left the kitchen and taken their blankets. I was exceedingly annoyed and told Warby not to put a worse circumstance on his conduct. That he feared the natives and to court favor had winked at the escape of Bundle and Budbury.

I sent Dugan a constable and young Mr Hume to Mr Broughton's. They returned with information all the worst characters were now found thence.

12th

Marched my detachment to Mr Broughton's farm. Halted then on the hill in rear of the house, and proceeded with Lieut. Parker and Mr Hume to Mr Kennedy's. On my questioning Mr Kennedy he informed me there were some unoffensive natives on his farm, but were afraid to be seen by me. I assured him I would not molest men of this description. He sent them assurances of this, and they soon made their appearance unarmed. On enquiring their names and looking in the Governor's list I found two of them were proscribed, Yallaman and Battagale. I told Mr Kennedy I must make Prisoners of them. He assured me they were harmless, innocent men, guiltless of any of the recent murders, protected his and Mr Broughton's farm, and that if I took them he must abandon the country. He offered to go down to Sydney next day to see the Governor, and if His Excellency wished he would be answerable for their appearance.

Mr Hume warmly seconded this and said he had seen the Governor ~~pass~~ their names from the guilty list. Given all these circumstances I was induced to defer putting His Excellency's instructions into force.

13th

A son of Kenny (a settler) informed me the natives were just seen at his father's. I immediately marched, and on arrival found they had retired on the rocks of George's River, thence we had taken a circuit in hopes of surprising them. Sent Tyson to Broughton's to gain information. He did not succeed.

14th

Detached messengers in every direction to gain information. Worby was absent yesterday, and today did not like going out as he said the natives would suspect something were they to see him.

Murphy (a Settler) informed me he came off the docks of McAllister an overseer on Doctor Redfern's farm, to say that if I marched my detachment thence, he would point out where he had seen the natives camp the day before.

Wid and Connor (Settlers) I had sent to Dr Redfern's, returned, and corroborated the foregoing statement, and said McAllister could lead us from Dr Redfern's house in fifteen minutes to their camp.

Tyson returned from Mr Broughton's. Says the natives are in force there.

I now determined on proceeding against the camp in fear of Dr Redfern's, by doing so I would clear the most settled parts of the country. The runaways would flock to the Napean, where another chance of attacking them would appear, and the communication between the tribes cut off.

15th

Marched at 1/2 past one o'clock a.m. Arrived before day at Dr Redfern's farm. Was informed the natives were fired at the night before. A shepherd guided us, and we proceeded about two miles, expecting any moment to see their fires. We experienced a disappointment in not seeing a single native.

I reprobated McAllister's conduct most highly. On our arrival he did not appear, and I can only account for his conduct as deceiving us by ascribing it to personal fear or a wish to scare the natives. I wished much for the power of punishing him for his duplicity [?].

Mrs Kennedy brought me a letter from The Governor. I am happy he approves of my conduct with regard to Yallamoon and Bottapake, He directed me to take up a position in rear of Dr Redfern's and endeavour to secure the party I have been employed to fall in with.

Heard from Mr Moore, who sent me a guide belonging to the R.V. Camps. [Royal Veterans' Company]. He & however a settler's son (Acres) knows the banks of Georges river better and had volunteered his services.

16th April

Went to the banks of Georges River, and surveyed the settlement to procure information.

This evening Tyson returned and informed the natives were still at Broughton's. That there were seven murderers amongst them and that as more would arrive in that night. From Thos. Noble, a prisoner with information.

About eleven o'clock he came and informed me Noble had seen their camp at sunset.

17th

A little after one o'clock a.m. we marched. Noble joined us, and led us where he had seen the natives encamped. The fires were burning but deserted. We feared they had heard us and were fled.

A few of my men who wandered on heard a child cry. I formed line ranks, entered and pushed on through a thick brush towards the precipitous banks of a deep rocky creek. The dogs gave the alarm and the natives fled over the cliffs. A smart firing now ensued. It was moonlight. The grey down of the moon appearing so dark as to be able early to discover their figures bounding from rock to rock.

Before marching from Quarters I had ordered my men to make as many prisoners as possible, and to be careful in sparing and saving the women and children. My principal efforts were now directed to this purpose. I regret to say some had been shot and others met their fate by rushing in despair over the precipice. I was however partly successful - I led up two women and three children. They were all that remained, to whom death would not be a blessing.

Twice a melancholy but necessary duty I was employed upon. Fourteen dead bodies were counted in different directions. The bodies of Cunell and Kincabyal I had considerable difficulty in getting up the precipice - I regretted the death of an old native Bafya and the unfortunate woman and children - from the rocky place they fell in. I found it would be almost impossible to bury these.

I detached Lieut. Parker with the bodies of Cunell and Kincabyal, to be hanged on a conspicuous part of a range of hills near Mr Broughton's and after to lay in ambush at a ford where it was expected Boobyary was with other natives to pass.

In the camp we found abundance of plundered potatoes and corn, and numbers of spears, clubs &c.

Mr Kennedy offered me much assistance in supplying me with carts, ropes, &c. At his and Mr Bykes request I left a Corporal and three privates to protect them from the revengeful fury of the natives, till I received the Governor's commands. The Prisoners I loaded on a cart. Warby was to escort them to McCudden's, who was directed immediately to proceed to Liverpool, whereto I hope he will arrive early this evening. In consequence of this opportunity I did not send the dray who had horses out without bathing his horse, with a humidator.

I wrote to the Governor, enclosed to Mr Moore.

Lieut. Parker returned without having seen any natives, as I suppose they heard our firing.

18th

According to the Governor's instructions, marched my detachment and encamped near Door Redfern's old stock yard in Arde, five miles from where the natives were supposed to be.

19th

This morn dispatched Warby, Wild, Aloys, Tyson and McCudden to get intelligence. Marched a detachment along George's River three or four miles. Fell in with a Kangaroo Dog, supposed to be Cogo's, and a fresh native track on the ground.

I have no doubt we were seen. I have seldom seen a more difficult, inaccessible country, and without discovering and being led to their camp, we saw little chance of talking in with the natives.

20th

Moved my position farther down the river. Heard from His Exy the Governor who I am happy approves of my conduct.

21st

Proceeded to Mr Oakey's to consult with Capt. Schaw. We agreed the best place of cooperation to carry the Governor's instructions into force would be to detach Lieut. Parker to the Five Islands, leave a sufficient force to protect the districts of Ainde and Appin, and to join him with the remainder of my force.

22nd

Joined Capt. Schaw at Mrs McArthur's in the Cow Pastures with a Sergt. and twelve men, detaching a Sergt. and eight with Lieut Parker and leaving a Corporal and nine privates to protect the settlements.

[From the 22nd to the 27th Captain Wallis and his detachment operated with Captain Schaw's detachment in the Wingecarobie district - refer to Captain Schaw's journal for details.]

28th

Detached by Capt. Schaw from Wingecarobie. Marched for about twelve miles along the course of the river. Trackd the natives for some miles, and guide Coloby informed us they were about two days before us. We continued our course to the east about three miles further, the river taking its course to the southward. A heavy fall of rain obliged me to halt and endeavour to get rested.

29th

As we had but one days provision left I judged it more prudent to return than to continue any course to the coast. We nearly retraced our steps, but in with the deserted camp, where the natives had been a few days before, joined Capt. Schaw in the evening.

Mr Oakey accompanied me these two days march and I feel most indebted to him for his assistance and this as well as every other occasion where his services could be rendered to me and my detachment.

----- Lt. Parker's Report

8 May 1816. Report of Lt. Parker of the 48th Regiment, concerning his Detachment's operations at Appin and journey to the Five Islands (ANNSW, Reel 60-65, 41735, pp 63-62).

Report of a Detachment of the 48th Regt. from the 22nd April to the 6th of May 1816.

Sir

Agreeable to the Instructions received from You, I marched to Mr Woodhouse's on the morning of the 22 of April, and received the same evening Duall and Quert, two hostile Natives who had been taken on Mr Kennedy's Farm in the morning. On the following day I sent Duall to Liverpool in charge of McCusdin the Constable and deterr'd Quert, who had volunteered to show me that Body of Natives to which he belong's. Tyson and Nobles went with him and returned late that night with intelligence that they had seen the smoke from their fires in the rocks at the back of Mr Kennedy's

Part, but their situation precluded the possibility of attacking them unless with two considerable bodies of men acting together, which I was unable to procure as I was obliged to March east the following morning to Mr Kennedy's on my route to the Five Islands

I therefore despatch'd Nobles with Quist to McCudden's house, with directions to leave him forwarded to Liverpool as soon as possible, and proceeded to Mr Kennedy's early on the 24th

On the 25th, as I could only take McCudden's Cart as far as Kings Falls a distance of about three miles, I procured an additional Horse from Mr Kennedy's, and arrived the same evening at the Hut of Mr Throsby's Stockman (at Wollongong) where I halted for the night, and on the morning of the 26th reach'd the long Point (Red Point), about six miles south of the Hut and as that was the Ground I was to occupy I gave directions for building the Huts and had them constructed before night

The natives were at first alarmed but became soon assured of our pacific intentions, declar'd themselves at Enmity with the Mountain Blacks and offer'd every assistance in capturing or destroying them should they descend from their retreats in the rocks

On the 27th, being in expectation of you joining me & having a small allowance of salt provisions, I ordered a Bullock belonging to Mr Cribb to be kill'd and serv'd out to the Men and a short allowance of Biscuit at four each day per Man

I remained on my encampment until the 1st of May and not having heard any thing of your Party or hostile Natives, and having only one days bread remaining I proceeded to the hut on my way back on the following day On the 3rd I push'd on for Mr Kennedy's and on my arrival found some Natives who had deliver'd themselves up the day before.

The salt provision I had brought from the Five Islands I left with the Party at Mr Kennedy's which according to your Orders I augmented to six Privates and a Corporal and completed to hunt sunds of ammunition per man. As there were no conveniences for cooking their victuals, I left the camp kettle and frying pan in their charge and on the fourth arriv'd at Liverpool with my Prisoners and Party.

At Liverpool I received upwards of twenty Knapsacks and belonging to the light Company with orders from Capt. Shaw to have them forwarded to Sydney which with the addition of two white Prisoners and the circumstance of my Party of Natives being mostly Women and Children constrain'd me to procure another Cart from Mr Moore.

On the 5th I arriv'd in Sydney and lodg'd my Prisoners in the Goal immediately. My Party were in perfect health and order.

I have the honor to be

Sir

Your obedt. Servt.

A. G. Parker

Lieut. 48th Regt

Commanding Detachment

Lt. Dowe's Report

8 May 1816: Report of Lt. Dowe of the 48th Regiment to Governor Macquarie, concerning his expedition against the "Hostile Natives" at the Cowpastures (AGNSW, B reel 6243, 4/1735, pp 29-32)

Report of Proceedings of a Detachment
of the 40th Regiment under my Command
from the 12th April to the 4th May 1816

Sir

In compliance with your orders of the 9th April, I arrived at Liverpool on the 10th, saw Mr Moore the same evening, who provided me with a Cart to take on the Provisions for my Detachment.

On my way to Mrs McArthur's Farm, where I arrived on the 11th April, I gained information of a large Body of the Natives being a little below her Slaughter House, about six miles distant. I directed one of her stock keepers (Nicholas O'neal) to go and observe their position, taking care to bring me back every necessary information.

I marched the following morning the 12th at three o'clock in order to surprise them at daylight, and approached to the distance of 120 yards from their Encampment, when one who was apparently stirring the fire raised the alarm, and all effected their escape (only some women ...) excepting a Boy about 14 years old, notwithstanding a smart lead as directed on them, and every exertion used to take them.

I immediately proceeded with my Party to the pass of the River opposite Mr Broughton's Farm, supposing that they may have taken refuge on the other side. On my arrival I found the track of one only which led me to suppose that the remaining three must have been wounded, and I have since heard from O'neal - one of the Prisoners taken by Capt. Wells - that one was killed, and another returned to his tribe badly wounded.

On Saturday the 13th I went in company with Jackson and Tindal to the top of Mount Hunter with a view of discovering by means of their fires if any Natives selected the neighbourhood - in this I was unsuccessful.

On Wednesday the 17th April I received an account from Capt. Wells of his having fallen in with a Party of Natives near Mr Broughton's Farm, stating the probability that those left untouched may have escaped by the Pass to the Cow Pastures. I marched there the following and arrived at daylight. Finding that they had not crossed, I considered my Party at a convenient distance till one o'clock, when giving up all idea of their crossing on that day I proceeded two miles up the River to another place where they are in the habit of passing, but finding no traces of them I returned with my party to Mrs McArthur's.

On Saturday the 20th I communicated with Capt. Shaw at Mr Odey's and received instructions to march with my Detachment on the following morning through the Country lying between my Post and the Wapogombis. I proceeded with two days provisions until brought up by a range of mountains which form a point about 12 miles down the Napoon near Bents Basin. I considered these impassable for Troops and returned, keeping them close on my right hand.

I saw several large Encampments, in all 70 Huts, some of which appeared to have been forsaken about a week or ten days since. The greater part were in a direction between Mr Wentworth's Farm and Mr Sec. Campbell's in a very thick bush close to the River. I could discover no tracks excepting those communicating with the different Camps.

On Sunday the 21st April Capt. Shaw joined me with his Detachment.

On Tuesday the 23rd I was directed to march with my Detachment to Bargo by the way of Nali in order to ascertain if any Natives had crossed the River from the Cow Pasture side. I arrived at the pass at one o'clock but could discover only three tracks directing towards me. I arrived at Bargo the same evening and joined Capt. Shaw again the following morning. Proceeded in company with him to Wingi Combe.

On Sunday the 28th I was detached with orders to march due west as far as the nature of the ground and my provisions would direct. About six miles from Mr Coleys Hut I fell in with the native tracks, and followed them through two Encampments consisting of sixteen Huts, a distance of eight miles. We could discover no fires during the night and my provisions would not allow me to proceed further. I joined Capt. Schaw the following day the 29th. On my way thither I found a trying pen which I have ascertained was plundered from Mr Coleys stockman at Wingi Wingi Cambs.

I have since acted together with Capt. Schaw's Detachment and arrived at Sydney on Saturday the 4th May.

I feel it a duty incumbent on me to report to you the good conduct of Jackson, and Tyndal, my two Guides, who have behaved in every respect as I could wish. I must also recommend to your favorable consideration one of Mr McArthur's stock keepers by the name of Cornelius Floke by whose direction only I was enabled to fall in with the Encampment in the Cow Pasture.

I have the honor to be,
Sir, Your very obedt.
Humble Servant
Charles Dawe
Lieut. 48th Regt

To
Major General Macquarie
Commanding the Forces

Macquarie Recalls the Expeditions

30 April 1818: Governor Macquarie issues a circular to Captains Schaw and Wallis, calling on them to return to Sydney and discontinue their punitive operations. (AGNSW, Reel 8845, 4/1735, pp 20-21)

Circular - to Capt. Schaw & Wallis

Government House
Sydney 30th April 1818

Sir

Concluding you have by this time nearly crossed the whole of the Country specified in my Instructions of date 9th Instant, and carried into effect such parts thereof as were found practicable, I have to desire that you will, on receipt of this order, return with your Detachments to Head Quarters by easy marches and by the way of Parramatta, bringing with you Lieut. Dawe and his Detachment, with the exception of the small guard ordered to be left at Mrs McArthur's Farm in the Cow Pasture.

In the event of your having taken any native Prisoners and where you may have still with your Party you will be so good as to march them to Parramatta and deliver over charge of them to the resident Magistrate at that station.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedt. Servt
L. M
Govr. in Chief

To
Capt. W G B Schaw
Com. of Detachment
48th Regt. employed on a
particular service

Return of the Punitive Expeditions

4 May 1816: Governor Macquarie records in his diary the return of part of the punitive expedition against the 'Hostile Natives' (J. Macquarie Diary, Mitchell Library, CYA773, p.247)

Saturday 4th May 1816

The three separate Military Detachments belonging to the 48th Regt. commanded severally by Captains Schew, Wells, and Lieutenant Dawe, sent out on the 10th of last month to scour the Interior of the Country, and to drive the Natives from the Settlements of the White Inhabitants, resumed this day to Head Quarters, after having executed the several parts of their instructions entirely to my satisfaction, having inflicted exemplary Punishments on the Hostile Natives and brought in a few of them as Prisoners to Sydney.

Governor Macquarie's Proclamation

Admonishing the Aborigines & Ordering Them To Disarm

4 May 1816: (Sydney Gazette) In the light of the results of the punitive expeditions, on this day a Proclamation was issued by Governor Macquarie. It admonished the Aborigines and imposed strict conditions on their actions whilst near white settlements, including the order to disarm themselves of all offensive weapons - including their hunting implements. It was released on the day of the return to Sydney of the 48th Regiment under the command of Captain Schew.

Proclamation

By his Excellency Lachlan Macquarie, esquire, Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's Territory of New South Wales and its dependencies, &c. &c. &c.

Whereas the Aborigines, or Black Natives of the Colony, have for the last three years manifested a strong and sanguinary Spirit of Animosity and Hostility towards the British Inhabitants residing in the Interior and remote Parts of the Territory, and been recently guilty of most atrocious and wanton barbarities, in indiscriminately murdering Men, Women, and Children, from whom they had received no Offence or Provocation; and also in killing the Cattle, and plundering the goods and Property of every Description belonging to the Settlers and Persons residing on and near the Banks of the Rivers Nepean, Grose and Hawkesbury, and South Creek, to the great Terror, Loss, and Distress of the suffering Inhabitants.

And whereas, notwithstanding that the Government has heretofore acted with the utmost Lenity and humanity towards these Natives, in forbearing to punish such wanton Cruelties and Depredations with their merited Severity, thereby hoping to reclaim them from their barbarous Practices, and to conciliate them to the British Government, by affording them Protection, Assistance, and Indulgence, instead of subjecting them to the retaliation of Injury, which their own wanton Cruelties would have fully justified; yet they have persevered to the present Day in committing every species of sanguinary Outrage and Depredation on the Lives and Properties of the British Inhabitants, after having been repeatedly cautioned to beware of the Consequences that would result to themselves by the Continuance of such destructive and barbarous Courses.

And whereas His Excellency the Governor was lately reluctantly compelled to resort to coercive and strong measures to prevent the Recurrence of such Crimes and Barbarities, and to bring to condign Punishment such of the Perpetrators of them as could be found and apprehended, and with this View sent out a Military Force to drive away these hostile Tribes from the British Settlements in the remote Parts of the Country, and to take as many of them Prisoners as possible;

In executing which Service several Natives have been unavoidably killed and wounded, in Consequence of their not having surrendered themselves on being called on to do so, amongst whom, it may be considered fortunate, that some of the most guilty and atrocious of the Natives concerning in the late Murders and Robberies are numbered. And although it is to be apprehended that some few innocent Men, Women, and Children may have fallen in these Conflicts, yet it is earnestly hoped that this unavoidable Result, and the Severity which has attended it, will eventually strike Terror amongst the surviving Tribes, and deter them from the further Commission of such sanguinary Outrages and Barbarities.

And whereas the more effectually to prevent a recurrence of Murders, Robberies, and depredations by the Natives, as well as to protect the Lives and Properties of His Majesty's British Subjects residing in the several Settlements of this Territory, His Excellency the Governor deems it his indispensable Duty to prescribe certain Rules, Orders, and Regulations to be observed by the Natives, and rigidly enforced and carried into Effect by all Magistrates and Peace Officers in the Colony of New South Wales, and which are as follows :-

First, - That from and after the Fourth Day of June next ensuing, that being the Birth-Day of His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Third, no Black Native, or Body of Black Natives, shall ever appear at or within one Mile of any Town, Village, or Farm, occupied by, or belonging to any British Subject, armed with any warlike or offensive Weapon or Weapons of any Description, such as Spears, Clubs, or Waddies, on Pain of being deemed and considered in a State of Aggression and Hostility, and treated accordingly.

Second, - That no Number of Natives, exceeding the Whole Six Persons, being entirely unarmed, shall ever come to lurk or loiter about any Farm in the Interior, on Pain of being considered Enemies, and treated accordingly.

Third, - That the Practice hitherto observed among the Natives, of assembling in large Bodies or Parties armed, and of fighting and attacking each other on the Plea of inflicting Punishments on Transgressors of their own Customs and Manners, at or near Sydney, and other principal Towns and Settlements in the Colony, shall be herewith wholly abolished, as a barbarous Custom, repugnant to the British Laws, and strongly militating against the Civilization of the Natives, which is an Object of the highest Importance to effect, if possible. Any armed Body of Natives, therefore, who shall assemble for the foregoing Purposes, either at Sydney or any of the other Settlements of this Colony after the said Fourth Day of June next, shall be considered as Disturbers of the Public Peace, and shall be apprehended and punished in a summary Manner accordingly. The Black Natives are therefore hereby enjoined and commanded to discontinue this barbarous Custom, not only at and near the British Settlement, but also in their own wild and remote Places of Resort.

Fourth, - That such of the Natives as may wish to be considered under the Protection of the British Government, and disposed to conduct themselves in a peaceable, inoffensive, and honest Manner, shall be furnished with Passports or Certificates to that Effect, signed by the Governor, on their making Application for the same at the Secretary's Office, at Sydney, on the First Monday of every succeeding Month, which Certificates they will find will protect them from being injured or molested by any Person, so long as they conduct themselves peaceably, inoffensively, and honestly, and do not carry or use offensive Weapons, contrary to the Tenor of this Proclamation.

The Governor, however, having thus fulfilled an important & necessary Public Duty, in prohibiting the Black Natives from carrying or using offensive Weapons, at least as far as relates to their usual intercourse with the British Inhabitants of these Settlements, considers it equally a Part of his Public Duty, as a Counterbalance for the Restriction of not allowing them to go about the Country armed, to afford the Black Natives such Means as are within his Power to enable them to obtain an honest and comfortable Subsistence by their own Labour and Industry. His Excellency therefore hereby proclaims and makes known to them, that he shall always be ready to grant small Portions of Land in suitable and convenient Parts of the Colony, to such of them as are inclined to become regular Settlers, and such occasional Assistance from Government as may enable them to cultivate their Farms - Namely,

First, That they and their Families shall be victualled from the King's Stores for Six Months, from the Time of their going to reside actually on the Farms

Secondly, - That they shall be furnished with the necessary Agricultural Tools, and also with Wheat, Maize, and Potatoes for Seed, and

Thirdly, - To each Person of a Family, one Suit of Slops, and one Colonial Blanket from the King's Stores shall be given. But these Indulgences will not be granted to any Native, unless it shall appear that he is really inclined, and fully resolved to become a Settler, and permanently to reside on such Farm as may be assigned to him for the Purpose of cultivating the same for the Support of himself and his Family.

His Excellency the Governor therefore earnestly exhorts, and thus publicly invites the Natives to relinquish their wandering, idle, and predatory Habits of Life, and to become industrious and useful Members of a Community where they will find Protection and Encouragement. To such as do not like to cultivate Farms of their own, but would prefer working as Labourers for those Persons who may be disposed to employ them, there will always be found Masters among the Settlers who will hire them as Servants of the description. And the Governor strongly recommends to the Settlers and other Persons, to accept such Services as may be offered by the industrious Natives, desirous of engaging in their Employ. And the Governor desires it to be understood, that he will be happy to grant Lands to the Natives in such Situations as may be agreeable to themselves, and according to their own particular Choice, provided such Lands are disposable, and belong to the Crown.

And whereas His Excellency the Governor, from an anxious Wish to civilize the Aborigines of this Country, as well as to make them useful to themselves and the Community, has established a Seminary or Institution at Parramatta, for the Purpose of educating the Male and Female Children of those Natives who might be willing to place them in that Seminary - His Excellency therefore now earnestly calls upon such Natives as have Children, to embrace so desirable and good an Opportunity of providing for their helpless Offspring, and of having them brought up, defined, fed, and educated in a Seminary established for such humane and desirable Purposes. And it hathence of this Measure, His Excellency desires it expedient to invite a general friendly Meeting of all the Natives residing in the Colony, to take Place at the Town of Parramatta, on Saturday the 28th of December next, at Twelve o'Clock at Noon, at the Public Market Place there, for the Purpose of more fully explaining and pointing out to them the Objects of the Institution referred to, as well as for Consulting with them on the best Means of improving their present Condition.

On this Occasion, and at the public general Meeting of the Natives, the Governor will feel happy to Reward such of them as have given Proofs of Industry, and an Inclination to be civilized.

And the Governor, wishing that this General Meeting, or Congress of the friendly natives should in future be held annually, directs that the 28th Day of December, in every succeeding Year, shall be considered as fixed for the Purpose, excepting when the Day happens to fall on a Sunday; when the following Day is to be considered as fixed for holding the said Congress.

And finally, His excellency the Governor hereby orders and directs, that on Occasions of any Natives coming armed, or in a hostile Manner without Arms, or in unarmed parties exceeding Six in Number, to any farm belonging to, or occupied by British Subjects in the Interior, such Natives are first to be desired in a civil Manner to depart from the said farm, and if they persist in remaining thereon, or attempt to plunder, rob, or commit any kind of Depredation, they are then to be driven away by Force of Arms by the Settlers themselves; and in case they are not able to do so, they are to apply to a Magistrate for Aid from the nearest Military Station, and the Troops stationed there are hereby commanded to render their Assistance when so required. The Troops are also to afford Aid at the Towns of Sydney, Parramatta, and Windsor, respectively, when called on by the Magistrates or Police Officers at those Stations.

Given under my Hand, at Government House, Sydney, this 4th Day of May, in the Year of Our Lord 1815.
God save the King!

"Lachlan Macquarie"
By Command of His Excellency
J.T.Campbell, Secretary

Prizes for the Expedition Members

7 May 1816. Governor Macquarie records in his diary the issue of prizes to those who participated in the 'Service', as he termed the punitive expeditions against the Aborigines (L. Macquarie Diary, Macquarie Library, CYA773, pp 248-249).

Tuesday 7 May 1816

I this day paid the following sums of money, or granted orders on the King's Stores for liquor, Provisions, and Slops to the undermentioned European and Native Guides, Constables, Carfers, &c , who accompanied the Military detachments recently employed against the Natives: viz

Remunerations in Cash

To	John Watbey	412.	Currency
To	John Jackson	12.	do.
To	John Felson	12.	do.
To	Thomas Sampson	12.	do.
To	Joseph McLaughlin	12.	do.
To	Christopher Anderson	5.	do.
To	Hetty McIlhudding	Car Hire &c 9 5.	do.
To	Thomas Nobles	Guide 3.	do.
To	Capt Partridge 46th		
		Reporting/Carts 3.	do.
To	Private Liddons do.)		
	Total/Cash/Remunerations	£555 -	Currency

The 5 first mentioned Guides received also from the Store each a complete suit of Slops including shoes and blankets, and also four days provisions.

To each Noncom. Officer and Soldier employed on the late Service, there were issued from the King's Stores one pair of shoes and half a pint of Spirits

Remunerations to Native Guides

To	Bajee Bajee	Each a complete
To	Harry	suit of slops including
To	Bundel	blanket 4 days provisions,
To	Tindall	half a pint of spirits,
To	Coolabee	and half a pound of
To	Creek-Jummy or Nungaggy	tobacco

I also gave orders to the Stores to the undermentioned Commissioned Officers employed on the late Service against the Natives for the Quantities of Spirits specified against their respective Names, as Donations from the Government to defray at part their extra expense whilst employed on the said Service, viz

To	Captain Schrow	}	15 Gallons Each
To	Captain Wells		
To	Lieut. Dawe	}	10 Gallons Each
To	Lieut. Grant		
To	Lieut. Parker	}	
To	Asst. Surgeon Bush		

N.B. To each of the Noncomd. Officers and Soldiers of the 40th Regt. left on duty in the Bush, the same indulgences are intended to be given on their return to Head Quarters as have been granted to their Brother Soldiers already come in.

L.M.

Instructions for Sergeant Broadfoot

8 May 1816: Governor Macquarie issues instructions to Sergeant Broadfoot of the 40th Regiment, to proceed to Bringelly to reinforce the military stationed in the area (AGNSW, Reel 6845, 4/1735, pp.44-46):

Instructions for Sergt. Broadfoot of the 40th Regt. comd. a Detachment of said Corps, ordered on a particular service

1. The Hostile Black Natives having within these few days renewed their barbarous acts of cruelty, murder, and Robbery on the Peaceable White Inhabitants in the remote parts of the Colony, and particularly along the Banks of the Nepean River, the Bringelly and Cook Districts, I have deemed it necessary for the Punishment of the said Hostile Natives and for the protection of the said White Inhabitants and their Property to detach the Party under your command, consisting of 1 Capt. & 15 Privates, and you are therefore hereby required to be guided generally by the following instructions during the period of your being employed on the intended Service, namely.

1st You are to march early tomorrow morning from Sydney for Parramatta, and from thence by easy stages to the Farm of Mr John Blaxland in the District of Bringelly on the East Bank of the River Nepean with your Detachment and the Guides whose names are specified in the margin

Jno. Jackson & Wm. Parson
Greek, Jeremy, Colbee & Tindal

who are to remain with your Detachment till the Service it is sent for is executed

2nd On your arrival at Mr Blaxland's Farm, you will inquire from his overseer Alex. Everitt, and receive from him such information relative to the Hostile Natives as he can give you, and in case it should appear that they are in that neighbourhood, on either side of the River, you are instantly to proceed to attack them, and to compel them by Force of Arms to surrender themselves as Prisoners of War, sparing the lives of all the Women & Children if possible, when you have occasion to fire upon the Natives.

3rd Such Prisoners as you may be able to take, you are to secure the best way you can, and send them in to the Jail at Parramatta, Hand-cuffed or tied with Ropes, under a small Escort of 3 or 4 Soldiers of your Party.

4th You are to scour the whole of the Country along the Banks of the Nepean on the western side. Thereof, from opposite to Mr Blaxland's Farm, till you arrive at the Govt. Stock yard nearly

opposite to Mr Hassall's Farm called Macquerie Grove, in pursuit of the Natives, and from thence return by a further distance from the Bank of the Warragombie, if you can penetrate so far, killing or taking Prisoners all the Natives whom you may see or be able to come up with in your route to the southward as far as the Govt Stock-yard already named, and as far to the northward as the River Warragombie.

5 Failing of coming up with or meeting with the Hostile Natives on the western side of the River Nepean, you will cross it to the east side, and scour the Country on that side of it lying between Mulgoa on the north to Mr Casey's Farm on the south, so as to clear the whole of the intermediate Country of the Hostile Natives.

6 Having performed the whole of this Service, you are to return with your Party again to Mr John Blackland's Farm, and there remain till you receive further orders from me, but allowing all the Protection in your power to that and the neighbouring Farms.

After returning to Mr Blackland's Farm you may discharge your Guides, and send them back to Sydney with a written Report of your Proceedings to me

L M.

Govt House Sydney 8th May 1816

Public Report on Punitive Expeditions

11 May 1816: (Sydney Gazette) Report on retaliatory military expeditions against the Aborigines in areas west and south-west of Sydney:

The three military detachments, dispatched on the 10th ult. under Captains Schaw and Wallis, and Lieut Dowe, of the 48th Regt. in pursuit of the hostile natives, returned to Head Quarters on the 4th inst. In the performance of this service the military encountered many difficulties, and underwent considerable fatigue and privations, having to traverse a widely extended range of Country on both sides of the River Nepean, from the Banks of the Grose, and the second Ridge of the Blue Mountains on the North, to that tract of Country on the Eastern Coast, called "The Five Islands."

Captain Schaw, with his party, scoured the Country on the Banks of the Hawkesbury, making digressions East and West, but observing a general course to the Southward, while Captain Wallis, proceeding by Liverpool to the Districts of Airds and Appin, and thence into the Cow Pastures, made his digressions East and West of the Nepean, taking his course generally Northwards, with a view either to fall in with the Natives, or by forcing them to flight, to drive them within the reach of the central party under Lieut. Dowe, stationed at Mrs. McArthur's farm in the Cow Pastures, or if they should elude his vigilance, that they might fall on Captain Schaw, who was advancing from the second Ridge of the Blue Mountains, and the Banks of the Grose.

It appears that the party under Capt. Wallis fell in with a number of the natives on the 17th ult. near Mr. Broughton's farm, in the Airds District, and killed fourteen of them, taking two women and three children prisoners. Amongst the killed were found the bodies of two of the most hostile of the natives, called Querte and Coribgal.

We are also informed that Lieut Dowe has, on the 12th ultimo, nearly surprised a small encampment, but having been discovered, the Natives suddenly took to flight, leaving only a boy about 14 years old, whom he took prisoner, and there is every reason to believe that two of them had been mortally wounded.

Without being enabled to trace more particularly the progress of the military parties on this expedition, we learn generally that several of the natives were taken prisoners and have since been brought to Sydney and lodged in the gaol.

The humanity with which this necessary but unpleasant duty has been conducted throughout, by the Officers appointed to this command, claims our warmest commendations and although the result has not been altogether so successful as might have been wished, yet there is little doubt but it will ultimately tend to restrain similar outrages, and a recurrence of those barbarities which the natives have of late so frequently committed on the unprotected Settlers and their Families

Report of Sergeant Broadfoot

23 May 1816 Report from Sergeant Broadfoot of the 40th Regiment, to Governor Macquarie, concerning his military expedition against the 'Hostile Natives' in the Beringelly area (ACMSW, Reel 6046, 41735, pp 72-73)

Mr John Blackland's Mulgoe Farm
23rd May 1816

Sir

Agreeable to your Excellency's instructions I proceeded to Mr Blackland's Farm, & saw Mr Eventt his Overseer, who could give me no certain information concerning the Natives. We then accompanied by him proceeded across the Nepean River to the westward on the 12th & met Mr Lowe with a Party of the 40th Regiment at Ben's Basin. Leaving them we proceeded across the Mountains and found a track of the Natives, which we followed for two days over the Mountains between the Cow Pasture & the Warragombie Land

We found their Camp, where we found a great deal of husks of corn and other articles, amongst which was a hat belonging (I suppose) to some of the unfortunate people which they have killed, but we lost the track by a flock of cattle crossing it and could by no means find it again

We proceeded into the Cow Pasture along the River as far as the Stock Yard mentioned in your instructions, returning by a farther distance by Mount Hunter, and crossed the Main Range of the Cow Pasture within a few miles of Natal. We then returned to the northward to the land adjoining to the Warragombie, marching through all the Rocks & Gullies, till we made thru' where the Warragombie & the Nepean Rivers combine. Returning to Mr John Blackland's Farm, proceeding from thence by Mr Cox's Farm at Mulgoe, securing that part to the northward till we came within a small distance of Sir John Jamison's Farm (Elmy Plains) & then returning by Mr Lord's farm near South Creek, crossing the Country to Mr John Blackland's 5 Mile Farm, proceeding from thence to Mr Coley's Farm across the hills between Mr Lowe's & Mr Hook's, till we arrived at Mr Coley's, returning from thence by the banks of the River till we arrived at Mr John Blackland's River Farm, but I am very sorry to add that we never could get any intelligence or any track whatsoever more than that which we lost after the first two days. I have every reason to believe that all the Gullies did their utmost endeavours to find them.

Immediately on our arrival here I despatched the Guides to Sydney and am waiting for your Excellency's further instructions

I am Sir
your most obedient
humble Servant
Robt. Broadfoot
Sergt. 40th Regiment

Macquarie Issues More Prizes

25 May 1818: Governor Macquarie records in his diary the return of the trial detachment of the punitive expedition against the Hostile Natives, along with the issue of prizes to those who participated (J. Macquarie Diary, Mitchell Library, QYA773, p 252):

Saturday 25 May

The two European Guides and three friendly Natives ones who lately accompanied Sergt Broadfoot's Detachment of the 48th Regt. in pursuit of the Hostile Natives having yesterday returned to Sydney after scouring the parts of the interior the Natives were last seen in. I rewarded these White and Black Guides as follows, viz:

To Mr Pearson and Mr Jackson, White Guides, I gave 46 cury. each in money, 1 pr shoes, 7 days provisions, a quarter pound of Tobacco.

To each of the 3 Black Guides, Narraginy, Colebee, and Tindall, I gave 7 days provisions, a quarter pound of Tobacco, and a blanket for each of their Gles.

On this occasion I invested Narraginy, (also Creek Jimmy) with my Order of merit, by presenting him with a handsome Brass Gorget or Breast Plate, having his Names inscribed thereon in full, as Chief of the South Creek Tribe. I also promised him and his friend Colebee a grant of 30 acres of land on the South Creek between them, as an additional reward for their fidelity to government and their recent good conduct.

To William Pearson I have promised to give 60 acres of land, and to John Jackson 50 acres, as additional rewards for their recent Services, with the usual indulgences granted Free Settlers.

Governor Macquarie's Report to England

8 June 1818: Governor Macquarie to Earl Bathurst re measures to address Native unrest (HMA, Sydney, 1917, serial 1, volume IX, pp 139-140):

— I have the honor to inform Your Lordship that, in consequence of the hostile and sanguinary disposition manifested for a considerable time past by the Aborigines of this country, I had determined to send out some Military Detachments into the interior, either to apprehend or destroy them.

Pursuant to this determination and in consequence of various subsequent acts of atrocity being committed by the natives in the remote parts of the Settlement, I found it necessary on the 10th of April to order three detachments of the 48th Regiment under the several commands of Captains Schaw and Walls, and Lieutenant Davies of that Corps, to proceed to those districts most infested and annoyed by them on the Banks and in the neighbourhood of the rivers Nepean, Hawkesbury and Cross, giving them instructions to make as many Prisoners as possible, the Service occupied a period of 23 days, during which time the Military Parties very rarely met with any hostile tribes, the occurrence of most importance which took place was under Captain Walls's direction, who, having surprised one of the native encampments and meeting with some resistance, killed 14 of them and made 6 prisoners, amongst the killed there is every reason to believe that Two of the most ferocious and sanguinary of the Natives were included, some few other prisoners were taken in the course of this route and have been lodged in Goal. The necessary but painful duty was conducted by the Officers in Command of the Detachments perfectly in conformity to the instructions I had furnished them.

Previous to the return of the Military Party, I issued a Proclamation dated the 4th ulto. a copy of which I do myself the honor to transmit herewith for Your Lordship's information, stating in the first

instance the causes which had led to the necessity of resorting to Military Force, and holding out to the Natives various encouragements with a view to rivet and induce them to relinquish their wandering predatory habits and to avail themselves of the indulgences offered to them as *Settlers* in degrees suitable to their circumstances and situations. It is scarcely possible to calculate with any degree of precision on the result that this Proclamation may eventually have on so rude and untaught a race, but it has already produced the good effect of bringing in some of the most troublesome of the Natives, who have promised to cease from their hostility and to avail themselves of the protection of this Government by becoming *Settlers*, or engaging themselves as *Servants*, as circumstances may suit, and upon the whole there is reason to hope that the examples, which have been made on the one hand, and the encouragements held out on the other, will preserve the Colony from the further recurrence of such *Outrages*.....

Rewards Offered for Outlawed Aborigines

20 July 1818 [Sydney-Gazette] Governor Macquarie issues a Proclamation naming ten specific Aborigines as outlaws and offering rewards of £10 each for their capture. The ten outlawed Aborigines included:

- 1 Murrumbidgee
- 2 Myler
- 3 Watah, alias Waman
- 4 Carbone-Jack, alias Rumney
- 5 Harrang-Jack
- 6 Bunduck
- 7 Kongate
- 8 Wooltan
- 9 Rachel
- 10 Yallaman

Dewal Banished to Tasmania

3 August 1818 [Sydney-Gazette] General Order issued by Governor Macquarie re the banishment of the native Dewal (Duel), captured near Apple, to Van Diemen's Land, in remittance of the death sentence imposed upon him

Shepherd Killed at Mulgoa

31 August 1818 [Sydney-Gazette] Report on the murder of a shepherd at Mulgoa by Aborigines

The body of a shepherd belonging to the estate of Mulgoa, who had been recently murdered by some natives, was found on Monday last on a grazing ground near the farm, in a most mutilated and mangled state, having been perforated with spears in several parts and otherwise most barbarously used. The flock in the charge of this most unfortunate man consisted of upwards of 200 very fine sheep, most of which were thrown down an immense precipice by the savages; and the remainder, about 50 in number, were barbarously mangled and killed, many of the unoffending and defenceless creatures having their eyes gored with spears, which were afterwards driven into the head.

Parties went out in quest of the murderers as soon as the melancholy information reached the contiguous settlement, who will, it is to be hoped, fall in with the desperate hordes of wretched assassins.

From the account of the deserters from Hunter's River, who have been reduced to the necessity of returning to that Settlement for the preservation of their lives from the fury of the natives, it may evidently be implied that a connexion or correspondence must subsist between the hordes in our vicinity, and these considerably to the northward, and that all within the circle of communication are determined upon the destruction of every white person that may unhappily fall into their power.

We have heretofore experienced their savage cruelty indiscriminately visiting itself on the mother and the infant; Pardon, amnesty, and every effort of conciliation, which to all appearance they received with gladness, have been perverted to the ends of a vile and most malignant treachery, whenever an occasion offered for the exercise of their natural ferocity, which is the same on every part of the coast we are acquainted with. An unrelaxed spirit of hostility is the undeviating feature in their characteristic.

If the exhausted mariner attempt to quench his thirst upon their inhospitable shores, he lies or falls beneath their avian vengeance; while the nearer tribes, to whose excursions our settlements are exposed, are rendered formidable by the facility of retreat, and the difficulty of penetrating into their concealments.

They no longer act in small predatory parties, as heretofore, but now carry the appearance of an extensive combination, in which all but a few who remain harmless in the settlements, are united, in a determination to do all the harm they can.

In self defence we can alone find safety; and the vengeance they provoke, will, it may yet be hoped, however mildly it may be exerted, reduce them to the necessity of adopting less offensive habits.

Friendliness of Illawarra Natives

28 September 1816 [Sydney Gazette] Report on the friendliness of natives at the new stock settlement at Illawarra

... The natives of the new Stock Settlement at the Five Islands are described as being very amicably disposed towards us and the general mildness of their manners to differ considerably from the other tribes known to us. Several Gentlemen have removed their cattle thither, as the neighbourhood affords good pasturage, and it is to be anxiously hoped, that the stockmen in charge of their herds may be able to maintain the friendly footing that at present exists with them.

On 2 December a group of Sydney gentlemen met at Wollongong to have their Illawarra land grants surveyed - these were the first issued in the area and their allocation marks a major turning point in the lives of the local Aborigines. From this point on the white mission of Illawarra began in earnest

Governor Macquarie's War Halted

Official Cessation of Hostilities

1 November 1816: A proclamation is issued by Governor Macquarie announcing the cessation of hostilities against the 'Hostile Natives' which had been operating since April. This proclamation marked the formal end of Macquarie's war against the *Aborigines* of New South Wales, though massacres and shootings continued. (HSA Sydney, 3817, series I, volume IX, pp 303-6)

Sophia Campbell, Artist, in Illawarra

[1816] Sophia Campbell, wife of the Sydney merchant Robert Campbell, visits Illawarra during 1816 and produces some watercolour and wash sketches. These are the earliest European paintings of Illawarra landscapes, and the following examples include *Aboriginal* figures.

* Five Islands with *Aborigines* and lightning

Watercolour

National Library of Australia

Portrays a group of local *Aborigines* pointing to some lightning in the sky, possibly near Red Point.

* View of Illawarra

Watercolour

National Library of Australia

View of some natives by a stockman's hut, which is surrounded by fencing.

Both the above works are reproduced in Kerr & Fiskus, *From Sydney Cove to Duntroon*, Richmond, 1962.
